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GEORGE A. B. DEWAR

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THE LAKE COUNTIES

PART I

THEIR STORY AND SCENERY

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

ITINERARY THE FIRST

KENT AND LUNE

"Behold!—beyond!"—Story and scenery—Greater Lakeland—The Kent Valley—Figures in the landscape—The Port of Westmorland—A cluster of peles—Arnside and Silverdale—Ancient Beetham—The foxes in the vine—Brigsteer woods—The skalds of Crosthwaite—The Vikings' farms—Levens and Sizergh—Kirkby in Kent-dale—Castles on the Kent—Kendal Green—"The terrible knitters of Dent"—Kendal Church—Robin the Devil—The Romans in Westmorland—Watercrook and Borrowbridge—The Lune Valley—"One of the loveliest scenes in England"—Burneside and Staveley—Kentmere—The Apostle of the North.

THROUGH a gap, for a moment, as the train runs north from Lancaster, there is a peep of the sands, and—far away—the first sight of the mountains. In old times, when I was a schoolboy, what a moment that was! After months in town, after the rush through Lancashire smoke, and the gradually lifting sky-line, slowly rising foreground of hedges and fields, at last—"Behold!—beyond!" as Ruskin said of his first sight of the Alps. Even now, though so many years might have deadened the excitement, there is almost more pleasure in that moment's foretaste than

when I come out at Coniston station in full view of the crags and the cottages. At Hest Bank we cross our frontier: it is good-bye to the South, and "Home once again in the North Country."

I will not promise that every one feels the same who lives between the Morecambe and the Solway sands; but once in a beautiful place on the south coast, in a charming house by the forest and the sea, this was said to me:—"Your poor children! It is hard on them to bring them up at the Lakes; they will never be happy anywhere else." "Why," said I, "one of them was very happy in town lately. 'We have no trams at home,' she explained; 'only mountains.'" "Ah!" said my hostess, "wait until they grow up. I always wish myself back in Cumberland."

Indeed, wherever there are hills, folk may roam, but they return. The Swiss and the Scots have no monopoly of home-love. We, being English, grumble, and try to better ourselves abroad: many of us in the struggle for life are too busy for the story and the scenery of the home-land, or think of it mainly as a good property to be exploited. But not all, and not nearly all. You will find in every little village some who talk with enthusiasm about the fells and the lakes, or describe you with pride their local antiquities—Norman church or castle, ancient cairn or road. I know lonely farms where really valuable relics are treasured, and the owners will not sell—not they! and cottages with Roman coins and old oak in them, not yet snapped up by dealers. Our local Antiquarian Society numbers nearly 450 members—proof, if it is wanted, that we are not quite deaf to the story of the district; and though we are not all poets (thank Heaven!), there are plenty yet who would say, with Wordsworth's farmer, "Cut down yon tree! I'd rather fall on my knees and worship it!"

Then there are others who, crossing the sands, are home once again. Just as Australians talk of England as home, so thousands of town-dwellers are Lake-folk at heart. They have every right to call the Lakes theirs, if affection and

adoption count for anything. It needs no Act of Parliament or Land Nationalisation to make the district into a People's Park. That is what it is already—the garden of the towns. You will find, wherever you go in it, how little of the whole is forbidden ground; how rarely private ownership interferes. There have been footpath squabbles, and now and then a new landlord has tried to be selfish; but the tradition of the place is against exclusiveness. Also there have been mischievous visitors; but I have often heard the owners of some most frequented "beauty spots" say that they have never had trouble with the tourists. A smile (for the people) and a stick (for the path) will take you anywhere. And in return for this welcome the public, far and wide, loves the Lake country as its own. When there is any fear that a corner of it is likely to be spoiled, high and low cry out. People of influence protest: they have spent happy summers there. Working men and women send their shillings: they have had glorious days on the heather and among the ferns.

We cannot complain that this interest has failed to find expression. There is a perfect library of guide-books already, from Father West, 130 years ago, down to the present: and there is another still greater mass of writing on the history, antiquities, folk-lore, and natural history to be found in the Bibliotheca Jacksoniana at Tullie House, Carlisle. There are a good many novels, too, and fine poems describing the district. But the object of this book is somewhat different from all of these.

A very well-known passage of Ruskin's on a pine-forest in the Jura tells how he took a walk among some lower hills on the outskirts of the Alps—little seen or known nowadays when the railway runs you straight through to Lausanne or Lucerne—but full of a beauty of their own. He walked, he says, among the flowers—"the wood anemone, star after star; the oxalis, troop by troop; a blue gush of violets," and so forth, until he came to the edge of a cliff overlooking a deep limestone valley, with the

river glittering beneath, and a hawk sailing slowly off the opposite brows of crag: a lovely scene, charmingly painted in words. And then he goes on to say how he tried to fancy that this was in some new continent, uninhabited and without history, without any romantic associations; and for the moment "a sudden blankness and chill were cast upon it; the flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs; how much of the glory of the imperishable or continually renewed creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it in its renewing."

Perhaps Ruskin overstated his case. There are splendid views in the Selkirks and New Zealand. But I take it that he merely meant what we all feel—story alone and scenery alone may interest specialists, but the thing that appeals to us all, and charms us, and carries us out of ourselves, is the union of story and scenery. Then you get poetry and romance.

It need not be very ancient or momentous history to light up the landscape with "the consecration and the poet's dream." For most of us to have met with the place in fine literature is quite enough. Ruskin himself could associate that gorge of the Jura with nothing nearer or more important than Wordsworth's sonnet on Toussaint l'Ouverture, the prisoner of Joux, and Scott's battle of Granson in "Anne of Geierstein." To many a modern reader his own description makes the place worth seeking out. It is a real spot; I was there with him once, and he pointed across the ravine—"That's where the hawk sailed off the crag, in one of my old books; do you remember?"

Now the Lake scenery is wonderfully rich in these associations. It is no use for us nowadays to pretend that it can impress by the height of its crags and the breadth of its panoramas, though there are some hints of grandeur and moments of mountain gloom and glory as fine

as anything in the world. But it is all very tiny. A new house or a new road will dwarf a view that Gray the poet found stupendous. Coming home from Switzerland, I wonder where the tops of the mountains have gone, and the trees are so stunted and the rocks so tame that I am ready to sulk. Then follows a spell of autumn sunshine, hazy, opalescent, magical; faint blue above and below; "an unsubstantial fairy place;" and Wordsworth's rune-craft bewitches me "till I do beget that golden time again." Or on the cloud-swept moor the cairn-dwellers come out, clad in skins of wolf and bear; or by the lake shore at twilight the ashes of the ancient furnace flame up, and the men from the hall ride past with hawk and hound. The scene is so peopled, what does it matter how large the canvas is — so rich in detail and variety, why trouble about the smallness of the picture-frame? And, if I could put the figures into the landscape for you as I see them for myself, I think even a new book on the Lakes would be worth writing.

Another reason for the attempt is on this wise. Our tiny Lake district, properly and strictly so called, lies within a circle of about thirty miles across. A good walker can go right through it in a day; a cyclist can "do" it, and nod to pretty nearly every lake and mountain of importance in a couple of rides. But all round this inner circle lies a fringe of hill-country, full of charming scenery, full of interesting story, which is far less known than it deserves. Of course, who goes to Lakeland goes to view the lakes, and is disappointed if there is not a sheet of water in the picture. But some of the finest dales have no lakes, like Eskdale and the Duddon valley. Some of the prettiest have no great mountains overhanging, like the Winster and the Rusland valleys, the Kent, the Lune, and Edenside. The guide-books say there is nothing to detain the traveller, and so the traveller takes a through ticket to Windermere or Keswick, rushes from height to height, and tires out "admiration, hope, and love." In old

times they lingered on the journey; posted quietly through the outer dales, and found them charming; crossed the sands for a little excitement, and slowly made their way towards the Delectable Mountains in the distance; wise feasters, who refused not the soup and the fish, and so were not gluttons of the turkey and plum-pudding. In these times also there are many who have discovered the outer dales, not less charming than the fashionable centres, more genuine in their yet unspoilt rusticity; where you see the ancient pastoral life of Wordsworth's days, clean gone from Grasmere and Ambleside; the old-world cottages and manor-halls; rural industries lingering, not artificially revived; the real dales-folk, not the new-come population of "resorts." I should like to take you with me into such places too, as well as up Skiddaw and down Windermere; and so to widen out the boundaries of our district from the Lakes of the guide-books to the whole of the Lake counties, all Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire, every mile of which is worth exploring.

I shall not be able to describe every turn in the path or every point of view; fortunately, signposts are plentiful; unfortunately, when one is really lost in a mist on the mountains or on the moors, no guide-book is of much use. For many details I must refer to the map or the gazetteer at the end of the volume; for much of the further information which is sure to be wanted, to the local literature of each neighbourhood. But I think it is possible to perambulate the counties, omitting no really important place, and pointing out by the way most of the things which a resident would show to his friend from a distance.

. . . . . .

Past Carnforth we are soon into Westmorland, but from the train there is little to see. The glimpse of distant mountains is gone and there are only green hills, cut up into fields, monotonous and bare. But among the green hills there are valleys and villages in hiding. Let us leave the train at the first wayside station, Burton and Holme,

and follow the leafy lane, up the hill, for a mile to the little old town that stands at the foot of the rising limestone fell. Eight or nine hundred years ago this was called Bortun in Kent-dale ; it is down in Domesday book. Under Charles II. it was made a market-town, and then became a centre for the corn trade of the neighbourhood ; the old-fashioned, comfortable-looking houses round the market-place, with its cross, give it a Cranford-like air of retired respectability, clean and tidy though they are irregular and picturesque. If one were an artist who painted short-waisted lasses in beaver bonnets and young bucks in bottle-green swallow-tails and smock-frocked farmers, here would be the backgrounds ready made ; and the clean limestone of the neighbourhood, which goes so well with green leaves and grass, makes one say, "I have seen this in a picture somewhere!" And yet I never heard of any one painting Burton. Through the long street and out of the town at the north end stands the church.

It is nearly always worth while looking into a church, even if you have to ask for the key and spend a sixpence on the guide ; there are very few churches in all this district without some bit of interest, even when they seem rebuilt or hopelessly restored. Very often the restoration or rebuilding has brought to light fragments of ancient times quite as valuable as all that has been destroyed by the process ; and here it was the case. In a corner there are some dusty stones ; one is the shaft of a grave-cross set up over some thane or lady of the place even earlier than Domesday. See the elaborate interlacing of knots on one edge and the maze-pattern on the other, the ornament like that of a Viking brooch on the back, and these rude reliefs on the face. The carver knew little of anatomy, but no doubt he meant that figure under the crooked arch for Christ rising from out of the cave-tomb, with the glory round His head, and the palm branch and cross in His hands, while He tramples underfoot the old serpent, writhing round to attack Him, in vain. Overhead there are

Mary and John by the untenanted cross: "He is not here; He is risen!" And now, is this not something of a story for us at the outset of our journey? That this new church is indeed a very old church, here for a thousand years; that in "Bortun" before the Norman conquest there were English folk worshipping the same Christ and dying in the same faith, and that we to-day can see and touch the very stone they carved:—does not this put figures into the landscape?

Northward, through Holme, it is an easy run to Milnthorpe. This was the port of Westmorland once upon a time, though the Lancaster and Kendal Canal, made in 1819, and the railway in 1846, put an end to any chance of traffic at so tiny a harbour. But formerly it must have been of real importance, and there is very curious evidence of the fact in a group of pele-towers and a group of Norman churches clustering round. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, wherever there was a possibility of invasion, they built a pele—a small square tower, with very thick walls, a vaulted store-room below, a narrow-windowed chamber above, and higher still a more airy room for the ladies. When danger threatened, they retreated from their wooden or wattle-built houses and crowded into the pele, driving the cattle into a little walled yard beside it, or into some hiding-place in the wood. The roof of the tower, battlemented and turreted, was their fighting deck, from which they shot and threw at the enemy beneath, who usually tried to burn them out. But these raiders were not come to stay; they rarely had provisions or material for a siege; they wanted the cattle and anything they could carry off, without killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. And so the folk in the pele were pretty safe; and when the last trooper had ridden away, they set to work rebuilding the burnt homestead, collecting the strayed cattle, and saving what could be saved; and life went on as before.

Now in the north of our district peles are at the fords of rivers and at the passes through the mountains. But

BEETHAM MILL POND

ordinary raids never came so far south as this. One or two great invasions swept over the country, against which peles were no more defence than a sand-castle against the tide. Why are these six or seven ancient towers close around this spot—Sizergh and Levens, Dallam and Beetham, and Hazelslack, Arnside and Wraysholme—except for defence against visitors by sea? We have no definite records that I know of describing attacks by pirates or a hostile fleet at this particular spot, but all along the coast it was possible, and not infrequent. Here, too, if boats—and the ancient boats were small and shallow—could come up to trade, they could come to raid.

If we take a run from Milnthorpe round by Arnside and Silverdale, we shall pass Dallam Tower, once a pele but rebuilt 1720, and Hazelslack Tower and the ruined pele at Arnside, visible against the sky from the railway. It is pretty scenery, too. The estuary of the Kent, when the tide is up, is quite as good as the Lakes, and in some ways even more picturesque: for while there are mountains not far away, close at hand the limestone breaks into white crags at the water's edge, and dark trees crown the rocks with more than a touch of romance.

Silverdale also has its woodland walks, clean limestone cottages, and bold rocky shore. It has a lake of its own, deep and clear, being in line with the curious chasm of Troughbarrow, where, they say, folk used to hide their cattle in times of trouble. And at Beetham Hall or Castle we come to another site of a pele; near it, in the church, are the defaced effigies of the lord and lady who once lived there, the last Thomas de Betham, Knight of the Shire for Westmorland in 1425, and his wife.

The church—apart from its pretty site near the little river, which, close at hand, breaks into a waterfall by the mill and the bridge—is interesting as one of our earliest foundations. At the base of a pillar in the north aisle a hoard of coins was discovered, which must have been put there in the reign of William Rufus, and collected from

the middle of the eleventh century onwards. This place is called Biedun in Domesday, that is, Beda-holm (on the analogy of Ergune, Arkholm), and whoever in those times had a hundred coins must have been rich. The mere fact of this fine stone church being built in early Norman days means wealth and population; another result of the sea-trade, and at a much earlier time than the age of pele-building. So when we pass through Milnthorpe again we shall look on it with more respect. We may picture to ourselves the Frisian chapmen in their barge-like vessels floating up with the tide, and chaffering on the shore with Anglo-Saxon or Danish thanes and churls from Kent-dale and Lunes-dale and all round about; come to barter wool for wine and so forth. Even three or four hundred years before Domesday there were merchants and their ships here. I will show you what seems to me evidence of the fact.

Little more than a mile north of Milnthorpe is Heversham—Evres-haim in Domesday—on the hillside looking over the rock-set Kent, and out to the sea and the mountains. There is a fine old church, finely placed, and in the porch a most precious monument. You need to see it with a discerning eye, for it is as battered as a Parthenon slab, but no less classic in its art. You can tell at once that the sculptor knew his business; no rude stone-cutter like him of Burton; the grape-bunches among their graceful stems, the "little foxes that spoil the vines," with bushy tails and pricked ears, are work of that first great English school of art taught by Italian masters in the seventh and eighth centuries. We shall travel far before we see the like of it again; but when we do, it will be near the chief early ports of Cumberland—Ravenglass and Workington. I think the inference is plain; where trade was, wealth came and art followed, even in those ancient days before King Alfred, as in these latter days under King Edward VII.

There was faith, too, and hope and love. This is a bit of a grave-cross. That is the "True Vine," meaning

that it is one of Christ's own "branches" whose body sleeps in the churchyard. And why the foxes? Because our vine had tender grapes—do you not understand?—untimely spoiled. Could words speak plainer than the pictured symbol, if they had carved the verses at length upon the stone? And what a passionate outcry! "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rocks,"—buried down there in the grave—"Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice: for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Vain longing, not unmixed with resentment against fate in the next line: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes." And then the answer from the grave: "My beloved is mine, and I am his. . . . Until the day break and the shadows flee away. . . ."

I think it is no mere fancy that reads into this tombstone of 1200 years ago such a story of human grief and heavenly consolation. "Quite the deepest-thoughted creatures of the then animate world," so Ruskin summed up the Anglo-Saxon character in its age of nascent faith; "joyfully reverent, instantly and gratefully acceptant of whatever better insight or oversight a stranger could bring them of the things of God or man."

Turning from such thoughts, the neighbouring halls invite us less than Brigsteer woods, where the lily of the valley grows wild, and the damson orchards of the nestling cottages along Scout Scar, and along the Lyth that answers to it, across the peat-flats and cornfields of the Gilpin valley. It is a pleasant ride past Helsington to Underbarrow, or by Cunswick Hall, once "Connyswick," the seat of the old Catholic and Tory Layburnes until they lost it in the Jacobite rising of "the Fifteen"; and by Crook Hall, the seventeenth-century seat of the Philipsons, and the old tower of their church, all that was left at the rebuilding, and then by the Wild Boar Inn turning down the dainty little dale of Gilpin to Crosthwaite, where those rustic skalds of the century before last rhymed and

rhapsodised in their cups — John Audland and Jamie Muckelt. They, and many more up and down the country, had a trick of talking in verse, exactly like the heroes of the Viking age, and sometimes they made neat rhymes which were remembered. Audland once falling foul of some lawyer, Ulverston-way, vented his wrath in these terms :—

> God meäd men, and men meäd money ;
> God meäd bees, and bees meäd honey.
> Bit the Divil himself meäd lawyers and 'tornies,
> And pleäced them i' U'ston and Dalton i' Forness.

The first couplet perhaps he had heard before ; the later lines we have often heard since, quoted as a household word. Once, turning out of the "Dog" in Dalton with empty pockets, he gave his I.O.U. in this way :—

> I, John Audland, afore I gang hence,
> Owe thee, Betty Woodburn, just six and twea pence!
> And Thorsda' coom sennit I'll pay off t' scoore,
> And wha knas bit I may spend twice as mich moore ?

Even yet Crosthwaite and the Lyth (*Hlidh* is the Icelandic or Norse for a long hillside ; *Leath* ward in Cumberland is the district on the *Hlidh* of the Pennines) are primitive and rustic. Whoever has read "Helbeck of Bannisdale" knows what the mountain chapel and the fellside farm are like, and Brigsteer woods in spring. The old hall of the story seems to have been studied from the next two places we have to visit, after riding over Gilpin bridge and back to the Kent.

Levens and Sizergh are both examples of pele-towers gradually enlarged into Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions and enriched by the continued inhabitance of wealthy families. Levens appears in Domesday, and Sizergh not long after as "Sigarith-erge," *i.e.* the dairy-farm of Sigrid, I suppose, lady of Sedgwick (Siggis-wyk) or Beethwaite, or some great house in the valley, who sent her cattle up to pasture among the woods in summer. The Anglian, Danish, or Norse farmers held large tracts of ground only

partially cleared, and not at all drained. They sent their various flocks and herds to graze wherever there was a bite to be got. On the swampy mire the calves or horses were turned out, and the custom has left us such names as Calf-mire anp Hest-mire; or the horses roamed on the Hest-fell or the Capple-rigg; and the calves up the Calf-dale. Calder in a Norse district of Scotland is, in a Saga, written Kálfa-dals-á, calf-dale-water; Grisedale must be where the pigs fed (gríss), and Swinside and Lammerside were the hill-slopes where the swine and lambs were pastured. But in time the chalet or sæter on the summer-hill, used at first only for shepherds or herdsmen in the summer, grew into a homestead, whence Satter-thwaite and Seat-thwaite; and the great early estates were broken up into smaller holdings. Thwaite, as in Iceland, seems usually in these parts to mean a field sloping down to a mire or mere; not simply a clearing or "ridding." Beethwaite perhaps means just the sloping fields of the *bæ* or *by*, the farmhouse. Round

the house was a garth. We shall see old dykes which probably enclosed the *tún* or homefield of early farmers, the one bit of grass-land which was manured, and after hay-making kept the few cattle which were not killed in autumn. In the bigg-land and haver-thwaite were the acres of barley or oats, and so forth. Most of the local names refer to ancient farming usages, with here and there the owner's personal name fossilised, as it were, in a stratum of old nouns and adjectives, worn out of shape like pebbles in a rock. But they tell us much of their history, and not the least interesting point is the traceable growth of a proud castle like Sizergh from the shieling where Sigrid's cows, in the tenth or eleventh century, were grazed in summer.

Under the third Edward, after the Scots had been stirred up to active hostility by the high hand of the first and the weak hand of the second, pele-building began: we have seen why there was need hereabouts. The Redmaynes of Levens and the Stricklands of Sizergh built their peles and enclosed their parks, and, somewhat later, added stone-built halls and kitchens, to make the dwelling-house, formerly wooden, as proud and permanent as the fortress, and to imitate the grander lords who lived in castles all of stone. In Elizabeth's time another fit of building ran through the district like an epidemic: it was an imitation of new fashions, first adopted by the wealthiest, then followed by the greater squires, and filtering down, later on, to the smaller folk. The Stricklands built wings to their old house, surrounding a court; and Sir James Bellingham, whose ancestor, Alan, in 1489, had bought Levens, did the same for his mansion. Rich carved wainscots and staircases were added, plaster-work ceilings, handsome fireplaces; and the collection of family portraits and heirlooms gradually filled the rooms with beautiful things. In 1689 Levens passed to Colonel James Grahme, who had been Privy Purse to James II. and remained a Jacobite. King James's gardener, Monsieur Beaumont, had lost his place at the Revolution and came to Levens. It was he who laid out the gardens, with their

quaint bowling-green and clipped trees, which set the fashion throughout the neighbourhood. You see clipped yews at most of the farmhouses dating back to the eighteenth century. Later still, there have been restorations and additions to both houses, or they could not be as they are now—beautiful private mansions; all the more beautiful

because still cared for, and not left, like some, to the owls, or like others, degraded into barns and byres. A little volume by J. F. Curwen, F.R.I.B.A. (T. Wilson, Kendal, 1898), may be named as giving a capital history of Levens Hall, with good illustrations.

Kendal is, of course, the name of the valley, Kent-dale. The church-town therein was Kirkby-Kendal. In the days when Sigarith's erg was a shieling, I suppose the lord and master of the Kirk-by lived in a wooden house on the top of that moated mound up All-hallows Lane—the Castle

How or Castle Law—where an obelisk was erected in 1788. These moated mounds were the usual "castles" of the gentry before and about the time of Domesday-book, and we shall find them in many parts of the district. Often they have a square garth or base-court somewhere near, as a fold for cattle, and perhaps as an enclosure for the wattle-and-daub huts of the thralls who kept the herds. In some cases this moated mound—mote-hill, castle-how, or burg—grew into a mediæval castle, as the pele grew into an Elizabethan mansion, and so its original form is almost lost in later building. Sometimes the site was deserted for a stronger or more convenient one. Here at Kendal, across the river, is another castle, which is best known as the birthplace of Catherine Parr, the last and cleverest of the queens of Henry VIII. The earliest part of the walls now in ruins may be as old as the time of Henry III., and the earthworks, great trenches, and ramparts around the curtain-wall may be earlier; but perhaps the Norman lord of Kendal, whose predecessors had lived on the castle-how, chose this as a better site for his fortress and moved there in the twelfth century. It is hardly likely that there were ever two rival castles so close together.

Kendal was a market-town under Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and when Edward III. was king, certain Flemings, headed by John Kemp, are said to have settled there, and introduced the woollen manufacture, which soon became famous. We have all heard of "Kendal Green," which was a rough drugget dyed with the dyer's broom (*Genista tinctoria*). Kendal coatings, woollen goods, though the name gives us our familiar word "cotton," were mostly white, or coloured in spots by hand, and thence called "ermines" or "spotted cottons." The town was also headquarters of the great country industry of hand-knitted stockings. What that industry (well named) was like is told in the famous dialect story preserved by Southey from the lips of Betty Yewdale, who was sent from Langdale as a child, somewhere in the eighteenth century, to learn knitting at Dent. "We o' knit,"

she said, "as hard as we cud drive, striving whilk cud knit t' hardest yan again anudder: we hed our darracks (day-work) set afore we com fra heam (to school) in t' mworning, and if we dudn't get them dun we warrant to gang to our dinners. They hed o' macks o' contrivances to larn us to knit swift; t' maister wad wind three or four clues togedder, for three or four barns (it is always *barns*, not *bairns*, in the Lake district) to knit off—*that* at knit slawest raffled tudder's yarn, and then she gat weel thumpt. Then we ust at sing a mack of a sang, whilk we were at git at t' en on (which we were to get to the end of) at every needle, ca'ing ower t' neames of o' t' fwoak in t' daal; but Sally and me wud never ca' Dent fwoak, sea we ca'ed Langdon (Langdale) fwoak. T' sang wos—

> 'Sally an' I, Sally an' I,
> For a good pudding pye;
> Taa hoaf wheat, an' tudder hoaf rye,
> Sally an' I for a good pudding pye.'

We sang this, altering t' neames at every needle; and when we com at t' end, cried 'Off,' an' began again; and sea we streave on o' t' day through."[1]

This knitting-trade went out when knee-breeches were no longer worn; but the leather and tobacco trades of Kendal, important in the seventeenth century, still flourish. The ancient Guilds are described in the quaint "Boke off Recorde," giving all the details of the mediæval town. In the eighteenth century, before turnpike roads were made

[1] The story, with others, is to be had in a series of sixpenny books (Atkinson & Pollitt, Kendal), and it is one of the best pictures of the old life that could be wished,—all genuine record. Kendal, however, is fortunate in being the subject of many recent stories. Sir Herbert Maxwell has drawn the mediæval life at the castle; Miss Theodora Wilson-Wilson's "Bacca Queen" describes the modern townsfolk; and the Rev. H. V. Mills' "Lake District Romances" are among the best. For local antiquities, consult the publications of Mr. T. Wilson, Highgate, who prints for the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society; especially the volume on "Kirkby-Kendall" by J. F. Curwen, F.R.I.B.A.

hereabouts, some 350 pack-horses, carrying the manufactures of the neighbourhood, passed through Kendal weekly; some of the old saddles and bells, relics of this curious traffic, are to be seen in the museum at Stricklandgate, with many other local antiquities and specimens of natural history. It was not until 1786 that the first mail-coach to London began to run; in 1819, the canal

was opened, and in 1846 the railway, and Kendal became a modern town.

But there are many pleasant reminders of the past in its two long streets and riverside buildings; not a little picturesqueness in spite of the prevailing grey. Abbot's Hall, now a public institution, is a fine old house; and there are others worth stopping to look at as you walk down to the parish church by the Kent. The church has been rebuilt over and over again, in one part or another, but never so modernised as to spoil its interest. The four rows of pillars, the carved oak screens, ancient monuments,

and tattered banners, make you feel that you are in a real old church, not in an architect's imitation. The Strickland Tomb is of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and the alabaster monument of a boy under a black marble canopy dates from 1656. The Parr Tomb is probably fifteenth century. The Bellingham Tomb is ancient, but with modern brasses; several ancient brasses, however, are in that chapel. Quaint verses on "Mr. Ravlph Tirer," vicar, who died in 1627, are on a brass within the altar-rails. The painter Romney's cenotaph is there, and Thomas West, the Furness antiquary, is buried just outside the Strickland Chapel. The old colours are of the Kendal and Lonsdale Volunteers and of the 55th Regiment, with a Chinese flag taken by them in 1841. The helmet called the "Rebel's Cap" is said to have fallen from the head of Robert Philipson, "Robin the Devil," when he rode into church one Sunday during the Civil Wars to challenge the Parliament Colonel Briggs, who had besieged him on the island in Windermere: a local legend which has been put into many a book and ballad, and used by Scott in "Rokeby," "dressed up," as he said of his incidents, "in a cocked hat and feathers." I do not know that the story has ever been disproved: of course it has been doubted.

A mile south of the church there is a loop in the river, the Water-Crook, and in the peninsula so formed is the site of a Roman camp—Roman Kendal, 700 years older than the burg on the castle how. Early antiquaries, misled by what seemed like a resemblance in the name, thought this to be the Concangium which was somewhere in the north of Britain, and the Ordnance Survey unfortunately perpetuated the error. But if we do not know the Roman name, we know that this was a place of some importance, for various relics have been dug up. Most interesting among them is the tombstone (now in Kendal Museum) for an officer of the 20th Legion, with an inscription that goes on to say, "Anyone putting another corpse into this grave will be fined."

Hence a Roman road crossing the Kent ran up the Scar and over the hills to Windermere and Ambleside, where we shall meet it again; southward it ran to Lancaster. This was probably the first great road through the district; it may have been made by Agricola when he "explored the estuaries and forests" in his first northward march of A.D. 79. As it is very uncertain that any regular Roman route crossed the sands of Morecambe Bay, we may take it that this was the main line of traffic to their harbour at Ravenglass, and thence round the coast to Carlisle and the Great Wall. A little south of this camp, at Hincaster, it used to be thought that there was a Roman station, but the apparent earthworks are natural hillocks. Other "camps" near Kendal are either earlier or later than Roman time.

But there was another old road, perhaps not a Roman road in the sense of having been regularly laid out by their engineers and constructed by their labourers, but still a route that must have been in use, leading north-east from the Water-Crook, and nearly following the railway line to Lowgill and the Lune. There a Roman traveller would have joined the great Maiden Way, a Roman road perhaps later than this one from Lancaster to Ravenglass. It came from the Great Wall past Alston, over the fells and across the Eden valley to Tebay; down the Lune and through the moors to Ribchester on the Ribble, and to Manchester. From Lowgill station it is an easy walk to Borrowbridge, where, behind the Inn, the walls of a Roman camp are plain to see, in the narrow, deep valley of the foaming Lune. The camp is, of course, the burg or *borrow* from which the bridge and tributary valley—by the way, a very sweet bit of quiet scenery—get their names. The camp was explored in 1883, and the gateways, hypocausts, and remains of a Roman bridge were found.

Returning southward, we might follow the Lune down its beautiful dale. Sedbergh, the home of a famous school, lies to the left, beyond our boundaries and in Yorkshire;

but the river, down to Kirkby Lonsdale, is in Westmorland. The Maiden Way ran parallel with the railway. At Middleton, where there is an interesting fifteenth-century hall, with Elizabethan woodwork, you can see a Roman milestone, re-erected in 1836 near the spot where it was disinterred. Half-way between Barbon and Casterton there is a curious old cross, set up where it was found, in the field just above the railway line, and near the Maiden Way; perhaps the gravestone of some one slain in battle, because it was on these roads, used for centuries after the Romans had left, that hostile armies travelled and encountered. And a mile south of Kirkby Lonsdale station there is the site of a very great and important Roman camp and town at Overburrow, the Borch (burg) of Domesday-book. About two miles from Overburrow, or three-quarters of a mile south-east of Kirkby Lonsdale station, at Cowan Bridge, where road and railway cross the Leck, was the school at which Charlotte Brontë and her sisters had such bitter experiences.

Kirkby in Lonsdale is the twin sister of Kirkby in Kentdale. It has not grown so populous, but its origin and early history are much the same. Near a Roman camp, and a Roman road, some early lord held his burg—the moated mound in the vicarage garden. Under Henry III. the place grew into a market-town: even before 1275 there was a bridge over the river, perhaps not the present "Devil's Bridge," though this is ancient. The church was a fine one in Norman days, and some Norman work is still to be seen in it; most part was rebuilt in the thirteenth century, and in 1486 was founded the Middleton Chapel, containing an effigy, which, though mutilated, seems to be of about that date. But the charm of the place is in its site and surroundings. Turner painted it, and Ruskin described it with enthusiasm—"One of the loveliest scenes in England—therefore, in the world."[1]

[1] "Fors Clavigera," Letter lii. (small edition iii. 61). You may be sure, when Ruskin says that "every prospect pleases," he

Riding back to Kendal over the green hills of Westmorland, we might look for the supposed Roman road between High Biggins and Sealford, passing a prehistoric earthwork half-way on the left; and then through Lupton to Preston Patrick, where an abbey of Premonstratensians was founded in 1119 and afterwards removed to Shap. The church has some bits of Norman grotesque built into it inside, and the old hall is a pele with Jacobean wings added. But there are so many such remains between Lune and Kent, that no single itinerary can take them in: most of them will be found noted in the gazetteer at the end of the volume. We must hasten on to Kendal again, which might be headquarters for many an expedition—to Hilton, and Firbank, and Killington, or to the ancient forts on Helmfell and Hayfell, or by Selside Hall to lonely Bannisdale, and up Long Sleddale—"Robert Elsmere's" country—or to the ancient pele and the paper-mills of Burneside: I will leave to the gazetteer even the mention of many interesting sights and scenes round about, and make for Kentmere.

Staveley station is at the gate of the dale, and the grey manufacturing village nearly chokes the narrow entrance. There are pretty lanes, slowly ascending the valley on either side of the stream, and mountains ahead, within reach at last. Three miles up the road on the right hand of the stream is Millrigg, above which there is one of those curious sites of heaps and holes, with a ruined rampart enclosing them, known as British villages. Another, very similar, may be found about two miles to the south-west, near the Borrans in Hugill. From this ancient homestead one looks down on the fields which used to be the mere of the Kent, now drained; but as if in compensation modern

is going to say—"only man is vile": and he says it pretty strongly about the railings and rubbish heaps which defaced the scene in 1875. Kirkby Lonsdale was naturally displeased, but amended the error. So let Ruskin's praise remain, and his blame be forgotten.

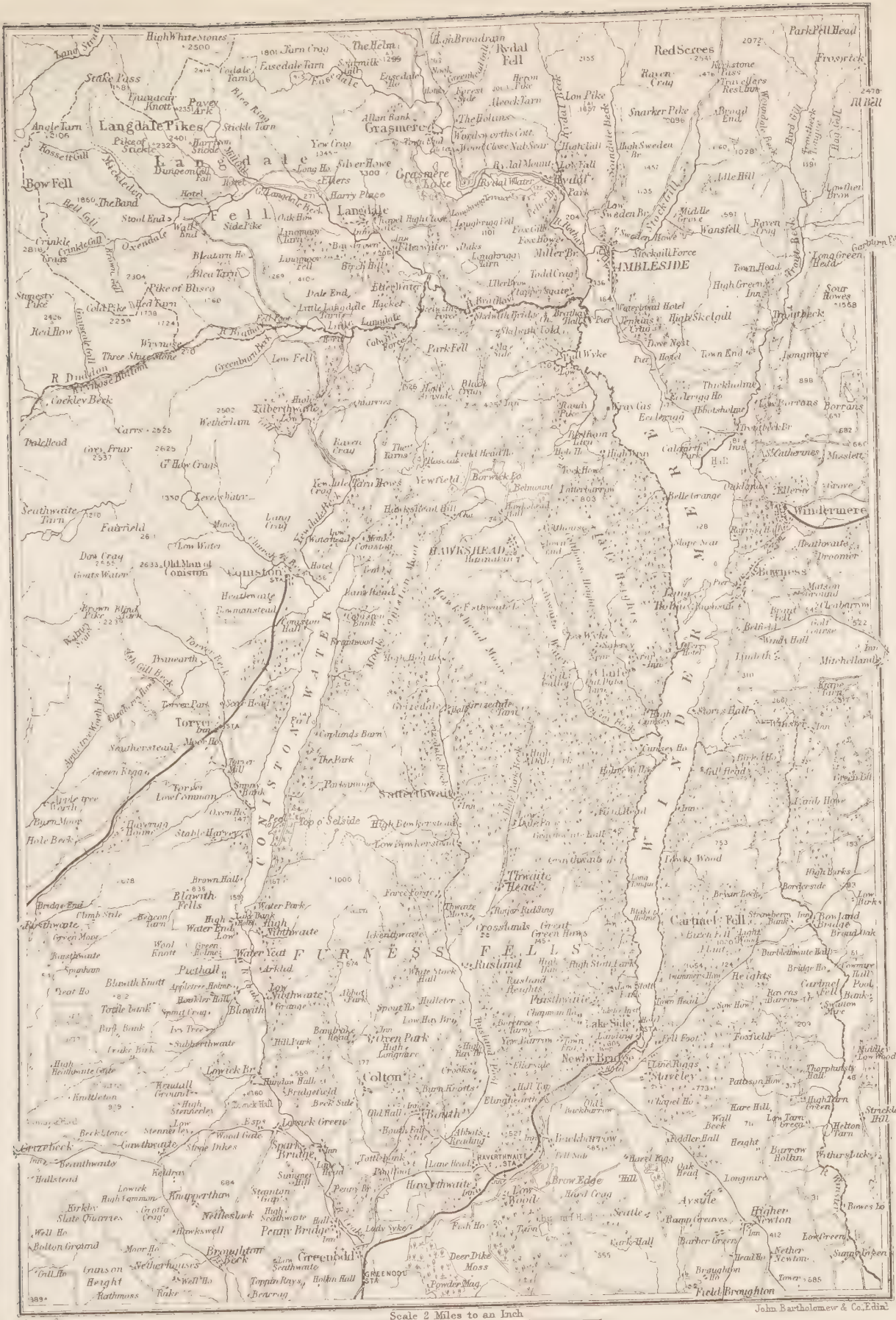
hands have made a tarn at the head of the valley, more romantic in its surroundings, even if the romance is discounted by the evident dam that holds the water for the mills at Staveley and below. Still the site is a grand one, with Rainsborrow and Ill Bell, Froswick and the Gavel, precipitous above, and the winding path up Nan Bield pass and over into Mardale. We are in the true

heart of the mountains now; and still there is a story to tell.

When Kentmere Hall, the old ruined pele half hidden among the trees beneath the mountain flank, was a fine new castlet, the Gilpins lived there, lords of Kentmere-dale. Richard Gilpin it was who killed the last wild boar, and took for motto "Dictis factisque simplex." John, of comic memory, you will certainly recall; and he may have been some far-away scion of the family, not wholly degenerate, for he stuck to his saddle! But in the early days of Henry VIII. there was a lad born here and christened Bernard. His uncle, the head of the family,

had fallen on Bosworth field, one of King Richard's captains of horse ; and so Bernard's father had come to the estate, married Margaret Layton of Dalemain, and brought up six sons, of whom one became ambassador to Holland for Queen Elizabeth, and another was this Bernard. One Sunday at the church, that same little church beside its old yew-tree on the hill, a travelling friar preached. The boy listened, and, turning up to his mother, said, "Mother, how dare he preach against drinking? He was drunk in our hall last night!"

There spoke the little Reformer, who became the Apostle of the North ; by mere sincerity and straightforwardness the one most powerful for good throughout the turbulent Northern lands in that troubled age. It was his horse that the robbers brought back, "for they knew that any who robbed Master Gilpin would go straight into hell." It was he who took down the glove, hung in church for a challenge, and made it his text against violence. Ordered to London for the stake, "It is well," he said ; "I had looked for this." His horse fell, and his leg was broken. "Is it well, now?" asked his captors. But before they could move him, Queen Mary, the persecutor, was dead.



WINDERMERE, CONISTON, AND GRASMERE

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WINDERMERE AND GRASMERE

"For to admire and for to see"—The forgotten battlefield—Nabs and nooks—Bowness Church—Winster and Witherslack—Cartmel Fell Chapel—Gummer's How—The Finsthwaite princess—Backbarrow iron—Shores of Windermere—Ferry—The Islands—The Skulls of Calgarth—Low-wood—The Romans at Ambleside—High Street—The Brig o' Dread—Ambleside, Rydal, and Grasmere—Sir Daniel Fleming—Cumbrian poets—Wordsworth—Langdale—The Pikes—Ruskin at Dungeon Gill—Mickleden and the Stake—Hell Gill and Crinkle Crags—The home of the Solitary—Little Langdale—The Thingmount—Colwith and Skelwith.

"IF you go down into Cumberland by the railroad, live in some frequented hotel, and explore the hills with merry companions, however much you may enjoy your tour or their conversation, depend upon it you will never choose so much as one pictorial subject rightly; you will not see into the depth of any. But take knapsack and stick, walk towards the hills by short day's journeys—ten or twelve miles a day—taking a week from some starting-place sixty or seventy miles away; sleep at the pretty little wayside inns or the rough village ones; then take the hills as they tempt you, following glen or shore as your eye glances or your heart guides, wholly scornful of local fame or fashion, and of everything which it is the ordinary traveller's duty to see or pride to do. Never force yourself to admire anything when you are not in the humour; but never force yourself away from what you feel to be lovely in search of anything better; and gradually the deeper scenes of the natural world will unfold themselves to you in still increasing fulness of passionate power. . . ."

This was Ruskin's advice to the young artist. Whether it will produce good pictures is no matter now; but that is the way to enjoy scenery. We have not found our journey to Windermere dull, though it has been longer than his sixty or seventy miles; and I think the view, at last, of lake and mountain from Orrest Head will be all the more delightful after the pastoral overture that has led up to it. On a clear summer evening it is best; not early in the day: or when the snow is half-way down the hills, and the woods are a brown glow in the level winter sunshine. Coniston fells, to the left; the Scafell group in front and Langdale pikes with sharp-set, rocky outlines; and to the right, the softer, though still massive forms of the Grasmere mountains, and Ill Bell rising above Troutbeck. Below this last, from Ings Church towards Troutbeck Bridge and the lake ran the Roman road. The name Orrest is that of a farm close to it, on the flattish bit of ground between us and the Troutbeck stream; and this name is one of the few which are not merely pastoral, for *Orrest* is a late Anglo-Saxon word derived from the Norse *orrosta*, "battle." It was on the old roads, we saw, that armies encountered, and here must once have been a fight of more than ordinary moment, in the days when such Scandinavian words were in use.

The long lake is spread out like a map; you see that it is not really one lake, but two at least, joined by narrow channels at the group of islands which nearly cut the two great basins apart. Between the largest island (Belle Isle, or more properly Longholme) and the Ferry there is another shallow basin; and the lower reach has two successive deeps.[1] Windermere is really a chain of lakes, and one of its greatest charms is the variety you find in following its river-like course. "It's a' nabs and neuks, is

[1] Dr. H. R. Mill's little volume on "The English Lakes" (G. Philip, 1895), with charts of soundings, is a book worth having, if one cares to know what there is underneath the blue floor.

Windermer-watter," but you cannot see the nabs and neuks from the steamer; only from a small boat and at leisure. Some of them are gone for ever, filled up with fancy boat-houses and landscape-gardening; many are still unspoilt, sweet little rocky coves, wooded above and fringed with ferns, where the fishermen in old days used to draw their nets and boil their gipsy kettles for breakfast in the sunrise. That is Windermere; not the skyline, for it has no great mountains near; but the shore-line.

Modern Windermere and Bowness are well able to speak for themselves; the wayfaring man cannot err therein. The fame of Professor Wilson, the once-renowned Christopher North, who lived at Elleray, is almost as forgotten as his house, which was pulled down thirty years ago. There is one beautiful heirloom of antiquity left, the east window in Bowness Church, originally in Cartmel Priory (not Furness Abbey); and though restored, so well restored that even a Ruskinian has no cause to complain.

If you wish to see what the villages were like at the time when the old writers praised them, come to Winster and Cartmel Fell. The valley is one which has no lake, and so it has been let alone. Narrower and more scenic than the Gilpin Valley, it is more domestic and populous than Kentmere or Long Sleddale; and for any one who likes the true picturesque it is a perfect feast. The old post-office with its typical northern porch and door; Brime Houses, where Jonas Barber made "grandfather clocks" 250 years ago; the ford and rustic footbridge at Wood farm; the hanging woods, with here and there a bit of crag jutting out, and the tumbled fields, beset with bare rock, but blossoming in early summer with damson and apple-bloom, and flowering all the season through; this is like what Wordsworth saw a hundred years ago. A friend of his, naturalist and poet, lived hereabouts—William Pearson of Borderside, one who roamed and returned to the dear little native vale.

South of Bowland Bridge one can follow the lanes east of the water in Westmorland, or west of the water in Lancashire. On the east side there are two interesting old houses, Cawmire Hall, a pele with a seventeenth-century mansion built about it, and Poolbank, with quaint balcony and plaster-work mantelpiece in the old parlour, now a lumber-room of the farmstead. Farther down the lane, fringed with coppice and orchard, beneath the scar of the long limestone height of Whitbarrow, lies Witherslack; the Hall, a seat of Lord Derby; the church built 1671, among beautiful surroundings, by the bequest of a native who became Dean of St. Paul's. Somewhere near here Sir Thomas Broughton, who joined the rebellion of Lambert Simnel in 1487, took refuge in the woods and lived long in hiding; faithful tenants carried food to his cave, and buried him at last in the forest. Two hundred years ago the grave was known, but now it is not to be found.

West of the Winster is the rustic parish of Cartmel Fell, with many a pretty and ancient farm: the inn at Strawberry-bank and Hodge Close with its balcony like Poolbank, and the chapel of St. Anthony with its most romantic garth, all daffodils in spring beneath the yew trees, and curious old pews and ancient glass from Cartmel. Rising behind the homesteads — for there is no regular village, but only scattered farms on the steep hillside—the moors and woods go up to reach their highest point in Gummer's How, over a thousand feet above sea. Hence you view Windermere in all its length, the whole panorama of mountains, the Leven valley winding seaward, Newby Bridge below your feet, the Lakeside station with trains and steamers like toys, and Finsthwaite hill over against you with its tower on the top, monument of naval victories a hundred years ago—itself now something of an antiquity. Finsthwaite village lies in a little dell behind the hill; in the churchyard is buried a princess, the villagers say, with wonderful fair hair; she came to live in seclusion at the Waterside house in 1745, and was buried in 1771 by the name of "Clementina

WINDERMERE

Johannes Sobiesky Douglas," connected somehow with Prince Charlie; but nobody knows more.

Down the Leven—a beautiful river every yard of it from Newby Bridge to Greenodd—is Backbarrow, famous for its ancient ironfoundry, the last place where charcoal is used in smelting; the old furnace with its date 1711 is still to be seen. I have known a Coniston quarryman walk there to get a Backbarrow "gavelock" (crowbar), for a quarryman's life hangs, literally, on his gavelock, and "Backbarrow iron will never give." Here, early in the century before last, John Wilkinson helped his father to make flat irons; then invented iron ships, discovered the secret of the blast-furnace, and became one of the pioneers of our great English industry. Such brave figures also should people our landscape. Ruskin tells us, "Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams have been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue," and he himself would have been the last to refuse a niche in the temple to the great craftsmen of old.

There are sites along the margin of Windermere not without story. There is a high bluff, just below Blakeholme, which the fishers used to call Cornelius, from an outlaw who harboured there; when or why I know not. At Silverholme I used to be told there was a "kist o' silver ligging under t' watter," and of course turned treasure-seeker in the days of my youth. At Graythwaite there is the Elizabethan hall of the Rawlinsons, and hidden behind its jealous wall the ancient home of the Sandys. Basswick, just above Catcrag and its pretty little island, was famous for an awful "boggle" that met Graythwaite folk coming home from the Ferry of a Saturday night; and opposite, at Beech-hill, was a wraith no less terrible of renown. Hammerhole, south of Rawlinson Nab, was the landing-spot for Cunsey forge in the old days of charcoal smelting, and up through the coppice, by the beck, you still find the slag and ashes blackening the ground. Now, inshore from rocky Lingholme, are electric works, where a famous

bobbin-mill ran until bobbin-turning ceased to be profitable. Storrs, opposite, was the grand Italian hall where Scott and Canning and all the Lake poets were entertained with a regatta and high feasting by Mr. Bolton in 1825; later, the home of the first "stroke" of the first Oxford boat that rowed against Cambridge, in top hats and in the year 'twenty-nine, and won the race—"human endurance!" The Rev.

Thomas Staniforth died at an advanced age about a dozen years ago, and the fine old house was turned into a hotel.

The Ferry—pleasantest of big hotels and prettiest spot on Windermere—has its history too. Here, time out of mind, has been the natural crossing-place, and naturally an inn. Here in 1635, on the 19th October at sunset, the great boat sank and forty-seven persons, some of them said to be of a wedding-party returning from Hawkshead Church, were drowned. The legend of the Crier of Claife, the ghostly passenger who calls for a boat and haunts the

ferryman to his death, seems to be hardly a genuine folk-tale in the form usually given, though it is very likely some such tale was current;[1] I remember also a vague story of a phantom boat with terrible sights aboard, as told me when I was a boy. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the Ferry Inn became the scene of annual wrestling, under Professor Wilson's patronage, and it was kept up until about 1861, after which the sports were held at Grasmere. Then the long low cottage-inn gave place to the big hotel, the steamer pier was built, and the old romance of clogs and pewter was succeeded by the romance of boating-flannels and tea in the garden. But Claife heights are so noble above, and the wooded islands are so sweet around that the Ferry is still and always must be an enjoyable spot for a summer day.

The "tea-caddy" on the Long Island was built by Mr. English, sadly belying his name, in or soon after 1774; he found the remains of pavements, which some have supposed to indicate a Roman villa. The Philipsons had a pele here, besieged by Colonel Briggs in the Civil Wars, and pulled down by Mr. English. On Lady Holme there used to be a mediæval chapel, which has entirely disappeared. The whole of the lake and its shores up to high-water mark are reckoned in the township of Applethwaite and in the county of Westmorland, as formerly belonging to the barons of Kendal, though more than two-thirds of the shore above high-water is in Lancashire; so that anywhere south of Storrs on the one side and of Brathay on the other the boat-houses are in two counties. What the origin of the name Wynander-mere was nobody knows. It is certainly not the "winding mere," nor is it the Wonwaldremere of the chronicles, where in A.D. 791 two princes of Northumbria were slain. As Ullswater is Ulf's-water, and Thurston-water (Coniston lake) in old records is Thorstan's water, this may have been the mere of Wynand or Onund,

[1] See "Hawkshead," by H. S. Cowper, F.S.A., p 328.

with the Scandinavian possessive case, like Amounder-ness, Asmunder-law (Osmotherley); but this is only a guess.

Calgarth Hall, near the mouth of the Troutbeck, is the Elizabethan mansion of these same island Philipsons; and it is of them that romancers tell the gruesome tale of the Calgarth skulls; how—do what folk would—the skulls of the wicked squire's victims always came back. The same story is told of other old halls, and one is tempted to ask, were they toadstools? The old name Calv-garth, connected with the Latin name for skull that appears in Calvary, may have helped to fix the legend; but it means merely the calf-yard, one of the old farm names like Sizergh. We have enough true romance in Lakeland, both ancient and modern, to afford the loss of one or two tales like this, and of one or two bogus castles like that of Wray opposite.

Low-wood has real and pleasant associations. It was the usual stopping-place in the old post-chaise times for Lake tourists after their drive from Kendal; and many a happy face has looked out of the windows at the Langdale pikes, while the ham and eggs were frying. I always wish Elizabeth in "Pride and Prejudice" had come to the Lakes, as she planned; perhaps, on the whole, 'twas better for her; but we have missed a treat. Ruskin as a boy used to come here often; in 1831, at twelve years old, his rhyming journal describes the rapture of arrival:—

> "We drove to the door, and the bell it was rung,
> And forth from the carriage impatient we sprung,
> Our apartment was shown—to the window we flew—
> But oh! what a prospect awaited our view!"

In those days the Salutation was the favourite inn at Ambleside. Earlier than that there was the Cock. Bishop Watson bought it, and out of compliment to the new owner the name was changed to "The Bishop," with a rough sign-board portrait, wig and all. Meanwhile a rival innkeeper mounted the sign of the Cock, and got the

custom. To prevent this lamentable falling-away, Boniface No. 1 added to his new sign, "This is the Old Cock."

Ambleside, like Bowness and Windermere village, is ready to speak up for itself, and show the way to its lions—Stockgill force, the old church and the new, Miss Martineau's house, Dr. Arnold's, Mr. Forster's. But the Roman Camp is not yet made into tea-gardens. Ask for the football field, and you can trace the square ramparts plainly in the grass, and people it once again with the legionaries and their white-limbed British wives, and the merchants from afar come up the road from the south or over Wrynose and Hardknott from Ravenglass Harbour. There was a corduroy road—recently discovered—from the direction of Rothay Bridge across what in Roman days were swamps, leading to the east side of the camp; two centuries ago, buildings were still to be seen, and many relics from this site were given to the Museum at Oxford in 1674. It has been supposed that the Romans made roads, or used tracks, past Rydal and Grasmere to Keswick, and up the Stockgill to join the Troutbeck route over High Street to Brougham.

This High Street is a most fascinating road, and well worth the rather long walk needed to trace it. From the rustic homesteads of Upper Troutbeck, still delightful, though not so untouched by innovations as Winster and Cartmel Fell, you go up to the Tongue, a long low hill which splits the main dale into two. All this part was the park, that is to say the deer preserve, of mediæval owners; and earlier still the home of some rude folk who have left foundations of their dwellings in the cove at the head of the valley. Hence a green path goes up the steep side of Ill Bell in one leap—never a carriage road, of course, but practicable enough for pack-horses and the slave-borne litter of the travelling Roman. This way also may have come occasional raiders from the north; it is the "Scots' Rake." From the ridge the view is superb; the graceful foreshortened curve of Windermere, broken across by its

islands ; Morecambe Bay, a long stripe of silver, thrown into distance by the dark pyramid of Ill Bell that towers in front of it, and falls away to the left, down and down in a succession of precipices, blacker and deeper as they plunge towards the tarn below. Then on the broad back of High Street top, the track is lost for a while ; two great stones, prostrate on the ground, seem once to have stood as waymarks. Then comes the Brigg o' Dread. Bleawater and Hayeswater, to the right and left, more than a thousand

feet beneath, and Riggindale, another pit of black crag, narrow up the footway, encroaching bit by bit. The road stoops to the dangerous edge, and swerves at it, and climbs again ; and you are on Kidsty Pike, looking back. An army could pass in safety ; but there is something in the whirl and heave of the mountain lines that makes the place much more impressive than many where the danger is real. Hence by Loadpot to Moor Divock and its cluster of sepulchral cairns, and so on to Pooley Bridge at Penrith, is easy walking (see Itinerary VIII.), and the old road leads you nearly all the way ; or we can return by Hayeswater and Kirkstone (see Itinerary VII.) after a grand mountain round.

The valley of Ambleside, with its wooded knolls of

rock standing among the grass, and Loughrigg looking down, shadowy and solemn; and the sudden turn to new scenery when you come to Rydalwater, very dainty with its fringy shores and islets—to use the old word, "smiling" under the frown of Nab Scar;[1] and then the new surprise, swiftly following, of Grasmere, whether you take the low road by the lake shore, or the old road over the hill, or the middle road by the spot where the Wishing gate used to be, Grasmere under Silver How, as shadowy as Loughrigg, and still more solemn, and the water's face untroubled, and the island-hillock severe in outline, pensive and lonely; then in a few minutes again another scene—the opening dale, and the great masses of the mountains lifting up their lines from it in one huge heave together, shoulder to shoulder, and the splintered crest of Helm Crag and the multitudinous heights behind it, over against Helvellyn:—it is rarely that so much beauty is crowded into so little ground. And if you take the well-known walks—Greenhead Gill where "Michael" built his sheep-fold, Tongue Gill and its waterfall, or up to Grisedale Tarn—Greenburn behind the Helm, or Easedale with its tarn and force, or any of the gills along the breast of wooded Silver How,—"custom cannot stale their infinite variety." Wordsworth chose well.

But long before Wordsworth Rydal was chosen for a home by a man who was not unworthy to be his predecessor; one who like Wordsworth cared for the place and the people, practised the plain living of a frugal, farming squire, and the high thinking of a student and a scholar; wrote also books of no little interest on Cumberland and Westmorland folk and their history. Sir Daniel Fleming was born of the Coniston family in 1633, went to Queen's College, Oxford, and to Gray's Inn; followed his father in the cause of King Charles, and suffered heavily in pocket and prospects. So he left the hall at Coniston to

[1] Our illustration shows the view looking towards Nab Cottage, the home of Hartley Coleridge.

others of the family and settled at Rydal Hall, which had been the second house of the Flemings since 1484 or 1485; living in retirement and economy until he should repair his broken fortunes. Not only that, but he was fond of history and research, corresponded with many of the learned men of the age, and became distinguished for his antiquarian knowledge, among other things for an interest, then very uncommon, in the Northern languages and in Runic inscriptions, of which several were known at his time in Cumberland. It was at Grasmere, one hundred and fifty years later, that De Quincey struck out the line of thought which led to the recognition of the Viking element in the Lake district dialect and place names. Daniel Fleming at the Restoration became an important person; he took a great share in county business, was knighted, became M.P. for Cockermouth, and died in 1701, nearly a hundred years before Wordsworth—a native of Cockermouth—settled in Grasmere, a century and a half before he died at Rydal.

Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home from 1813 to 1850, is in no sense a shrine of pilgrimage—altered now from the old house as shown in the sketch; nor is Allan Bank at Grasmere, where he lived from 1808 to 1813. All the associations are with Dove Cottage, or as he knew it, Townend. There he did his best work; there he was most characteristically the Wordsworth of history, the one out of many local poets who could speak to the world at large of his rustic home, and give it the touch of artistic idealisation that made a fairyland of it. There have been many Cumbrian poets, most of them, like Wordsworth at Grasmere, cottage folk, and, like him, at their best when they wrote of cottages and rural life and the more familiar aspects of nature around them; failing, like him, when they attempted tragedy, narrative, or ambitious moralising thought. He was the representative man of the group, as Shakespeare among the London playwrights or Dante among the early Italian sonnetteers; surpassed in certain qualities by some—in humour and realism of portrayal;

rivalled by others in lyrical effect ; unequal to himself and often wandering from his true vocation ; but still the one

who rose head and shoulders above the crowd and compelled attention, because his art was praise.

We are proud in these parts of our native local poets ; that Cumbria should have bred such a nest of singing birds, though so many of them are unknown abroad. Before

Wordsworth we had Relph and Clark, old Hoggarth and blind Stagg, Lonsdale, and Miss Blamire and Miss Gilpin. Contemporary with him were Anderson and Sanderson, Rayson and Graves; a little later Gibson and Richardson and Miss Powley, all in their measure true poets.[1] Before the eighteenth century there were the ballads; some of the finest Northern ballads and songs were from our side of the border. Before the Middle Ages, we are told, Cumbria was the birthplace of many Welsh bardic poems, and possibly of Norse Edda lays and drapas of the Skalds. All this long line of poetic tradition led up to Wordsworth. In him the homely native muse at last found her instrument—unwilling at times, it seemed, and unresponsive, but when truly touched, how perfect!

Any one who lives at the Lakes can hardly shake off Wordsworth. He haunts the place. It is not the "Maister Wudsworth" of the peasantry that one remem-

[1] The Rev. Josiah Relph of Sebergham, born about 1700, died 1743, and Ewan Clark of Wigton (1734–1811), wrote dialect pastorals modelled on Virgil and Theocritus. J. Stagg of Burgh-by-Sands, died 1823, author of "The Bridewain" and "Rosley Hill Fair," was a blind fiddler, a Wandering Willie in real life. Mark Lonsdale, author of "The Upshot," died 1789. Miss Blamire of Thackwood died 1794, and Miss Gilpin of Scaleby died 1811. Robert Anderson, the Burns of Cumberland, a Carlisle man, lived from about 1770 to 1833. Old Sanderson died 1829 on hearing that his box of poems was burnt in the fire that made him homeless. John Rayson, a schoolmaster, lived 1803–1859. John Woodcock Graves, who wrote "John Peel," emigrated to Tasmania in 1833. Dr. Alex. Craig Gibson, born at Harrington 1813, died 1874, lived at Coniston, and wrote many fine dialect songs like "Lal Dinah Grayson" and "Mappen I may." John Richardson of St. John's Vale, 1817–1886, was the author of "Cummerland Talk," and William Dickinson (died 1882) wrote good dialect prose and verse. Miss Powley of Langwathby (died 1883) printed "Echoes of Old Cumberland." His recently published "Collected Poems" give a place to Peter Burn of Brampton (died 1902). These are the best known of the group; to mention some yet living, but still of the same native school, would perhaps be invidious when there are so many claimants for a place on the roll.

bers, humming his lines along the road, nor the somewhat uncongenial neighbour of country gentry who were hardly able to discern greatness. Hartley Coleridge and Christopher North could take the ear of their contemporaries; Southey was an ornament to Keswick; but Wordsworth lived, and still lives, only in his work, in the glamour he has thrown around every scene and every season. When "the first

mild day of March" comes, what else takes us to the woods? when the celandine peeps through dead oakleaves by the wayside, why do we make holiday? who taught us to watch at Easter for the daffodils and in the east-wind haze of April for the cuckoo? to find the "beauty born of murmuring sound" in the cottage-child's face, and "old age serene and bright" in the quiet country home? Who has so painted our sunsets, "vivid as fire, clouds separately poised, innumerable multitude of forms," or our twilights,

"breathless with adoration;" or in autumn, "when not a leaf seems faded," who but Wordsworth brings us on our way to "nobler cares than listless summer knew"?

We go, of course, in duty bound to Grasmere sports. It is a noble game, the wrestling, and the fell-race is a fine show of pluck, and the hound-trail of sagacity: moreover there are sure to be friends among the thousands at the gathering. But this is only an episode. To the wider world Grasmere means the hills he loved, and Dove Cottage where he wrote, and his grave beside the Rothay.

Redbank, Loughrigg's northern slope overlooking Grasmere, and the road past it to High Close, and Loughrigg Tarn, and Elterwater, a true lake of the Lakes, though tiniest of all; the village of powder-mills and quarries, church and hamlet perched on the spur of Silver How, Baisbrown nestling under Lingmoor, the filled-up lake-basin, flat beneath loftier and loftier heights, these are stages in our approach to the Pikes which appear and reappear, continually dominating Langdale—the main feature of the scenery. "Those lusty twins," exclaimed Wordsworth's Solitary, "if here it were your lot to dwell, would soon become your prized companions." It is a fine passage which follows, wonderfully in tune with the exact chord of feeling struck by the actual scene:—

> "A harmony
> So do I call it, though it be the hand
> Of silence, though there be no voice. The clouds,
> The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
> Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
> And have an answer; thither come and shape
> A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
> And idle spirits. There the sun himself,
> At the calm close of summer's longest day,
> Rests his substantial orb. Between those heights
> And on the top of either pinnacle
> More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault
> Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
> *Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man*
> *Than the mute agents stirring there.*"

BLEA TARN AND THE LANGDALE PIKES

This busy fairy-life or gnome-life of the mountains here, where they are not mere grassy slopes, but chiselled rocks, tenanted by water in all its forms; where they are great enough to give the sense of power and steep enough to give some notion of sublimity, and yet lovable and companionable in their comparative smallness; all this was felt by Ruskin too, and prettily expressed in one of his letters, not written for publication, as a "purple patch" of eloquence, but mere after-supper gossip to his mother at home. It is dated 13th August 1867, and continues: "It is perfectly calm to-night, not painfully hot, and the full moon shining over the mountains opposite my window, which are the scene of Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' It was terribly hot in the earlier day, and I did not leave the house till five o'clock. Then I went out, and in the heart of Langdale Pikes found the loveliest rock-scenery, chased with silver waterfalls, that I ever set foot or heart upon. The Swiss torrent-beds are always more or less savage and ruinous, with a terrible sense of overpowering strength and danger, lulled. But here, the sweet heather and ferns and star mosses nestled in close to the dashing of the narrow streams; while every cranny of crag held its own little placid lake of amber, trembling with falling drops, but quietly trembling, not troubled into ridgy wave or foam; the rocks themselves *ideal* rock, as hard as iron—no, not quite that, but *so* hard that, after breaking some of it, breaking solid white quartz seemed like smashing brittle loaf-sugar, in comparison—and cloven into the most noble masses; not grotesque, but majestic and full of harmony with the larger mountain mass of which they formed a part. Fancy what a place for a hot afternoon after five, with no wind, and absolute solitude; no creature, except a lamb or two, to mix any ruder sound or voice with the plash of the innumerable streamlets!"

The higher crags of the Pikes, above Dungeon Gill, and of Pavey Ark above Stickle Tarn, afford some fine rock-climbing. On the way up there are splendid outlooks.

The tops, when you reach them, are disappointing, for all the excitement is in the broken edge that overhangs Langdale;—behind the summits it is moorland and waste, up and down, by High White Stones and Ullscarth and Blea Tarn and Armboth Fells, all the way to Keswick. But such a walk in cloudy weather has its effects of wildness and mystery, with sudden peeps into valleys and vistas of mountain summits, and the continually changing grotesques of the desolate hummocks and boulders among turf and peat and heather. It is a grand walk, too, up Mickleden, past the mounds and pits of a long-forgotten "British settlement," and up the zigzags of the Stake, over into lonely Langstrath, once filled with wood, but disafforested by the iron-smelters of old times, who brought the ore from Eskdale by the arduous path of the Ure Gap (Ore Gap) west of Bowfell. On leaving Mickleden by the track to the left, along the brink of Rossett Gill, there is a famous route by Angle Tarn and Sprinkling Tarn to Styhead and Scafell (Itinerary IV.). Or for some of the biggest cliffs and darkest chasms we can show, there is Oxendale with Brownie Gill, Crinkle Gill and Hell Gill converging on the combe, and towering heights all round against the sky.[1] The heights are all accessible, and almost any route, path or no path, will lead in fair weather and with ordinary caution to the top of Bowfell or Shelter Crags or Crinkle Crags or the Pike of Blisco; but the finest views are not the panoramas from the summits, and they are hardly found or enjoyed when you try ascents against time. A week's rambling and scrambling round Dungeon Gill as a centre, and never crossing the watershed, would not exhaust the variety and interest of Upper Langdale.

The road to Little Langdale by Blea Tarn is the usual

[1] Crinkle (Norse *Kringla*, circle) may have once been the name of the whole ring of crags, of which various points are now separately named. "Hell" is a dialect word for to gush (Norse *hella*), seen again in Hellbeck.

coach-route, nearly always taken from south to north in order to get the surprise of the Langdale Pikes, suddenly breaking into grandeur over the little sharp tooth of Side Pike by the tarn. But going from Dungeon Gill you meet Wetherlam, hardly less fine, and rising nobly over the valley. Wordsworth's excursionists climbed Lingmoor from Little Langdale village and dropped upon Blea Tarn,

"the little lowly vale," from the wild table-land of the "savage region" which he "paced dispirited"; much the best way for an epicure in fell-scenery who wants to taste the contrast. But scores of permutations and combinations are possible on these hills, and one of their greatest delights is the freedom to wander with "no enemy but winter and rough weather," and the certainty that towards evening one can't be far from supper and bed.

At Fell Foot, where the Blea Tarn road joins the valley of Little Langdale, is one of those old houses which stud the map; arms of Fletcher Fleming (1707–1716) are over the door; stories of old pack-horse and smuggling

days are told about this isolated spot, the last house on what was the main road over Wrynose toward the old port of Ravenglass. This was the Roman road too; and no doubt the chief pass from east to west all through the middle ages. Behind the farm there is a curious knoll with terraces round it. If it was meant for a terraced garden, one asks why were some of the terraces made to look north, out of the sun? But any one who has seen the Tynwald Hill in the Isle of Man will recognise a certain likeness here to the Thing-mount of the Danes; there was another, known from old prints, in Dublin. And as this is on the high road east and west, and at the meeting-place of passes to north and south, it has been suggested by Mr. H. S. Cowper, F.S.A., that the Viking settlers met here for their annual parliament. I do not know that the theory can be considered as proved, but nothing so far has disproved it.

Little Langdale Tarn, Slater's Bridge, and the pretty dale of the Brathay that leads rapidly down to Colwith Force, and then round the corner to Elterwater and Skelwith, are too familiar in pictures and photographs to need many words here. The Langdales have four fine waterfalls. Dungeon Gill for Wordsworth's sake, and for the real curiosity of its vertical spout in the black cleft under a natural rock-bridge—Hell Gill Force for downright wildness—Colwith for confusion of foam and rocks and foliage—Skelwith for the perfect picture it makes—all are distinct in character and each finished in every detail; gems, not frescoes. And so, by Brathay and Clappersgate, we find our way back to Ambleside.

ITINERARY THE THIRD

LAKE LANCASHIRE

Lancashire North-of-the-Sands—Furness, the lands of the Flemings and the Monks—Hawkshead Hall and Church—Dale Park and Satterthwaite—Outlaws and "fellows fierce"—Ancient industries—Colton and Greenodd—Ulverston—Swarthmoor—Pennington Castle Hill—Old forts near Urswick—Aldingham Mote—Gleaston Castle—Conishead Priory and Chapel Island—Cartmel Priory—Flookburgh and Wraysholme Tower—Humphrey Head Spa and caves—Atterpile Castle—Furness Abbey, history and ruins—Piel Castle—Picturesque Barrow—Dalton Castle and St. Helen's Chapel—The Giant's Grave—Coniston Water—Peel Island—Ancient Bloomeries—Coniston Hall—Ruskin's home and grave—The worthies of Coniston—Monk Coniston Tarns—Tilberthwaite quarries and copper-mines—The Old Man—Walna Scar—Seathwaite—Wonderful Walker—Duddon Valley.

CONISTON and Hawkshead are in Lancashire, with all those lakes, mountains, valleys, and villages to them appertaining. This is a geographical fact which the stranger always disregards as an unwarrantable anomaly; and yet it is as reasonable and necessary in the present as it was in the past. If a Coniston man wants to go to the nearest county town, the train takes him in a journey of fifty miles to Lancaster; Carlisle is nearly twice as far away; Appleby, which is the proper county town of Westmorland, I have never heard of any Coniston man trying to reach in one journey, but it might be done with a good deal of cross-country travelling and waiting at junctions. Kendal is as far by the nearest line as Lancaster, but the trains are less convenient. Let it not be thought that I complain, or that any of us would be happier if we could

run a railway through Langdale and Grasmere. We should not be much nearer Carlisle or Kendal even then; and such is local pride or prejudice, whichever you call it, that we don't care to be. There is an old Furness saying, "Nowt good ever comes round Black Combe!" and Ambleside folk say the same of what "comes o'er the Raise" from Cumberland. No doubt the sayings date back to raiding days; but they mark the feeling, still dimly existent, that Westmorland would not like to be absorbed by its bigger neighbour, and Furness, Lake Lancashire, holds very tight to the privileges of the County Palatine.

If at this day Lancaster is the natural county town for the northern shore of Morecambe Bay, how much more was it so when the central mountains were impassable with forest and swamp, wild beasts and wild folk? The blue of the coloured map cuts Lancashire in two, but the sands really join Furness and Cartmel with the opposite coast; and since the twenty-five-foot sea subsided—that is, within all the historical period of which we have evidence—they have made an easy natural road.

All that lies between the Duddon and Windermere is Furness, given in the twelfth century to the great abbey; all that lies between Windermere and the Winster is Cartmel, given at the end of the same century to the Priory. The grant of King Stephen to Furness Abbey was not quite clear and conclusive; others claimed rights in the same territory. The family of Fleming had already gone to settle there; the Baron of Kendal thought he had rights in the fells—a vaguely-known "hinterland" of boors and backwoods; but these differences were composed, and the monks remained paramount, though parts of Furness were practically in other hands. The monks dealt direct with Lancaster where the king's sheriff held court, and when the county of Lancashire was finally carved out of Yorkshire and Cheshire, and given a definite status and boundary, Furness and Cartmel remained within it.

Hawkshead was the Furness monks' hunting-ground and

timber forest, with a few descendants of old Viking settlers farming in their primitive way, and greatly resenting the new rule. King John gave Furness a charter permitting them to use force against refractory "tenants," which shows what society was like hereabouts in the early Middle Ages. Then, I think, as the woods near the abbey were used up, the ore from the mines, which was a chief source of revenue to the monks, was carried up into the fells to be smelted with the charcoal made on the spot, and so the land was gradually brought under new management. Hawkshead Church was granted the rights of a parish church in 1219, as the centre of all the hill country between Coniston, Brathay, Windermere, and the Leven; and the manor-house of the monks was fixed at Hawkshead Hall, where you still see some of their building in the traceried window of the gate-house, dating from about 1410.

Hawkshead Church, as we see it, has no part earlier than the fifteenth century; the apparently Norman arches are not real Norman building. The Sandys effigies are Elizabethan, and of the same date as the foundation of the Grammar School, which Hawkshead owed to Archbishop Sandys, born at Esthwaite Hall farther down the lake. At this school Wordsworth was educated from 1778 to 1783; he cut his name, still to be seen in the schoolroom, and lodged at Ann Tyson's, the cottage to the right, beyond the archway opposite the Red Lion. "The Prelude" contains many true pictures of old Hawkshead, "that beloved vale;" how he snared woodcocks, boated, skated, fished, and nutted; how he noted the first changes in the building of a "smart Assembly-room," the dingy structure opposite the much more modern Institute; how he came back to see, from the Windermere road—

> "The snow-white church upon her hill
> Sit like a thronèd lady, sending out
> A gracious look all over her domain.
> —Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town."

Still true to the scene that last touch, though tasteless restoration has stripped the homely roughcast from the church and coarsely pointed it over. Wordsworth's Yew is gone. Flag Street also will be looked for in vain; where the beck ran down between the houses now there is only a somewhat squalid alley with a sewer under it, considered by the authorities to be more sanitary. We are not yet quite clever enough in these matters to do the needful cleansing and restoration without destroying the old landmarks and the old rustic charm, and Hawkshead is being modernised.

The Square, Hawkshead

But off the beaten track there is plenty of the old country left. Down the lake by Esthwaite Hall and over the fell there is Dale Park, famous for its daffodils, and once the deerpark of the bad Abbot Bankes, who turned out his "tenants" —descendants of the free Norse settlers—to make a hunting-ground. At Satterthwaite the sister valley of Grisedale joins Dale Park to make the lakeless but most charming Rusland Vale—Role's Land, in old documents, and perhaps once the possession of some forgotten Rolf. Here from 1346 to 1363, a gang of outlaws under Adam of Beaumont (near Leeds) resorted, "boasting of their misdeeds" as the old ballad says; and the ballad of Flodden Field hits off the natives of the neighbourhood in one alliterative line as "fellows fierce from Furness Fells."

It has always been woodland, and a place of woodland

industries. In the thirteenth century there were already the beginnings of the charcoal-burning business; by the time of the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. the great timber was gone, used for building, but "Byrk, Holey, Asshe, Ellers (Elder), Lyng, lytell short Okes and Hasells" are mentioned, and the "yerely profytte comming and growing of the said woods, called Grenehewe, Bastyng, Blecking, bynding (making of bast-mats, bleaching, cooper's work), making of Sadeltrees, cartwheles, cuppes, disshes, and many other things wrought by Cowpers (coopers) and Turners, with making of Coles (charcoal) and pannage of Hoggs" (whence the name of Grisedale). All this went on until quite recently; indeed bark-peeling is hardly extinct, though leather is no longer usually tanned with bark,[1] and coaling may be seen at the pitsteads, circular platforms in the coppice where the small wood is piled and smothered, to smoulder with the pleasant familiar fragrance of its smoke in the fresh woodland air, while the workmen camp out in little round huts they build—just such huts as their far-away forefathers made in those curious sites we call British settlements. Turning, now that bobbins are cheaper elsewhere, has gone out quite lately; and (as we saw) the Backbarrow Forge is the last representative of the once busy industry of iron-smelting. Here and there, in the prettiest places by romantic gills or tranquil coves of the lake shore, one finds the heaps of black slag where the furnace used to be. It is difficult to fix a date, but roughly speaking there must have been iron-smelting always going on in the Lake District since the times when they were settled by folk civilised enough to need tools and weapons. The smaller Bloomeries, as they are called, may be of very various dates, mostly from Norman times until the seventeenth century, when a larger type of furnace came into use. That at Force Forge, by the waterfall in Rusland, was established before 1680, and other important furnaces were

[1] Which is why so much of our boot leather is rubbish; cheap chemicals do the work much quicker—and much worse.—Ed.

in the neighbouring Crake Valley at Nibthwaite, Penny Bridge, and Spark Bridge about the same time. It is curious to note these evidences of disappeared industries and the relapse of the countryside to nature. Maybe some day other parts, now hideous with smoke and flame, or scarred with quarrying and mining, may become another Wordsworth's favourite walk, or the retreat of a great artist's children, like Whitestock Hall, the home of the Romneys.

Colton Church on its green hill must not be forgotten, nor the old Baptist Chapel at Tottlebank, founded 1669, nor the Quakers' Meeting at Rook How, founded 1725. Colton Old Hall was a home of the Sandys family in the seventeenth century; Oxenpark has its cockpit—not many of the old style are left, though he would be a bold man who should say that cock-fighting is extinct; and at Greenodd (the Norse *græn-oddi*, the green point), where the Crake from Coniston and the Leven from Windermere meet among delightful wooded hills, one can trace, in spite of a modern railway embankment, the old seaport where Coniston slate and ore were once shipped.

Ulverston, though Dalton was its rival in very ancient times, and Barrow has shot ahead in very modern times—still Ulverston is the chief town of Furness. It was a market-town in 1280. Its parish church has a Norman door, which is a kind of guarantee of respectability and old establishment, like family pictures and plate. There is within it an effigy of Myles Dodding, 1629; the larger effigy of William Sandys, who died 1586, is a modern antique. There is also a brass of the Doddings of Conishead (1606), and a not less interesting tablet to Sir John Barrow (1764–1848), born in a cottage at Dragley Beck, who became an Arctic explorer, traveller in China and South Africa, considerable writer and most useful Secretary to the Admiralty of his day. The lightless lighthouse on Hoad Hill above the town was built for a monument to him. In the other church, Holy Trinity, is a sculptured

reredos by a local carver, much above the average of modern church ornaments in this part of the world. "The North Lonsdale Magazine," edited by Canon Ayre and printed by Mr. Holmes, is an evidence of local talents and resources, and of a lively interest in the picturesque old neighbourhood. A mile south of the railway station is the Elizabethan hall of Swarthmoor, home of George Fox, the first Quaker, who married the widow of Thomas Fell, the owner, and built a meeting-house close by in 1688. On Swarthmoor, Lambert Simnel's foreign troops encamped in 1487 under Martin Schwartz, their German commander; it used to be said that the moor was named after him, but the name occurs earlier, and simply means the Black Moor.

Near Ulverston there are several ancient sites in pretty surroundings, for though this is Low Furness, all the country is hilly, and the peeps of fiord and farther hills over wooded dells and homesteads are full of beauty. At Pennington is the Ellabarrow, reputed to be the mound where "Lord Ella sleeps with his golden sword," and near it, at Conynger Hurst, an interment of perhaps the Iron Age was found some years since; when the railway was made, querns and stone weapons were discovered. Higher up the road is Castle Hill, with great ramparts overhanging a ravine; the place may have been ancient British, but it was the seat of the Pennington family down to the fourteenth century, and many of these old ramparts appear to have enclosed early mediæval houses, built of wood, or wood and clay, which might have been quite large and comfortable in their time, but when once ruined leave no trace behind.

Urswick is famous for the legend of its tarn, which covers, they say, "lile U'ston" (little Ulverston), sunk beneath the waters. A similar tale is told at Kirksanton and elsewhere, and suggests to any one who knows of the lake-dwellings in Switzerland, Ireland, and Galloway, that there might have been a "crannoge," or group of huts built on an artificial platform, which, when once deserted, would soon sink beneath the surface. But no such remains

have yet been found in the Lakes. There are island dwellings, and there may yet be discoveries of crannoges; meanwhile close to Urswick there is a very curious enclosure with foundations of huts, like those in Kentmere and elsewhere, and adjoining it a square rampart; the site is known as the Stone Walls. Another such ancient garth is at Foula (1½ miles south-east of this), and on the north side of Birkrigg, the hill east of Urswick, is a third such rampart at Appleby Slack. On the east of Birkrigg, between Bardsea and Sunbrick (written Swenebrec in the thirteenth century, and evidently meaning the breck or slope where swine were fed, like Swinside), is the Druid Circle, as it is called; a double ring of boulders, perhaps sepulchral. Farther south, on the brink of the shore, is Aldingham Mote-hill, another of those burgs we have seen at Kendal and Kirkby Lonsdale. This is remarkably complete, with the basecourt at its foot, and, though some have given an earlier date, may be taken to be the first house and farmstead of the Flemings, who settled here under William Rufus. They held Gleaston too, and lived there; St. Michael's Well at Gleaston is thought to be a corruption from *Sir* Michael (le Fleming), but Gleaston Castle was built by their successors, the Harringtons, in the fourteenth century. There are still considerable ruins, ivy-grown and picturesque.

Bardsea (not named from Welsh bards, but in Domesday written Berretseige, whatever that may mean) and Conishead (Conyngshead, King's head or seat) were sites of religious houses: at the first was a Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, and at the second a priory of Austin canons. But neither of these remain: the Gothic mansion of the Braddyls of Conishead, now a Hydropathic, is entirely modern. Out in the Firth of Leven is a little rocky islet called Chapel Island, formerly Harlesyde, where, it is said, "Divine service was performed at a convenient hour for such as crossed the sands with the morning tide." I do not know what authority Father West (writing in

1774) had for the statement, but the chapel and its occupant must often have been a welcome sight to wayfarers over this rather dangerous route. Wordsworth gives a picture of the spot in pre-railroad days, paraphrasing West, and ending with a dramatic incident. You remember he was something of a Revolutionary himself at first, until the Reign of Terror opened his eyes.

> "Upon a small
> And rocky island near, a fragment stood
> (Itself like a sea-rock), the low remains,
> With shells encrusted, dark with briny weeds,
> Of a dilapidated structure, once
> A Romish chapel, where the vested priest
> Said matins at the hour that suited those
> Who crossed the sands at ebb of morning tide.
> Not far from that still ruin all the plain
> Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
> Of vehicles and travellers, horse and foot,
> Wading beneath the conduct of their guide
> In loose procession through the shallow stream
> Of inland waters; the great sea meanwhile
> Heaved at safe distance, far retired. I paused,
> Longing for skill to paint a scene so bright
> And cheerful, but the foremost of the band
> As he approached, no salutation given,
> In the familiar language of the day,
> Cried, 'Robespierre is dead!'"

Cartmel is the name of the district between the Leven and the Winster, just as Furness is of the larger division between Duddon and Leven. In parliamentary language the whole of this part of Lancashire is North Lonsdale, though Lonsdale, the dale of the Lune, is far enough away. The name of Cartmel is very ancient; as Cartmel the land was given to St. Cuthbert by King Ecgfrith of Northumbria, A.D. 678; "with all the Britons therein," the Cumbrian Welsh of the day. In 1188 William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, gave lands here to the Austin canons, and a priory was founded, an important place, though Furness Abbey had the start, and overshadowed

Cartmel in power and fame. And yet, while Furness is all a ruin, we still have the church of the priory at Cartmel —not intact, but fairly well preserved, and bringing down the tradition of the Middle Ages into the usage of the present. At the Scottish raid of 1322 this place was spared; at the dissolution under Henry VIII. the country-folk begged that the church—their only one—might remain; it was dilapidated, and new-roofed in 1618 by George Preston of Holker; the Parliament troops damaged it in 1643, but the fine window had already been removed to Bowness. Between 1830 and 1867 it was "restored," but you can still see the Norman pillars, and the curious tower set askew; and monks' seats carved beneath, and various tombs of priors. The Harrington tomb seems to be a patchwork of several monuments, inserted after the Reformation, and there are many curious mementoes of the seventeenth century. The effigy, by Thomas Woolner, R.A., of Lord Frederick Cavendish, assassinated in Dublin, 1882, is interesting both for its art and its associations. The old gatehouse of the Priory is also to be seen in the pleasant little town.

Round about Cartmel are many bits of historic building, set in charming landscape. Holker Hall, the seat of the Cavendishes, is practically a modern mansion, largely rebuilt after the fire of 1871; but Hampsfield Hall was built before 1636, and Cark Hall has a seventeenth-century interior, with a front perhaps added by the once famous Anglo-Saxon scholar, Christopher Rawlinson (d. 1733). Flookburgh, poor little village as it looks (though with a fine recent church), boasts itself a market-town, having charters from Edward I. and Charles II., and regalia, sword and halbert, still extant in the neighbourhood.

A little to the east of this is Wraysholme Tower, a ruined pele, once a seat of the Harringtons, the family of Gleaston Castle. They forfeited their possessions after the battle of Bosworth Field, and this place was granted to the Stanleys, whose crest still remains in a bit of stained glass

preserved at the farm. South of this is Humphrey Head with its holy well, still of great repute in the district. Here, it is said, the last wolf in the county was killed. There is a long ballad, of doubtful origin, quoted in Stockdale's "Annales Caermoelenses," the standard collection of Cartmel lore, and giving a romantic turn to the story, but nothing by which date or circumstances can be fixed. There is more to dream about in the Kirkhead and Capeshead caves, where real pre-historic and Roman remains have been found. In a cave near Merlewood Anglian coins (among other things) have been discovered; and on Castle-head beyond Grange—that high cone rising solitary from the flats, once tidal sands—a very curious collection of antiquities was found when John Wilkinson, the Backbarrow boy who became a great iron-master and inventor, built his house and laid out his garden there in 1765. They found a large deposit of human, buffalo, deer, and other bones and flint implements, with Roman and Northumbrian coins, showing that the rough Welsh folk, both before and after St. Cuthbert's time, had made use of these caves and this Atterpile Castle, as it used to be called, as their retreats. "Attercop" is the dialect word, pure Anglo-Saxon, for a spider; *attor* in Anglo-Saxon is "poison"; upon which one might romance about the spider's den of these robber natives; but possibly it is the matter-of-fact Scandinavian that comes in here, *attar* or *ættar*, "of the family," the old folk's pele, the stronghold of the ancient stock. There are no records whatever concerning it, for it belongs to the time before the Norman scribe came hither.

We must leave the sunny, rocky shores of Grange and Kents-bank, still delightful, though houses and hotels are filling up the undercliff and the railway blocks out the beach, and return into Furness to the Abbey.

Until recently, though many good architects and antiquaries had studied the ruins of Furness Abbey, the exact purpose of each part was by no means clear. The church,

and the cloisters, and the chapter-house are obvious enough, but the rest of the buildings need more explanation than guess-work could give — even very clever guess-work. Beck's "Annales Furnesienses" and "The Coucher Book of Furness Abbey" contain between them pretty nearly all that is likely to be known about the history of the monks' colony; but in Beck's time the architecture of Cistercian abbeys was not so thoroughly studied as at present, and the "Coucher Book" is only a collection of documents. Mr. W. B. Kendall in 1881–82 superintended excavations and made a valuable survey; and by the direction of Lord Frederick Cavendish, to whose family the place belongs, the ivy was stripped and much was done to prevent further decay. Many people like their ruins with ivy; but sometimes we have to choose between the ivy and the architecture. Once let the ivy get firm hold and grow in heavy masses, and it has a wonderful way of bringing down ancient walls. Sometimes, it is true, it binds parts together, but only when it is kept under control, watched, and clipped. I have seen a sandstone wall, eighteen inches thick, completely cloven by ivy-roots — a mat of fibres right through the blocks of stone, rending them like a wedge. So if the ruins now are a little less picturesque, they are much more likely to remain as a permanent inheritance to the future; and perhaps some less harmful plant may still be allowed to drape the walls. But this is a matter of landscape gardening.

Even after Mr. Kendall's work it seemed that we were not at the bottom of the question, and a small committee under the late Chancellor Ferguson collected subscriptions and engaged Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, who is known as a great authority on such matters, to make further explorations. His report was published in 1900,[1] with many illustrations and a most elaborate plan, showing every stage of the gradual growth of the buildings. He upset many of the old names for different parts, but not without reason;

[1] Reissued in book form (1902) by T. Wilson, Kendal.

Furness Abbey.

for Cistercian abbeys were so strictly planned, according to a universal rule, that what is known of others must be true of this.

In 1123 Stephen, afterwards King of England, gave land near Preston in Lancashire to the Norman-French abbey of Savigny. A colony of monks was sent over, but stayed there only three years, for in 1127 Stephen gave them a much larger grant, namely, the whole of Furness except the lands of Michael le Fleming.

We look round, in the richly wooded, luxuriantly green dale, and say, "What a charming spot the monks chose! How well they knew the way to make themselves comfortable!" But when they first arrived Furness was a wild and dismal region, thinly populated with a few rough farming and fighting boors, the borderland against hostile Scots and Cumbrian Welsh. That was why the Fleming was sent to Aldingham as a buffer colonist; these monks were planted out one step farther into the wilds; it was a move in the game of the Norman settlement. The poor, plucky monks do not seem to have turned out any of their new subjects from their strongholds or ready-made farms; they did not plant their home conspicuously on the shore to invite sea-rovers, who still haunted these coasts; they hid themselves in the deepest central dell, then no doubt a mere tangle of wild wood, and there they built themselves wattle huts, and soon began to raise a tiny stone church, whose apse, in the style of earliest Norman building, has lately been unearthed and is there to see.

In 1148 the parent Abbey of Savigny joined the great Cistercian Order. This little distant colony had already caught the conservatism and independence of the North and refused to join in the movement. Its abbot, Peter of York, actually went to Rome, and got the Pope to sanction its freedom; but on his way home he was seized by the Savigny monks, and, as the official record calmly says, "he resigned his office as abbot, and became a most worthy monk in the

same place (Savigny) learning the Cistercian Order." Savigny sent a Frenchman to Furness, "by whose diligence and counsel" the independent North-countrymen were coerced—after what heart-burnings and heart-breakings we are left to imagine—into the tight and hard rule of the great organisation.

It would be very far from the truth to suppose that these early monks were a party of beggars and impostors. They were a college of gentlemen, the upper class of their district; a firm of business men who carried on a great land-agency, managing the estates given—not to them personally, but to their Order; developing the uncleared, untilled wilderness, digging and smelting iron, farming sheep and exporting the wool, and gradually bringing their countryside into so high a state of wealth and civilisation that their fall meant its ruin for many a long generation. They were the missionaries of religion and culture and all the arts of life; they were the first people in the world's history who found and laid upon their shoulders "the white man's burden," and if in their later years they forgot, we need not forget them.

By 1537 they had forgotten, and paid the penalty with the loss of their lands and homes. Each monk was given forty shillings and sent out into the world. The beautiful house, the work of centuries, was, as King Henry's commissioners reported, diligently plucked down. Just enough was left standing for a farmer or caretaker to live in, with the comfortable reflection that even this might be "myche easyere at any tyme pluckyde downe then sett upp."

When you alight at Furness Abbey, close behind the station is a chapel and the remains of a gate in what was the precinct wall, the *túngarth* of the monks' homestead; the west gatehouse is on the road leading toward Barrow. Behind the hotel, and partly obliterated by it, was the great gatehouse which opened into the outer court of the abbey: in this were found traces of two guest-houses where travelling laymen used to be lodged. In the green be-

tween the hotel and the main ruins is a small isolated building; this was the porch leading into the cemetery of the monks, between the church and the little beck that flows through the dale. The church is the great building to which you come first, approaching from the hotel and station: the archway by which you enter was the north door, at the end of the north transept.

Entering the north transept, you find three chapels on the left; then, from the crossing, or space under the central tower, the presbytery, with its still beautiful *sedilia* and the place of the high altar; an effigy and some grave-slabs lie there, and in an open place, lower than the present surface of the ground, is the foundation (already mentioned) of the earliest Norman epoch. From the south transept there opens (on the left) the sacristy and two more small chapels; opposite are the steps by which the monks came down from their dormitory, and on one of the brackets facing the steps there would have been a figure of St. Christopher, for whoso gazed on St. Christopher in the morning would come to no harm through the day.

Standing at the crossing, one looks down the nave. In the monks' day this was not one great vista of a church open from end to end; it was blocked across by a screen at the third pair of pillars, counting from where you stand. In front of that screen was the *pulpitum* (a raised gallery), and in front of that was the monks' quire. Behind the screen, and occupying the western half of the church, was, in earlier times, the chapel of the *Conversi*, or lay brothers, and when they ceased to exist as a separate class, that part of the church, but not the east end, was free to the public of the day. The tower at the west end was a late addition; it was against Cistercian rule to build lofty towers, and the rule was only broken or evaded in the degenerate fifteenth century.

From the south transept you reach the cloisters, the green inner court, once surrounded on all four sides with buildings, now on two sides only. The church forms its north side;

on the east the first and third round-arched doors led to book-rooms, the second to the chapter-house, beautiful in its decay. Farther south you find the parlour, and then a long arcaded ruin which contained the monks' dormitory in the upper storey and a range of offices and workshops beneath.

On the south of the cloisters a few stones in the grass mark where used to be, next to the dormitory, the calefactory, in which monks coming from prayers or work could warm themselves at fireplaces. Next to that was the Frater, or ordinary dining-hall, above a room called the Misericord. It was a rule of the Order that meat was not to be eaten in the dining-hall, but as time went on this rule was found to be too stringent, and by the "misericordia," sufferance of the authorities, meat was allowed to be eaten on certain days, but not in the Frater—only in this lower room. The kitchen was to west of this, and all along the last of the four sides of the cloister the lay brothers had their dormitory on the upper floor and their Frater and offices below. Their infirmary was at the south-west corner of the block, behind the kitchen; but after the middle of the fourteenth century lay brothers ceased to exist; the buildings formerly theirs were used as store-rooms and offices, and their infirmary was probably pulled down.

The detached vaulted building, now a museum for effigies and sculptures found during excavation, was the chapel of the monks' infirmary; the octagonal building close by was the monks' kitchen. Farther east and apart was the Abbot's hall, which Mr. Hope thinks was at first the infirmary, and after the dissolution was the one part spared. It is impossible in this brief sketch to go into the age of the various parts, but enough has perhaps been said to suggest the real use and meaning of the ruins.

Connected with Furness Abbey there are several mediæval remains at a little distance; the monks' hall at Hawkshead has been already noticed. Taking train or tram

to Barrow and train to Piel, we are within a few minutes' row of the Isle of Foudrey, on which is Piel Castle, sometimes called the Pile of Foudrey, a barrack-like fort built by the Abbey in 1327 to guard their harbour—for much of their revenue came from the export of wool, and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a fair-sized port flourished where afterwards there was nothing but a few cottages until Barrow started up in the middle of the nineteenth century as a shipbuilding and iron-working centre. Coming fresh from the mountains and abbeys with Wordsworth in one's pocket, it might seem that Barrow had little to show, with its streets of poor-looking houses and tall chimneys dominating the scene as persistently as the Pikes in Langdale: "Farewell, Romance! the Lake-folk sighed." But even Wordsworth wrote his sonnet on "Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways"—

> "Motions and means, on land and sea, at war
> With old poetic feeling, not for this
> Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!"

There is abundant poetry and picturesqueness, for any one who does not travel in blinkers, at the shipyards and steelworks, and even in the streets of Barrow. I remember one December night, wet and gloomy, when the working folk, rough-coated men and lasses hooded in their shawls, were shopping after the day's work, under the gas-lamps that streamed their reflections down the pavement; and suddenly aloft from enormous towers, bulking on the darkness like some Babylonian architecture in a picture, there flared out great banners of fire, lighting up the cloud into a brown glow against interspaces of deep violet. It blazed and flickered and faded again, and the people in the streets were like ghosts hurrying to and fro. "Has Claude painted this?" as Ruskin asked—or Turner? His "Dudley" perhaps foreshadows it, as Wordsworth's sonnet above foreshadows "M'Andrews' Hymn"; but this, too, is our scenery. So near Lakeland is it that from Coniston

Waterhead we see the flare on the clouds of a dark night, and far too often on the finest day a soft south wind brings up the smoke that Barrow keeps not for its own consumption, but sends to soil the grass of the mountain-tops, to blacken the snow and scum the lake. It will be a grand day for the Lake District when that smoke is stopped, and perhaps Barrow itself may be none the worse when modern science finds a substitute for the crude coal-fire.

Returning northward past the Abbey, there is at Dalton the pele probably built by the monks, though its early history is unknown. It has four quaint stone figures at the four corners of the battlements, and it contains ancient armour and part of a cannon dating from 1340 or thereabouts. The church is modern on a commanding site where earthworks formerly existed, considered by the older antiquaries to be Roman. It is more likely that they were the rampart of the Daltune of Domesday-book. Three-quarters of a mile north-west is St. Helen's Chapel with a pointed arch, a mediæval building now a cottage. A little farther across the railway line is a holy well, overlooking a site at Park where the ruins of a mediæval house were found, and close to a great quarry of hæmatite, so curiously are ancient and modern mixed together in Furness. At Titup Hall lived Father West, the eighteenth-century antiquary, near the mines of Orgrave, the Ouregraue of Domesday, a name which seems to show that even in the eleventh century, before the Normans, the iron-mines were known. On Highhaume Hill close by, where "every mack of stone that God almighty ever made is ligging"—such was a local description of its geology—there are the remains of a beacon; for this way, once or twice, came Scots invasions, and perhaps oftener came alarms of strange vessels, threatening the peace of Furness.

Askam with its ironworks and Ireleth village in its ravine looking over the firth of Duddon to Black Combe, are passed on the way to Kirkby in Ireleth, very prettily placed, and famous for its Norman church and curious

bodiless effigy. A mile up the Broomsgill is a ring embankment called the Kirk, where games used to be held at Easter, and near it a great cairn in which an interment was found. Kirkby Hall is a manor-house of the time of Henry VIII., with curious frescoes in the chamber which was once the chapel. Still northward is another great ring embankment beneath enormous and not uninteresting slate-quarries. Above Heathwaite farm is a site somewhat resembling the "British Settlements" we have seen else-

where, and in the Giant's Grave at its northern end an interment was found. Such remains are almost too frequent to mention separately; they have been described in "Ancient Settlements, Cemeteries, and Earthworks of Furness," by Mr. H. S. Cowper, F.S.A. (*Archæologia*, vol. liii.).

Crossing the hilly country of rocks, and moors, and pretty little surprises of dips and dells, we rejoin the Crake which we left at Greenodd, and through Blawith and the picturesque hamlet of Waterycat we reach the foot of Coniston water, the view of which from Lakebank Inn is one of the finest things we have for absolute and unspoilt prettiness of water, wood, and mountain. The name of this lake in 1196 was Thorstanes Watter, in mediæval Latin "Turstini

Watra," evidently from some early owner with the Scandinavian name of Thorstein. Like Windermere, it is not one single rock-basin, though the bar that breaks it into two deeps is not so apparent. The greatest basin is that which sinks to a depth of 184 feet a little beyond the rocky Peel Island, conspicuous from the waterfoot. On the right is the great wooded slope of Heald Brow; on the left is heathery Beacon Hill with Torver Moor beyond, and a background of peaks rising in a concert of tossed and tumbled breakers, varied in form but harmonious in the swing of their lines—Dow Crag, the Old Man, Wetherlam, Helvellyn, Fairfield. Down below "nooks and nabs" vary the shore, and beyond, the lake spreads into breadth with Peel Island, steep-sided and crowned with trees, "ornate and gay like some stately ship of Tarshish," lifted above the surface. When you come nearer, the resemblance to a ship of old times is increased by the little "calf-rock" like a boat in tow at its stern, joined to the main rock at low water by a narrow ridge, beside which there is a pretty little cove for harbour, and a well blackened fire-spot where many a picnic kettle has boiled. The name, and some appearance of artificial surface, led me to dig some years ago, and curious remains of building were found, early mediæval pottery, and an old smithy-hearth on the western side, from which a stairway over the ridge led to the houses between the sheltering rock-walls of its central gap; but there are no records to give the least clue to the ancient folk who made this their home. In May the island is a mass of bluebells; later in the summer bell-heather and fern blend their colours; in autumn the varied foliage is singularly rich against the background of distant blue. Long may it remain unmarred by thoughtless intruders!

But Coniston Water is a singular instance of nature's *vis medicatrix*, the way she heals old sores. Along the beach and in every little dell where an unfailing streamlet runs down, there used to be iron furnaces (bloomeries),

where small charges of ore, brought on pack-horses and boats from Low Furness, were smelted with charcoal. At one time the woods were nearly destroyed, and we can imagine a period when the barren hills were only varied by smoking "pitsteads," where charcoal was made, and flaming "hearths" where grimy workers toiled at the bellows, or shovelled the red ore and black coals, with shouts and rattling, and the thud of the little water-wheels that worked the hammers and drove the blast. Perhaps not all the scene was at any one time so filled, but that was the character of the place. And now there is no such dainty frondage and foliage, no such utter peace and stillness, as in the coves and crannies of the water's edge, where softly rowing you may start the otter and the kingfisher, and hear no noise but the splash of the leaping trout, and the distinguishable call of many streams — this one tinkling, that one gurgling, and one beyond belling through the woods, and another across half a mile of water chattering over the stones and roaring down its coppice-hidden ravine.[1]

As we sail up the lake, we pass Land's Point on the left, Wordsworth's "Grove, whose boughs stretch from the western marge of Thurston Mere." Behind it is Coniston Hall, the seat of the Flemings from about 1250 to some time after 1700, when they deserted it finally for Rydal, and left it to ruin. Mrs. Radcliffe, author of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," came here a little before 1794, and confused Coniston Hall with Conishead Priory, like several later writers. John Ruskin as a child sketched it, as a youth he described it in his first essays on "The Poetry of Architecture," and after many years fixed his home opposite at Brantwood. In 1871 he bought the cottage

[1] Sometimes Nature, the wounds healed up that men have inflicted on her, will show an old scar that strangely moves us. The long-abandoned shafts and the rust-eaten mining implements by the banks of the flashing Exmoor Barle are scars that tell of the defeat of man by Nature.—Ed.

and bit of ground which had been the home of the wood-engraver and poet, W. J. Linton, and Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist. For nearly twenty years he worked there—it was the period of his Oxford lectures, *Fors Clavigera*, and autobiography — and for ten years more waited there as a worn-out invalid, until death released him (January 20, 1900). He was buried in Coniston churchyard, where the tall greenstone cross marks his grave. Behind the village Institute, close to the church, is a museum where many drawings, engravings, manuscripts, and other Ruskin relics are on view, with other things illustrating the neighbourhood.

The cream-coloured, conspicuous house on the slope of the Guards Wood (gards, garths, from some old enclosure there) is the Thwaite, not without interest as the home of the Beevers — John Beever, author of "Practical Fly-fishing," and his sisters, well-known botanists, from 1827 to 1893, when the last one died at an advanced age, Miss Susanna Beever, the compiler of *Frondes Agrestes*, a popular selection from Ruskin, and his chief correspondent in the letters published as *Hortus Inclusus*. Her grave, and those of two of her sisters, are close to Ruskin's; other members of the family are buried at Hawkshead.

Across the lake, opposite the Thwaite, is Tent Lodge, where Tennyson spent his honeymoon; and behind it is Tent Cottage, the home of Elizabeth Smith (b. 1776, d. 1806), a remarkable and precocious girl, who taught herself a dozen languages while she was still in her 'teens, and wrote poetry and translations which scholars and critics of the day commended highly. At Monk Coniston Hall lived Mr. James Garth Marshall, M.P. for Leeds, who was one of the first scientific students of the metamorphic rocks of these mountains, and made some valuable contributions to geology. Coniston, from its position between the volcanic ash formation of the higher fells and the Lower Silurian blue slates and flags, with the narrow band of Coniston

BRANTWOOD

limestone dividing the two great series of strata, and from the curious evidences of ice action (*e.g.* up the copper-mines valley), and the problems connected with its lake basins, has always been interesting to geologists; and much of the pioneer work of Professor Adam Sedgwick was done here. There is a comic story in dialect by Dr. Gibson, the Coniston poet, in which Joe, the local bumpkin, saves himself a good deal of trouble by "teeming" out the specimens from the geologist's bag, and refilling it from a handy stone-heap nearer home. Dr. Gibson said it was *not* Sedgwick on whom the trick was played; probably not, or there would have been a sequel to the story. The Doctor lived from 1844 for seven years at Yewdale Bridge, and wrote "The Old Man, or Ravings and Ramblings around Coniston," and "The Folk-speech of Cumberland," with rollicking humour and capital dialect; but his antiquarian legends are not to be taken too seriously, and his antipathy to Wordsworth strikes one nowadays as doing him more harm than it ever did to the dying lion.

The favourite point of view near Coniston is at the Monk Coniston Tarns, where the mountains peep over the moorland at a charming sheet of water artificially enlarged by a dam. The summer coaches pass the spot, but the prettiest bit can only be got at on foot, down the path from the dam, which leads to Tom Gill, or, as it is often called nowadays, Glen Mary: I believe somebody has even gone so far as to christen it St. Mary's Glen. Down the tiny ravine there is a tiny waterfall, beautifully set in rocks and trees; and farther down those who find an interest in the old industries may notice the slag and ashes of an ancient bloomery, for the old folk hereabouts were no respecters of scenery. In this their descendants worthily sustain the ancestral character,[1] for in Tilberthwaite, the deep valley

[1] I have said nothing of the once famous High Cross on the road from Hawkshead; for the sudden view of lake and mountain, so often praised and painted, has been ruined by the unseemly advertisement of an inn, and by the hideous quarry and

opposite, entered between Raven Crag on the right and Yewdale Crag on the left, when once you have penetrated its recesses you hardly know which to wonder at more—the romantic natural beauty of the dale or the enormous and increasing masses of quarry rubbish. It is the best slate in the world that they find here; the industry makes Coniston prosperous; the working of the quarries is most interesting, but the rubbish heaps are an eyesore. It is a great pleasure to one who loves the countryside to know that a way has been found at last to utilise this stony refuse. Turn up to the left before you come to the bridge and cottages of Tilberthwaite, and walk up the Gill by the wooden bridges and galleries which make it resemble a miniature gorge of Pfäffers or Trient; climb Wetherlam, which affords the finest panorama in the district, if crowding mountain tops are finer than hazy plains; or cross the moor to the left beneath the crags, and you find a path that brings you down from Holerake to the copper-mines. Here quite recently local enterprise has established a factory of concrete slabs, made of the material from the old rubbish heaps: a turbine drives a compressed air engine, without smoke or noise, to supply the power for crushing and mixing and for the pumping and boring in the mines, which are still productive after more than three centuries of working. Perhaps by this example the twentieth century may learn that it is possible to use the wealth of the mountains without destroying their beauty.

The Coniston "Old Man," in spite of various guesses as to the meaning of the name, is probably nothing more nor less than the old cairn on the highest of Coniston fells. The present cairn was made by the Ordnance Surveyors; before that there were three ancient stone heaps—"the old man, his wife, and his son." Wordsworth readers do not need to be told that "a man on the peak of the crag" means a pile of stones. Under the Old Man and its cliffs,

steam stone-breaker at the prettiest turn below. These things show that Ruskin is dead.

nearly 1000 feet beneath the cairn, is Low Water, from which a cascade falls down a cleft in a precipice 500 feet high; beneath it is the Pudding Stone, a large block nearly rivalling the Borrowdale Bowder Stone. In spite of mines and quarries and watercourses, this labyrinth of coves and crags is impressive mountain scenery. The rocks are so bold that in winter the snow breaks upon them into real Alpine forms. The ravine of Red Dell, the bluff of Kernel Crag, the wild corrie of Levers-water, the peak of Raven Tor, have all the power of much larger and more inaccessible ranges; and at the back of the Old Man there are Seathwaite Tarn among huge descents of desolate grass and stones, Blind Tarn, perched in its seat under Brown Pike, and Gaits-water, deep and mysterious, beneath nearly 500 feet of scree slopes and a giant's castle wall of sheer precipice 500 feet higher, with couloirs really worth a climber's notice. I often wish Mr. Gray, of the "Country Churchyard," had been dragged up here: he found the Jaws of Borrowdale so terrible, that it would have been pleasant to watch him accumulating adjectives half-way up Dow Crags (see Gray's Journal, 1769, printed in "West's Guide").

Walna Scar ("hawk's cliff") is the continuation of the ridge southward. The old pack-horse road went from Coniston over this pass, joined by another road from Torver, the village below, in the valley of Torver-beck (Torf-á, the "peat-water"). There are sepulchral cairns, ancient dykes, and ring embankments on these moors also, as well as curious ancient dwellings traceable on the Duddon side of the watershed. All these fells must once have been the happy hunting-grounds of primitive races, children of the mist, perhaps surviving long after the outskirts were settled by more civilised folk.

At the foot of the pass lies Seathwaite, where the tributary stream from the tarn meets the Duddon. This was the scene of the life and labours of "Wonderful Walker"—the Rev. Robert Walker, born here 1709, became curate

1735 or '36, died here 1802 :—"That lowly, great, good man," Wordsworth called him in "The Excursion"; in the Duddon Sonnets—

> "Such as the Heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew,
> And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise."

As a picture of life in the dales 150 years ago, a letter dated "Coniston, July 26, 1754," and describing the Walker household, is as good as any Wilkie or Faed :—"I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (which we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife and the remainder of his children were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not surprised at all this . . . but I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good-humour that appeared both in the clergyman and in his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself."

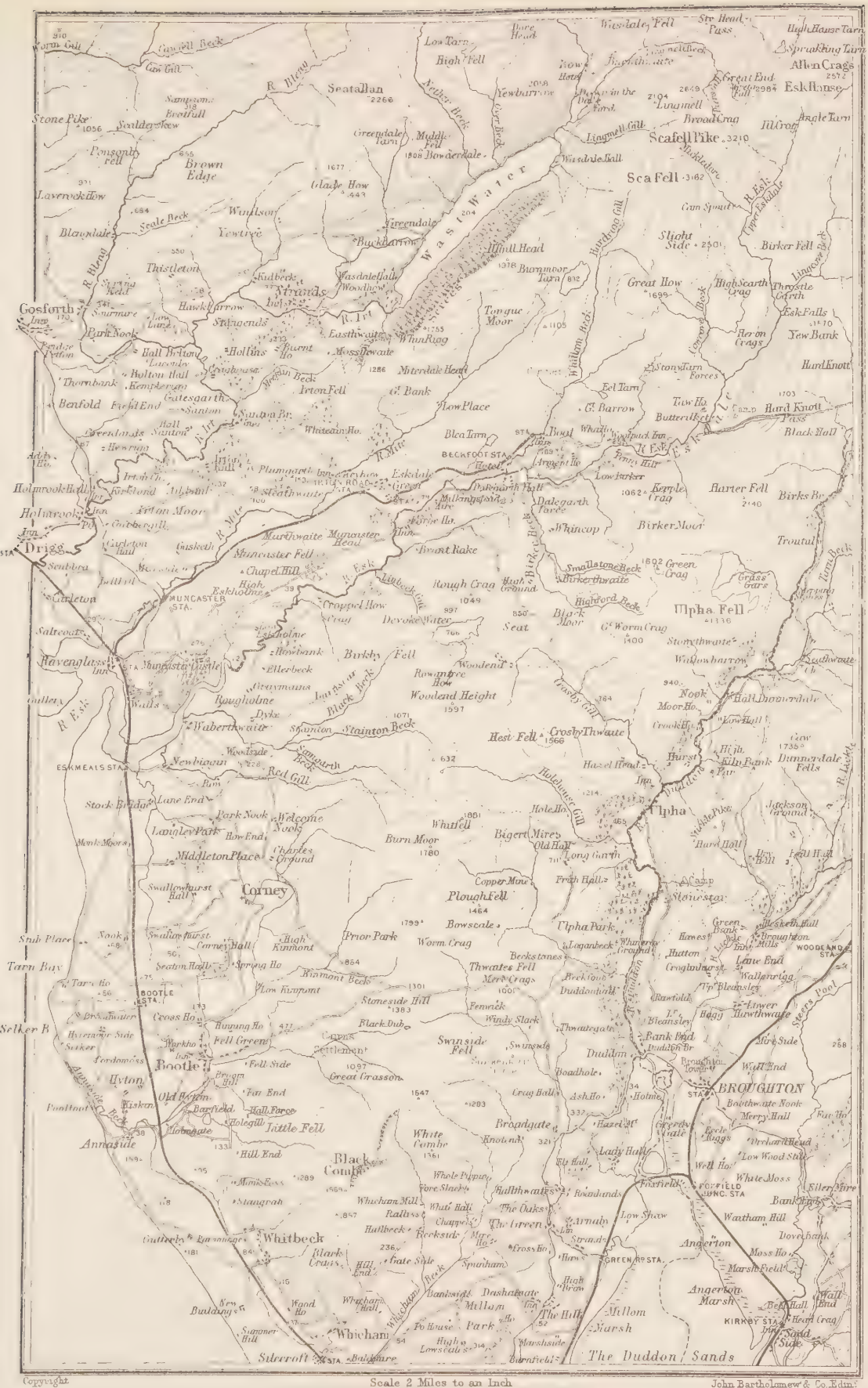
The church is rebuilt, but the homesteads and general aspect of the dale are much as they were in those days, or when Wordsworth wrote his sonnets on the Duddon. "Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide," he said, in all the fallacy of hope. The Barrow folk are going to take their water from Seathwaite tarn and Duddon stream. By all means, if they must! But let us hope they will spare us the sham castles of Thirlmere, and do their needful without vain apologies for inevitable mischief.

Duddon is the boundary of Lancashire and Cumberland. It rises near the Three Shires Stone on Wrynose, runs by the line of the old Roman road to Cockley-beck, turns south among wild and bare mountains, Hardknott, Greyfriar, and Harter Fell, and then the dainty contrast begins between the sternness of the background and the sweetness of homestead and garden and flowery garth.

At Birks Bridge, where the rowans hang over grey

rocks and green foaming pools; at the Stepping Stones, where it broadens under the wooded heights of Grassgars; at the great ravine below and the gate of Dunnerdale under Wallabarrow, and then through the valley bottom to Ulpha, it is more of a poem itself than Wordsworth's often-quoted but still inadequate sequence. The kirk of Ulpha on its hill, and Ulpha old hall, a ruined pele on the brink of a tributary gorge, with its legend of the lady who was lost in the chasm as she fled from the wolf, and Stonestar with its bloomery mound and more venerable, mysterious cairns, these give us hints of ancient story. And then the river

flows on through its woods and down by shelving banks all massed with daffodils in spring, till it slides under Duddon Bridge and out into the sands. Here the iron furnace was, now a tree-covered knoll, and the ancient wharves, picturesque in their loneliness. Up on the hill to the west is the circle of huge stones at Swinside—the Sunken kirk, that gives no answer to the antiquary exploring it with spade and measuring line. In the dale to the east is little Broughton, with its quaint market-square and cross, and its old hall masking the pele of earlier days. Farther down, past Ladyhall, perched on its headland, and the whitewashed, flowery cottages of Thwaites, Millom Castle stands in ruin, with the grim record of the gallows-hill beside it. And closing farther outlook seaward with a bank of smoke are the tall chimneys of Millom, the coming rival, perhaps, of Barrow, wealthy through the untold riches of its ore beneath the sands. "Where no oxen are," said Solomon, "the crib is clean; but much increase is by the strength of the ox!"


Wasdale Head
Scafell Pike
Sca Fell
Great End
Esk House
Gosforth
Seatallan
Brown Edge
Glade How
Wastwater
Yewbarrow
Kirkfell
Great Gable
Lingmell
Broad Crag
Scafell
Wasdale Hall
Yewtrees
Greendale
Middle Fell
Bowderdale
Low Tarn
High Fell
Pillar
Red Pike
Steeple
Haycock
Seatallan
Stone Pike
Scoulder Kew
Ponsonby Fell
Lavercock How
Blengdale
Seale Beck
Wha Ridge
Thistleton
Kidbeck
Wasdale Head
Woodhow
Wrynose
Hawk Barrow
Stakeneads
Park Nook
Holfins
Burnt Ho
Mosswaite
Hall Bretton
Bolton Hall
Kemplerigg
Thornbank
Benfold
Fresh End
Gatesgarth
Santon
Hall Santon
Greendale
Hewthan
Whitecam Ho
Irton Fell
Mitredale Head
Mosedale
Yew Bank
Hard Knott
Black Hall
Stony Tarn
Forces
Eel Tarn
Tow Ho
Butterkett
Hard Knott Pass
Birker Fell
Birker Moor
Harter Fell
Birks Br
Troutal
Turn Beck
Mpha Fell
Green Crag
Grass Garth
Smallstone Beck
Birkerthwaite
Highford Beck
Rough Crag
High Ground
Devoke Water
Seat
Black Moor
Stonythwaite
Willowbarrow
Nook
Moor Ho
Hall Dunnerdale
Low Hall
Crook Hill
Crosby Thwaite
Hest Fell
Hurst
High Kiln Bank
Dunnerdale Fells
Hazel Head
Holehouse Gill
Mpha
Jackson Ground
Hard Hall
Fell Head
Hole Ho
Whatfell
Bigert Mire
Old Hall
Long Garth
Burn Moor
Copper Mine
Fresh Hall
Plough Fell
Stonestar
Bowscale
Mpha Park
Green Bank
Beckstones
Logan Beck
Wharnley Ground
Hutton Croghurst
Brownthwaite Mills
Lane End
Wallerthwg
Tip
Bleansley
Lower Hurdthwaite
Mire Side
Bank End
Duddon Br
Duddon
Broughton Moor
Well End
BROUGHTON
Boothwaite Nook
Merry Hall
Orchard Head
Low Wood Stile
Eccle Rigg
Greenwaite
Hazel Hall
Ash Ho
Holme
Broadgate
Knotts
Lady Hall
Foxfield
White Moss
Foxfield Junc. Sta
Banks
Wartham Hill
Dovebank
Angerton
Moss Ho
Marsh Fields
Angerton Marsh
Bell Hall
Bell End
Kirkby Sta
Head Crag
Sand Side
The Duddon Sands
Millom Marsh
Millom
The Hill
Dashasgate
Millom
Bankside
Whitbeck
Black Combe
White Combe
Whitecombe Beck
Whicham
Whicham Head
Whicham Mill
Ratlass
Whitehall
Chapel
The Oaks
The Green
Arnaby
Low Springs
Green Ho Sta
Hathbreck
Beckside
Mire Ho
Cross Ho
Gate Side
Spurnham
Hill End
Wood Ho
Wreathams Hall
Summer Hill
Silecroft Sta
Ballcrare
Burnfield
Millom Park
Po House
Low Scales
Marshside
High Lowscales
Whicham
Sunny Bank
New Building
Gullerthwaite
Black Crags
Annaside
Annaside Beck
Footbridge
Fell Side
Fell Foot
Fell Foot Sta
Hyton
Old Hyton
Bootle
Bootle Sta
Fell Green
Fell Side
Great Grasson
Little Fell
Hill End
Moorgate
Holegill
Hall Parce
Far End
Fairfield
Hiskam
Hunting Ho
Workington Ho
Gordonsyke
Selker
Selker B
Stub Place
Tarn Bay
Tarn Ho
Seaton Hall
Spring Ho
Swallowhurst
Swallowhurst Hall
Corney
Corney Hall
High Rumont
Rumont Beck
Flow Rumont
Prior Park
Stonestead Hill
Black Dub
Worm Crag
Thwaites Fell
Mere Crags
Beckhouse
Duddonhirst
Fenwick
Windy Slack
Thwaitegate
Swinside Fell
Swinside
Stone Circle
Boathole
Craig Hall
Ash Ho
Holme
Whatfield
Roadlands
Hallthwaites

ITINERARY THE FOURTH

ESKDALE AND WASTWATER

Devoke Water—Black Combe—Cairns and Circles of South Cumberland—Seaton Nunnery—Waberthwaite crosses—The ancient port of Ravenglass—The Luck of Muncaster—The Runes of Irton—Unspoilt Eskdale—Dalegarth Force—Hardknott Camp—Burnmoor Tarn—The Heart of Cumbria—Esk Hause—Scafell and Mickledore—Piersgill and the Gable Needle—Styhead—Wastdale Head—Gosforth and its Norse sculptures—The Torment of Loki—Thor's fishing—The Hall and the Holy Well—Dane's Camp and King's Camp—Seascale—Calder Abbey—Beckermet—The Flemings' Mote—The Puzzle of St. Bridget's—Egremont Castle—The Boy of Egremont—St. Bees: the story of snow in summer—The Priory—The Red Headland.

SOUTH Cumberland, the large triangle of country between the Duddon, the Esk, and the sea, is much less known, even to its neighbours, than it deserves. It may claim in a way to be Lake district; for has it not Devoke Water, greatest of the moorland tarns, with fine and varied scenery at hand and the grandest of our summits in the background? It may claim to be mountain country, for there is no ruggeder top than Harter Fell, no more wonderful group of rocks than Buckbarrow—the heights which look like some enormous pre-historic fortification as you see them, rising over the moors, from any point near Foxfield or Broughton; and there is no other height in all the fells which lifts itself like Black Combe right up from the coastline, and figures massive and distinct far out to sea. This upland region is a peculiarly wild and and impressive tract of country, not unlike some parts of Iceland in its effect—huge form and sombre colour contrasting with the

level gleam of sea-line continually reappearing; and it is singularly rich in very curious "remains" which are well worth hunting up and dreaming over.

The great circle at Swinside has already been named; south of that, at Lacra, there are two small circles, and the "Old Kirk," an oblong heap of ruins, formerly surrounded with upright stones, and these with a dyke, near ancient cultivation-terraces. At Standing Stones farm is the Giant's Grave of Kirksanton, and in a cliff near is the Giant's Chair; the legend is that the giant was killed in battle and buried in the tumulus, but the last two upright stones seem to be survivors of a circle, which suggests a Bronze-age interment. There were three great circles on the other side of Black Combe, at Gutterby, Annaside, and Hall Foss, all now destroyed; but on the moor behind Bootle are many cairns, and two interesting ancient homesteads — foundations of small dwellings, with garths enclosed by dykes, very like the old type of Icelandic farm, and perhaps the deserted homes of early settlers. Behind Corney, towards Stoneside Fell, is another garth, formerly called Roman, of perhaps the same age. This upland country was all wooded formerly, and before the middle of the twelfth century it was quite a No-man's land—neither England nor Scotland nor Cumbria proper; and so it would have been just the place for a sort of Adullam, a haunt of outlaws and sea-rovers, refugees and Viking settlers. In almost every part there are traces of ancient huts, round or square—for instance, on Thwaites Fell, on the moor near Fenwick (where stone implements have been found, as at half-a-dozen other sites in South Cumberland), up Crosby Gill, under Worm Crag, around Devoke Water, and south of it on both sides of Stainton Beck, and west of it at Barnscar. This last has been locally called a "Danish city" populated by the "lads of Drigg and the lasses of Beckermet;" but the finding of urns in the cairns showed that it was a Bronze-age settlement and cemetery. Some of the many small ruins with which the upland is

dotted may be as old ; others are of various dates, down to ruined shepherd's bields and sheepfolds of comparatively modern times.

The mountain region at which we have been looking is surrounded with a fringe of deep little wooded dales, and old, picturesque farmhouses among rocks and ravines. North and east are the two great valleys of Esk and Duddon ; south is the charming Whicham Valley, and west is a narrow shelf of land between the hill-slopes and the sea, on which are planted several interesting villages and churches. Bootle, indeed, claims to be a market-town, with a charter dating 1347, but it is one of the smallest market-towns in England. At Seaton Hall there is the traceried east window and some ruins of the Benedictine Nunnery founded in the thirteenth century. At Waberthwaite, on the Esk, in the churchyard of the quaint little cottage-church, has been erected the shaft of a pre-Norman cross. In the vestry there lies a still more ancient fragment with Anglian work something like that on the stone at Heversham with fox and grapes : this is not so good, nor perhaps so early, but it must date back to the eighth or ninth century, and record the otherwise forgotten Anglian settlers from Northumbria, who after King Ecgfrith's conquest of Cumbria gradually crept round the coast from the north, and took the harbours and the more fertile land between firth and fell, until the Danes and Northmen in their turn became the dominant race.

Ravenglass was the great seaport for which the races contended. The name is said to be Cymric (Cumbrian), meaning *yr-afon-glas*, the grey-blue river ; and no name could describe it better when the tide is in and the water shines with a steely light against the yellow sandhills that enclose it. Here three rivers, Esk, Irt, and Mite, join to make a large and almost landlocked harbour with one narrow entrance between long spits of sandhills that shelter the port and ancient town. On the sandhills to the south great guns are now tested ; on the northern side is Lord

Muncaster's gullery, where the beautiful sea-birds breed by thousands and tens of thousands. Straight through the entrance you see the Isle of Man, forty miles across the sea. The bar now prevents any but small craft from entering, and at all times it may have been impossible for what we call big ships to get into this harbour. But in all ancient times up to last century most of the trade was done in vessels which drew very little water. If Milnthorpe was a port, how much more would Ravenglass have suited the needs of early commerce!

The Romans occupied the place, and made a "camp" south of the present little town; you pass through it in the train after crossing the Esk, and just before catching a glimpse of a small red ruin on the right hand. This ruin, Walls Castle, is one of the most curious we have, for here the walls of a Roman villa, outside the camp, still stand high enough for you to pass through the doors and to see the skeleton of the original house. Digging has proved that there was the usual hypocaust. There is a curious door-sill with square furrows at the sides, and bevelled furrow in the middle, and hard rose-coloured plaster in the still-undefaced niche. The preservation of the building is said to be accounted for by its use in the early Middle Ages as the dwelling-place of the Penningtons, who may have occupied this old house before building Muncaster Castle. Hence, the Roman road went past Muncaster, and past a Roman pottery by the Esk (north of Croppel How) to Hardknott and Wrynose, where we have seen it before, leading from Ambleside camp and Kendal. The great jars of Italian wine and other foreign wares of which fragments are found in the inland camps, must have been landed here. In those days, Ravenglass was an important place. Later on, it was still important; it got its market charter in 1209, and flourished through the Middle Ages, to decay at last when new routes took away its traffic. So late as 1825 the beacon on the hill was built, and within one man's memory there have been "as many as fourteen craft in the river

together," I was told. Meanwhile Liverpool, the *parvenue*, once a despised rival, how does she stand?

Just as we found near the port of Milnthorpe evidences of mediæval fortifications and the still earlier remains of pre-Norman wealth, so it is near Ravenglass. Muncaster Castle was originally a pele serving as refuge from raiders at the harbour: the Penningtons gradually enlarged their tower into a mansion, and about 1800 it was rebuilt as a great castle, now the seat of Lord Muncaster. When King Henry VI. took refuge there after one of his defeats, in 1461, it is said he gave his host a curious bowl, of greenish glass, enamelled and gilt, which is still preserved and known as "The Luck of Muncaster." The king's bedstead and a portrait of him with the Luck in his hand are among the treasures of the place. Another curiosity is the portrait of Tom Skelton, the Muncaster fool, said to have flourished in the time of the civil wars. In the pretty churchyard near the castle an old cross has been re-erected, dating perhaps from the eleventh century—a relic of the Danish or Norse lords of that period.

At Irton, again, we find both a pele and a cross. The pele has grown into Irton Hall, and the cross in the churchyard is one of our finest, for it still carries its head and stands about ten feet high. The panel on the front once had runes, which were read, "Gebidæth foræ—" pray for some thane or lady unknown. This, and the floral scrolls, and symmetrical ornament, show that it is Anglian work, some 300 years earlier than the Muncaster cross; and with the fragment at Waberthwaite it is evidence of Anglian settlement near the harbour—certainly of wealth; probably of trade, more than a thousand years ago.

If Eskdale owned a lake—for the two large and many smaller tarns on the hills enclosing it do not make up for the want of a real lake in the valley—it would long since have been one of the favourite parts of the district. The bright, clean granite, that breaks into such fine forms; the dale closed in at the foot by lofty and rugged Muncaster

Fell, and so having no tame end, but growing in grandeur at every step up the stream to Harter Fell and Hardknott, and thence to Bowfell and Scafell Pike; the wealth of vegetation—for Eskdale is west coast, and has all the softness of west-coast climate as compared with the bleaker inland air—and many points of natural scene or ancient story combine towards the appeal this valley makes to those who know it. But it has no lake, and what is more curious, it never could have had more than a very small basin holding water in all its length. At the elbow, near Butterilket, there are flat fields which may represent an old lake surface, but there is nothing to compare with the deep and broad hollows in other valleys. And so Eskdale has been saved from being a "resort." Quite lately, a little village of villas has grown up at the point where the miniature railway enters it from Miterdale, but above this the old farms are still picturesque; and above Butterilket there is the completest wildness and solitude that the wearied townsman can desire. Real countryfolk often fail to understand this delight in "un-

spoilt" neighbourhoods and tracts of ground where you can walk all day without meeting a soul: they think of the land as something to be made money out of, or at least to be farmed or mined for a living. But there is many a farmer who pays his rent from his summer visitors, and they come to see the old-fashioned country, not third-rate imitations of town—the wild hills, not roads and sign-posts—a clean sky, not the smoke of the big cities. Here, in Eskdale, there still is country, and hills, and sunshine;[1] the little railway is so quaint and so leisurely and so inconspicuous, that one forgives it—though I have smelt it from the top of Hardknott; and the mines it was built to serve hardly count for much now-a-days.

At Beckfoot station you alight for Dalegarth Force, or Stanley Gill as it is called, from the Stanleys who lived at the old hall among the trees and under the crags. Like most of our cascades, this has no great volume of water, but plenty of white and black and green, and all the finish that Nature's daintiest miniature-painting can give. Passing the church you follow the lanes hedged with wild rose and the granite river-banks to the Woolpack Inn; thence up the valley, taking the Kendal road—Kendal is a far cry, but this was the old pack-horse route and the Roman road before that—towards Hardknott hause. Crossing the river, on your left is the ancient farm of Butterilket, or, as the Furness monks wrote it in the twelfth century, Brutherulkil, meaning perhaps "the keld or spring by the hill on the road;" and then, after twenty minutes' easy walking up the path—it is practicable for carriages though steep and rough—you get upon the ridge and find—

> That lone camp on Hardknott's height,
> Whose guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars.

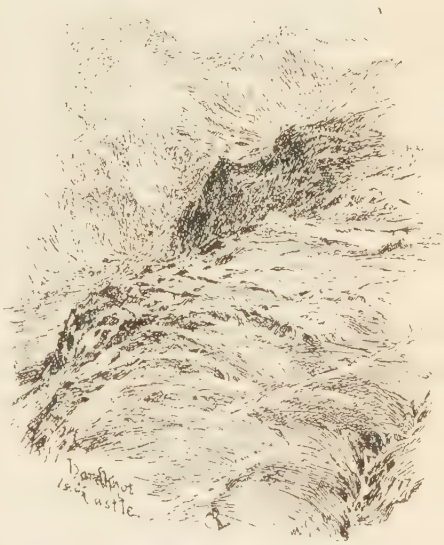
[1] "From Midsummer to Martinmas," by Cuthbert Rigby, may be called the chief local novel, prettily describing this and neighbouring dales.

There are not many places where story and scenery are tuned together to such a high pitch. There are Chillon and Tell's Chapel, but the story is apocryphal. There is the field of Sempach, but the scenery is naught. But here is a wonderfully complete relic of that marvellous Roman power which threw all the savage North into fetters of roads with locks of fortress, and held it so for three centuries of reluctant civilisation ; their walls you see, their gates, their dwelling-houses, temple and bath, the very plot of rugged moor levelled by their engineers for the daily drill and sport of their troops—"Law, order, duty and restraint, obedience, discipline," visibly stamped upon the wildest, proudest heart of the intractable mountain-land.

It is a green ridge with a wall of precipice, 500 feet high to the north, and a deep ravine to the south ; behind are the cliffs with one narrow gap leading out to the eastward ; there the road came in, and passed along the edge of the green and down to the valley and out to the sea : the sea visible in the distance, and far over it the Isle of Man. Around are the greatest mountains of Cumberland—Scafell and the Pikes, Great End and Bowfell rise peaked above the crags of the valley, and to the south Harter Fell stands over the pass with its dark masses of rock and down-rushing streams. As a mere landscape there is nothing more magnificent ; unless it is this when the tops are white among the snow clouds, or as I have seen it at sunrise when the mist, all aflame in the first red light, breaks from one rock and another, and moves and melts away beneath the cloudless summits.

Formerly it was by no means certain what was the meaning of these ruins : many hesitated at believing that the Romans would have planted a fort on such a spot, though its form was regular, unlike the rudely-planned ramparts of Britons or Danes. So in 1889 it was determined by the local Antiquarian Society to explore. In the north tower we found a gem-ring, spear-head, and key, showing that the camp was Roman and worth more

attention. In the two years following Sir Herbert Maxwell made further diggings, and in 1892–94 the place was pretty completely cleared under Mr. C. W. Dymond, F.S.A., and the late Chancellor Ferguson and Rev. W. S. Calverley, the workmen being lent by Lord Muncaster.[1] At the close of the work, however, nothing was done to prevent the ruin of the buildings that had been brought to light; a slight railing did not prevent people from getting the nearer view they naturally wanted; and so the last state of the camp is worse than the first, except that we now have record of the discoveries.



The camp was about 360 feet square, with stone walls, and a deep ditch partly enclosing them; rounded corners and a tower in each, with glass windows; a gate in each side, even in that which almost overhangs the cliff, though this gate was only half the width of the others, and probably would serve merely for carrying out rubbish and throwing it overboard. In the middle are three buildings; the prætorium in the centre, with its open court and small rooms all round; the storehouse on the east, with buttresses

[1] The full description is to be had from T. Wilson, Kendal.

indicating that it was tall, perhaps of two floors; and on the west a long room with a smaller one at the end, quarters for the men, not many of whom would be in permanent garrison. The rest of the space was probably filled with wooden stables, offices, and quarters for inferior folk. From the east gate a road led to the levelled area, locally called the bowling-green, where no doubt the men drilled and took exercise, as they could hardly have done in the broken ground in the neighbourhood; and north of this is a hillock with the remains of building. A water supply was brought from the hill behind and led under the bowling-green to the camp—which of course would have been drained, wet as it now is with the rain-water that collects in the earth choked with stones and rubbish. Between the camp and the road, to the south-east, are the remains of a long building, west of which was a furnace, and in the easternmost of the three rooms there seems to have been a tank; the building was perhaps a hot bath, with the hottest room next the furnace and the cold plunge at the other end; a luxury, or a necessity, to Romans living 800 feet above sea in Cumberland. Adjoining it is a circular building, perhaps a temple. There were, of course, plenty of fragments of pottery and glass, metal objects, and a few jewels, but no human remains. In the bath-room some little animals, a small dog and its puppies or cat with its kittens, had been lying when the building fell in at its overthrow, and there the poor little bones were found, too brittle for more to be said about them. But is it not quite a type of the Romans leaving Britain? Ruled for three centuries with a strong hand, and left a cat and her kittens behind them!

From the terminus of the little railway at Boot station you can follow the Whillan Beck up its gill, with many a pretty fall, past the old weaving-mill, and up to the moor. Half a mile north-west of Gillbank are the so-called Druid circles; a mile farther north is Burnmoor tarn, solitary—but for the gamekeeper's cottage—under

Scafell. Hence the path leads easily across a hause between the Screes and Scafell to Wastdale Head, or one can climb Scafell without encountering the crags of its northern and eastern faces, and look down into Mickledore and across at the Pikes; or even, if one is accustomed to real climbing, venture down the Lord's Rake and so by the Pikes to Styhead or Wastdale. But that short cut leaves much unseen: we must return to the elbow of the valley.

Hence upwards Eskdale is a glorious wilderness. Dungeon Gill and Wastdale-head Hotels are the nearest houses, five miles as the crow flies, but with Bowfell in the way of the one and Scafell in the way of the other: due north it is more than six miles in a bee-line to Seathwaite in Borrowdale over Esk Hause. You can play at being lost, and imagine a great lone land; yet the heights and distances are only big enough to give the illusion for a few hours' ramble, and you are sure—barring accidents—to come down somewhere into civilisation before nightfall. We have no other bit of wild country like this, and hitherto it has not been spoiled for the purposes of a

playground by too much meddling. A very little path-making and setting up of sign-posts would take away the charm of finding your own road, attacking Nature single-handed, which is the one thing that gives our homeland an advantage over more stupendous Alps, where you must take a guide, or more extensive mountain tracts where you cannot go without a whole caravan.

At Esk Force the valley branches: that to the right leads up to Bowfell, or over the Ure Gap to Langstrath; that to the left leads up to the grand inner valley, which is walled by the crags of Scafell, the Pikes, and Great End, successively emerging, each more impressive than the last. Continuing up the valley you reach Esk Hause, and meet the track between Styhead and Rossett Gill. Sprinkling tarn and Angle tarn, though they are set among crags like the tarns of Coniston, are curiously different from them in their situation. Instead of occupying the bottoms of coves, combes, or corries, they are perched on watershed ridges. This is not uncommonly the case with rock basins too small to be called tarns, but here the peculiar structure occurs on a considerable scale, and with circumstances of scenery which make it not easily forgotten. On a cloudless, hot day, perhaps, when one is tired and thirsty, and the sun glares into every cranny of the rocks, cutting up the scene into weariful spottiness, one may pass this way without uplifting of soul. But let the mountains have something to talk about: let them dress up in their clouds or their snows, and act their parts: show what they can do with white dazzle against blue and black, or give you peeps of distant lake vignetted like a Turner sketch, or hints of crag behind crag and crest above crest, and now and then a swirl of grey, trailing over green tarn-banks and valley bottoms, lifting its curtain on new scenes, of which there is an inexhaustible store—for the mist has every sort of transformation trick ready; it is Nature's own stage-manager—and then you will see the drama of mountain gloom and mountain glory. Possibly, if it is so minded,

the sun may help, and throw blazing searchlights on green and gold and lilac, or dewy rainbows, or even the rare fog-bow, with your shadow in the centre, the true Brocken Spectre; possibly, climbing higher still, as you follow the frequent cairns that lead to the topmost cairn of the Pikes, you may feel the blue overhead penetrating the vapour, and at once stand above a waving sea of opalescence, with islands of hardly recognisable peaks blocked on the silent void. I have seen these things when folk below were kicking their heels and grumbling at the weather; but even if there is nothing but rain and rain, with a map and a compass, and some habit of mountain walking—without which the fear of being lost overbalances the pleasure—even then there is a delight in wandering here, through the heart of the hills, far beyond the easy amusements of sunny roads and lake shores.

The two separate mountains of Scafell and the Scafell Pikes are like two castle towers, between which would be a clear course but for a little gatehouse filling the gap. The gatehouse has a ridged roof, one end of which rests against the side of each tower. The northern tower, Scafell Pikes, has been so battered at the top that you can clamber down its ruined upper storey and get upon the ridge of the gatehouse roof. Then you are in Mickledore, the great gap; but when you have "ridden the rough roof-beam," like an Icelandic ghost, and reach the other side, thinking to climb the southern tower, Scafell, you find that it is not nearly so ruined. Indeed, it stands up with pinnacles and buttresses so high, and flanking precipices so deep, and even in places overhanging, that here, if anywhere in these mountains, one can get the impression of size and awesomeness which the usual quiet contour and unexciting altitudes cannot give. Right in front of Mickledore ridge the blocky volcanic-ash formation cleaves into a set of giant steps, as it were tilted from behind, so that the top of each step slopes outwards, and what should be vertical often overhangs. That is the Broad Stand, acces-

sible a little to left of the ridge ; but it needs a long arm, or, better still, a friend to give you a lift. Farther to the left is the Chimney, easy to climb for some distance, but near the top the trouble begins ; and if you are not accustomed to climbing, the return from this point is dangerous. To the right of the ridge is the Lord's Rake, a gully which

is the least difficult of the three routes to the top. The pinnacle that stands up beside it has been the scene of a sad accident within the last few years. There have also been misadventures on this perilous edge enough to warn inexperienced wanderers to leave it alone. As a matter of scenery, the best points of view are from the other and safer side of Mickledore. Scafell can be climbed without risk from south or east or west ; it is only this face that needs Alpine gymnastics, and when you are at the cairn on

the Pikes you are at the highest point in England, without the danger of this lower summit.

Down from the Pikes an interesting route is by Piers Gill, following the right bank of the deep zigzag chasm, and before the main tributary from the right comes in, crossing the breast of the mountain to look into Greta Force, the grandest in the district. Opposite and across

the valley down which the Styhead path runs, Great Gable rises finely, with a band of precipitous rocks breaking the great descent of green and grey. One of these rocks, detached from the main wall, stands isolated, and about 100 feet high; it is commonly known as the Gable Needle, accessible to skilled cragsmen; for the mere fell-walker there is a reward in beholding it near at hand, abrupt upon the slope, with the Isle of Man in the distance above the deep valley. The Great Gable itself is an easy climb, especially from Styhead, where the path from Wasdale to Borrowdale is at its highest near the tarn. There

has been talk at times of making a carriage-road over here. It is the old favourite mountain walk, enjoyed by thousands as an escape from the regular coach-road, and all the more enjoyed because there is no harsh artificial line to jar upon the wild harmony of the whole delightful pass. From Seathwaite by quaint little Stockley Bridge, and up the steep dell past Taylor's Gill Force, and over the lofty bit of moorland to the tarn, it is all perfect romance; and then, suddenly turning a rugged angle where the rude track winds among broken rocks, Wastdale is before you, below you, and great contours on either hand—all the might and majesty of the hills. And you are a little thing among them, and the thread of a path that marks your way, by the sufferance of the giants, leads you step by step—not too easily, lest you should forget where you are and what you came for—down to the valley, after a walk you will remember when the char-à-banc drives and the bicycle spins are forgotten.

Wastdale-head is famous for its tiny church and its former landlord, Ritson, the wrestler and *raconteur*, who kept the inn until 1879, and had known Christopher North and other worthies of the earlier age. At Wastdale-head there are also sweet bits of beckside scenery and walks among the lesser dells, beside these high places where we have been climbing. Up towards Black Sail, the pass behind Kirkfell into Ennerdale, and up Lingmell Beck or toward Burnmoor, or in those deep valleys opening on the northern shore of the lake, there is the Cumberland charm of dainty detail in the midst of an almost savage grandeur. Indeed, if the long line of the Screes, and their crumbling precipices 1200 to 1400 feet aloft, are not more than almost savage, commend me to their betters in ferocity. But to enjoy this neighbourhood you must go there out of the season; that is to say, any time except the Easter and summer vacations.

Passing through Strands, we reach the ancient and interesting village of Gosforth, in the valley of the Bleng,

a little stream that comes down from Seatallan and Haycock to join the Irt, which flows from Wastwater to Ravenglass. Gosforth is widely famous for its churchyard cross, a slender monolith of red sandstone, standing 14 feet high from its base to the top of the wheel-cross head. There is a cast of it in South Kensington Museum and a copy in Aspatria Churchyard made for, and partly by, the Rev.

W. S. Calverley, who was the first to give a satisfactory interpretation of the curious figures carved on it, representing Loki, the demon of the Norse mythology, chained in hell, as the Edda relates, under a serpent which dropped its venom upon him, so that he writhed under the torment, "whence," says the ancient gloss, "there come earthquakes." It was hardly believable twenty years ago, when this interpretation was given, that a cross undeniably Christian, and bearing a figure of Christ crucified on one face, should have this heathen symbol on the other—all the more definite because Loki's wife, Sigun, is there to hold the cup that caught the poison and spared her mate the pain until, the cup being full, she had to turn aside and

empty it, and then the drop fell on him. By this it is seen that no conventional devil is pictured, but a real illustration to the Edda is meant. Dr. Parker of Gosforth added to the discovery by pointing out more allusions to Norse myths, and by finding another stone, now built into the church wall near the organ, evidently representing the Edda story of Thor ; how he went fishing for the great sea-serpent who encircles the world and holds it together ; how he baited his hook with a bull's head and caught the monster ; and how the giant Hymir, frightened lest Thor should succeed and so break the bonds of earth, cut the line. This was part of another cross of which the head is perhaps one built into the wall above. A third cross was cut down in the eighteenth century to make the present sundial. The two hogbacks, or shrine-shaped tombs, found at restoration under the walls of the Norman church, the twelfth-century church of which the curious capitals of the chancel-arch formed part—are of the same period as the crosses, earlier than Norman, but later than the composition of the Edda, which is thought to have been the work of Norse Skalds of the tenth century, who knew Irish and English beliefs, and brought the uncouth traditions of their ancestors up to date, so to say, as a rival system to Christianity. Many Vikings of that age were half Christian and half heathen, baptized and church-going at home, and praying to Thor in battle and at sea. This must have been the kind of folk for whom these monuments were made, with Christ on one side and the heathen gods on the other, and the period must have been about the year 1000.

Gosforth Hall, near the church, is the old house where Bishop Nicolson used to go courting Barbara Copley, when he was a young archdeacon in the seventeenth century. Up the field from Gosforth Hall is a holy well, around which may be seen the foundations of a mediæval chapel. Half-a-mile north-north-east of the hall, in a narrow bit of ground between two long walls, is the "Dane's Camp," an ancient homestead, and a mile and a half east-south-east of

the hall is another known as the "King's Camp" at Laconby. One sees not without regret in this pastoral neighbourhood the borings for mines, and one hopes that if minerals are found they may be worked with twentieth-century appliances, and not the clumsy nuisances of the age that is passing away.

Seascale used to be merely the old hall of the Senhouses, near which was a circle of great stones which the farmer buried, wise in his generation. We think him not so wise in ours, for it would have been another "attraction" to the flourishing seaside resort which has grown up round the perfect bit of bathing-sands and the now frequented golf links. From Seascale, or from the next station, Sellafield, we can reach the inland village of Calderbridge. There the river tumbles over flat tables of sandstone, very picturesque in its quiet, lowland way, and not unfrequently painted by landscapists, from Turner downwards. Near the village is Ponsonby Hall, on the old site of the manor-house of the Stanleys, who settled there in 1388; and down the stream a little way is Sella Park (a private residence), another of the interesting old houses with pele-like walls and old oak, recalling the country life of three hundred years ago. But the glory of the neighbourhood is Calder Abbey.

It was founded by Ranulf Fitz William, lord of Copeland (the whole of this district is so called), in 1134 for a colony of monks from Furness Abbey. They had scarcely taken possession when they were driven out by a Scottish invasion; and in 1138 Calder was newly colonised from Furness. It was suppressed in 1536, and passed through many hands to the present owner, whose house occupies the monks' frater or dining-hall and part of their dormitory; the church and chapter-house remaining in ruins in the garden, to which, being the private grounds of the mansion, visitors are admitted on Fridays only (10 to 4). The original buildings of the first colonists were burnt by the Scots; the second church, no doubt of wood,

was replaced about 1180 by a small stone building of which the west door remains. About 1220 a new stone church was built, of which we can see the nave pillars and other parts. After the Scottish raid of 1322 this church was restored, and the chapter-house was built, with book-chambers on each side of its west door, as at Furness. Two of the effigies recently set up in the ruined chancel

are probably those of a Sir John le Fleming of Beckermet (with joined hands and a fret on his shield), who died in the reign of Henry III., and of a Leyburne of Cunswick, near Kendal, connected with the Flemings in the later part of the fourteenth century (with the lions on his shield). Another knight, like the last, cannot be identified (the one with his hand on the sword-hilt). A fourth very mutilated effigy has been thought[1] to represent Sir Richard, son of Sir John le Fleming.

Near Beckermet, a mile north-north-east from the village,

[1] By the Rev. A. G. Loftie, "Calder Abbey," (Bemrose, 1892.)

are still traceable some remains of the burg or motehill of the Flemings, anciently called Carnarvon Castle. Sir Daniel Fleming has left us an account of the site, which resembled that of the parent branch of the family at Aldingham in Furness, in being a moated mound with a dyked base-court near it. In the village is the Church of St. John, a very ancient foundation, containing many curious and beautiful fragments of pre-Norman grave-crosses. Half-a-mile south-west of the village is St. Bridget's, a thirteenth-century church now used as a mortuary chapel, very picturesque and interesting in itself, but more widely known for its curious ancient crosses, one of which has an inscription which has puzzled antiquaries not a little. About fifty years ago the well-known Runic scholar, Father Haigh, made it out to be Anglo-Saxon, and the epitaph of Bishop Tuda, who died of the plague A.D. 664: then the Rev. John Maughan interpreted it as set up by Queen Arlec (who, he said, gave her name to Arlecdon) for her son Athfeschar, neither of them known to be historical personages; later it was made out as the gravestone of a "little Edith," who died at the age of twelve. The late Chancellor Ferguson lent me the rubbings from which the first two readings were made; and it was obvious that the learned Runologists had not known the real forms of the letters they tried to decipher. After some trouble we got a more accurate copy; the writing of the words seemed to be Irish or Manx Gaelic, and Mr. John Rogers of Barrow, an Irish scholar, helping, the inscription seemed to turn into the simple record that the cross was "made for John, son of Cairbre, gone to rest in the keeping of Christ;" which may in its turn be amended or superseded, but at any rate is not fanciful, and it is the result of a personal acquaintance with this unique monument.

At Haile, up the valley, is another prettily placed and picturesque church with ancient pre-Norman stones; and at Ehenside Gibb Tarn is the place where, some few years since, were found a number of pre-historic implements,

one of them a celt still in its handle, casts of which are in Tullie House Museum at Carlisle.

Egremont was no doubt originally the mote on the Ehen, *Egener-mot* or *mont*, as Beckermet or Beckermont was the mote on the Beck. The castle, now a ruin, was founded about 1120 by William Meschines, though some think the earthwork earlier. Parts of the masonry date from the twelfth century. The "Boy of Egremont," young William de Romilly, who was drowned at the Strid of Wharfe, as every reader of Wordsworth knows, was son of William Fitz Duncan, nephew of David I. of Scots (the same who ravaged Copeland and Calder in 1138), and Alice de Romilly, the heiress of Egremont. The Boy was thus one of the nearest in succession to the throne of Scotland, and the favourite of a majority of the nation. That was the reason of the "endless sorrow" and great mourning made for him. Of his sisters, one married a De Luci, and it is of that family, so brought into possession of Egremont, that the story of the Horn is told, a legend versified by Wordsworth. The castle grew and passed to the Multons and Percies, but was finally destroyed, all but the courthouse, in 1578. The church, built or rebuilt about 1220, but now again rebuilt, has some curious fragments of twelfth and thirteenth century sculpture. The town got its market charter in 1267, and now is on the edge of the great Cumberland coal and iron district, whence a certain amount of somewhat grimy prosperity.

Our tour through this mid-western part of Cumberland may fittingly close at St. Bees, a spot where story and scenery are blended less strikingly but almost as intimately as at Hardknott. The legend is that about A.D. 650, when Irish missionaries were teaching English heathens the first rudiments of the Faith, before the Council of Whitby dismissed them from Northumbria, a certain Irish Saint Bega came with her nuns and begged a place for her settlement. The lord of the land—a Gallio—said they might have as much ground as the snow covered at midsummer :

and on Midsummer Day, behold! the snow. At any rate there was a pre-Norman church here with an Irish name, Kirkby Begog—Begog being the regular Irish way of saying "dear little Bega," that is, "Saint Bega"—and fragments of interlaced crosses may yet be seen in the churchyard and in the church. One stone in particular is remarkable, the lintel set up at the west door, bearing a figure of St. Michael fighting the dragon among curious early knots and frets. This may have come from some neighbouring chapel, and Mr. W. N. Thompson of St. Bees has lately pointed out that there is mention of an early Chapel of St. Michael at Rottington on the headland. In the twelfth century a priory was founded by William Meschines as a cell of St. Mary at York; it was burnt by the Scots in 1315, but nevertheless was the third richest in Cumberland at the dissolution of the monasteries. The church was spared, like that of Cartmel, and restored in 1611 as the parish church, since when it has been altered somewhat, but still remains a very fine relic of the Middle Ages. The west door and the capitals of the tower piers date from about 1150; the west end of the nave and aisles, the lower part of the tower, the north transept, and the west wall of the south transept and chancel were built in 1200 or thereabouts; and the south aisle of the chancel in the fourteenth century. Among the tombs is that of Prior Cottingham, dated 1300.

The Theological College, once well known, was founded by Bishop Law in 1816, but is now closed. The Grammar School was established by Archbishop Grindal in 1587, and reconstituted in 1881; this and the bathing-beach are the staples of the place. The Head of Baruth, as it was anciently called (*Barr-ruadh*, Irish for *Red-head*), rises in sandstone cliffs over 300 feet from the sea, the westernmost point and noblest coast scenery of Cumberland.

ITINERARY THE FIFTH

ENNERDALE AND ALLERDALE

Whitehaven coal—Many inventions—Rival ports—Iron, ancient and modern—Antiquities of West Cumberland—The first Lake poet—Ennerdale—The Pillar—Black Sail and Scarth Gap—On the Backs—Red Pike—The three orders of mountain architecture—Honister Crag and its quarries—Buttermere and Crummock—The Vale of Lorton—Cockermouth Castle and its famous folk—The Derwent—Ancient Workington—Clifton and Brigham—Bridekirk font—Isel—Allerdale and its historic sites—The Plumbland theft—"Speatry"—Villages on the green—Forts or farms?—Imps or architects?—Holme Cultram—Michael Scot at Wolsty Castle—The poisoned Abbot—The unlucky church—The country of "Redgauntlet"—Solway Sands.

A LITTLE to north of the red headland of St. Bees there is a break in the cliffs, and a bay with such a foreshore as gave boats in ancient times the desired haven. Standing over it there is a white headland, cliffs which, at any rate, are white in contrast to the red sandstone of the other promontory. In the twelfth century the name Whit-hofd, "white-head," was already known; in 1295 Whytot-haven is mentioned. Three hundred years later a tiny fishing-hamlet was all that folk knew by the name of Whitehaven: but in 1620 Sir Christopher Lowther, having bought land once belonging to the suppressed priory of St. Bees, made a harbour and began to dig the coal which cropped out on the hillsides round the bay.

Sir Christopher's son, Sir John, who died in 1706, and grandson, Sir James, who died in 1755, pressed the work forward. It was, of course, much to their own interest to do so; but they were liberal and spirited in their methods and fortunate in their employés, so that the Whitehaven

mines not only became exceedingly profitable, but they gave the opportunity for several important engineering inventions and scientific discoveries.

The first coal was got from the Bannock and Main bands by levels and shallow pits. In a while it was necessary to go deeper, and then to pump out the water that accumulated in workings below any drainable level. This was done with horse-engines, "Ginns," whence the name of a suburb of the growing town. In 1709 there were seven pits, yielding weekly about 800 tons of 21 to 22 hundredweight each, and the coal was shipped from the wharf close by at 3s. a ton. In 1718 Carlisle Spedding became engineer. He introduced the "fire-engine," as they called the steam-pump, one of the first steam-engines in England. He investigated the fire-damp which the deep borings revealed, carried it in tubes to light his office, and proposed to light the town with it. The town refused, and it was a century before gas came into use. He invented a way of lighting the darkness in spite of the fire-damp with the steel mill, a disc of steel revolving against a flint and throwing out a stream of sparks; a poor lamp, but better than none, and the only safe light until Davy's invention of 1816. Spedding, one of the greatest pioneers of industrial science, was killed in an explosion in 1755.

Another once famous name is that of Dr. W. Brownrigg, F.R.S., who died in 1800 at the age of eighty; he made important discoveries in the chemistry of coal-gas while he was in practice at Whitehaven. It was here that one of the earliest railways was laid down with wooden rails and horse-trucks, a step in the evolution of modern travelling. In 1816, years before the first passenger railway, a locomotive was tried. But the first locomotives were modelled on the stationary pumping-engines; they were cumbrous and heavy, and the rails, though cast iron had been substituted for the primeval wood, could not carry the weight; so that the experiment was not at once successful. But Whitehaven by this time had grown into a town of more than 17,000 inhabitants, and its mines, extending for about a mile under the bed of the sea, were one of the wonders of the world. The earlier half of the nineteenth century was its best time, since when other places have outrivalled it; but to many who pass this way and remember what they owe to the early engineers and men of science, Whitehaven may be even more classic ground than Calder Abbey or Hardknott.

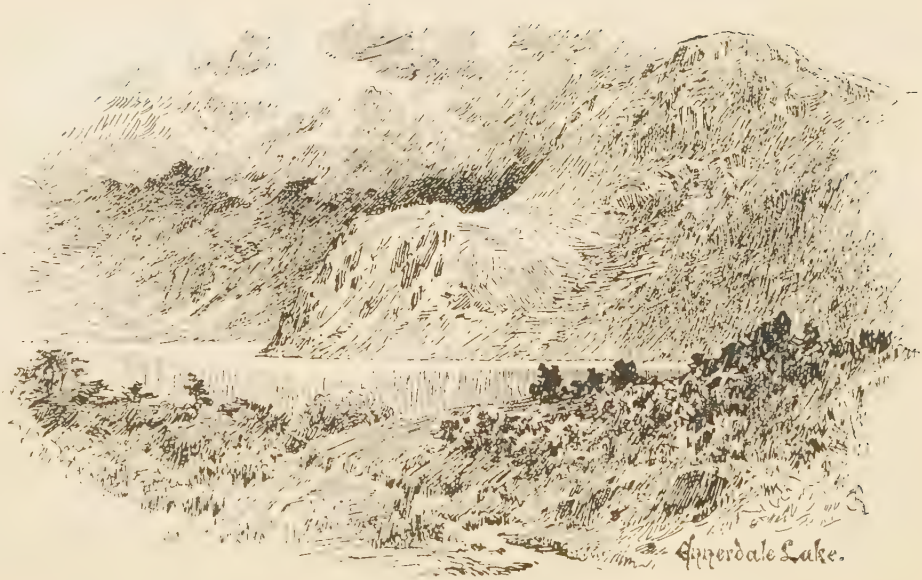
The smaller ports along this coast were Whitehaven's rivals, more or less unsuccessful. At Parton Mr. Fletcher of Moresby tried to establish a harbour in 1705, but Sir John Lowther's opposition, in the interest of Whitehaven, was too strong; and a great storm in 1796 washed the pier away, and made an end of the place. Harrington port was built in 1760 by Mr. Henry Curwen, who worked coal-mines near: in 1825 a great attempt to enlarge the workings ended, for the time, in a catastrophe; the sea broke in and the pit was drowned. Workington began to export coal before 1650, but it was only after 1730 that the Curwens and Lowthers developed the industry, which became enormously profitable, and made the old Roman, pre-Norman, and mediæval port into a busy town. Maryport, another Roman and early mediæval site, is still more modern in its present form. In 1750 there were only two houses,

one just built, and one the original "Golden Lion." In 1774 Pennant on his tour to Scotland found above 100 houses with 1300 inhabitants, all collected by the opening of the coal trade on the estate of Humphrey Senhouse, who had named the place Maryport after his wife. Mr. Christian of Ewanrigg, and his son, John Christian Curwen, M.P., and the Lord Lonsdale of the day also worked mines on their lands near by, and shipped the coal from Maryport, which grew into a considerable town, with docks and a lighthouse and every promise of prosperity. But these little harbours have "cut one another's throats." As if Whitehaven, Harrington, Workington, and Maryport were not enough, and undeterred by the fate of Parton, the Carlisle business-men and manufacturers tried to set up their ports on the Solway. Port Carlisle was created in 1819–23, connected with the town by a canal, and later by a railway. This was no great success. Then in 1859 docks were opened at Silloth, farther out to sea; but Silloth has not become great. Indeed, none of the Cumberland ports have improved much upon the position they held half a century ago. It is perfectly useless anticipating history, but suppose at any time the Lake district water-power should be exploited, these towns might have another chance. Meanwhile they are rather like a becalmed yacht race; each little puff sends one and then another ahead, but there is not much progress.

The iron trade, however, continues. Between the coal measures, which extend from Whitehaven to Torpenhow, and the Skiddaw slate of the Northern Lake mountains there is an outcrop of limestone rich in hematite. As in Furness, this was worked of old. In the twelfth century Holme Cultram Abbey owned mines at Bigrigg, near Egremont; and then, again, from 1635 onwards, those mines were pushed with energy. Ancient oak spades have been found in the Bigrigg old workings, and at Yeathouse oak spades with iron rims. The bloomeries, or small smelting-hearths, are found in many places, as at Thornholme

on the Calder, Smithy Beck in Ennerdale, Whiteoak Beck near Loweswater, on the Irt and on the Esk. These may be of any date up to the seventeenth century, when larger furnaces came into use, such as we saw at Backbarrow, in the Coniston Valley, and at Duddon Bridge. In the middle of the nineteenth century modern furnaces were built; the Whitehaven Ironworks were established at Cleator in 1842; Cammel & Co.'s vast eruptive area near Workington is the latest and greatest manifestation of those volcanic agencies. The smoke makes West Cumberland, like Low Furness and the Millom neighbourhood, much less pretty than it might be; but I suppose you must consider the greatest happiness of the greatest number, as the dogs told the fox.

It might be thought that in such a region there was little to attract any sentimental voyager looking for scenery or story of more acceptedly romantic type; but this is not at all the case. The coal and iron district is one of very great natural beauty in its way—between firth and fell, looking over Solway on the one hand to the Scottish mountains, and on the other over some space of rising moor to the high blue sky-line of the Lake hills. The actual shore is finely broken, here in high cliffs, there in a rugged rocky beach, with a steep backing of sandhills or grassy slope. The character of the country south of the Holme and the flats which border on the Solway, is that of valley land, rolling and tumbled, with the interest rather at the bottoms than at the tops of places. Though the streams run red with ore, and the trees are blackened with smoke, you can see that it *was* a lovely country, and may be so again. Here and there you come upon extremely paintable groups of building, set in dells among wood and water; there are old houses, old churches, and sites of very interesting antiquity. At Moresby the churchyard partly covers a Roman camp. Going towards Distington, you pass the site of Hayes Castle (near the Castle Mill), a fort about which little seems to be known. At Distington Church are several curious fragments of pre-Norman grave-crosses. Eastward is Gil-



Ingerdale Lake.

garron, supposed to have taken its name from the *Kil* of some early St. Gerain. Near Studfield is the site of a megalithic circle. Dean was the birthplace of a forgotten poet (not without vogue and influence in his day), Dr. John Dalton, whose poem on Keswick (1758) attracted the first tourists to the lakes—

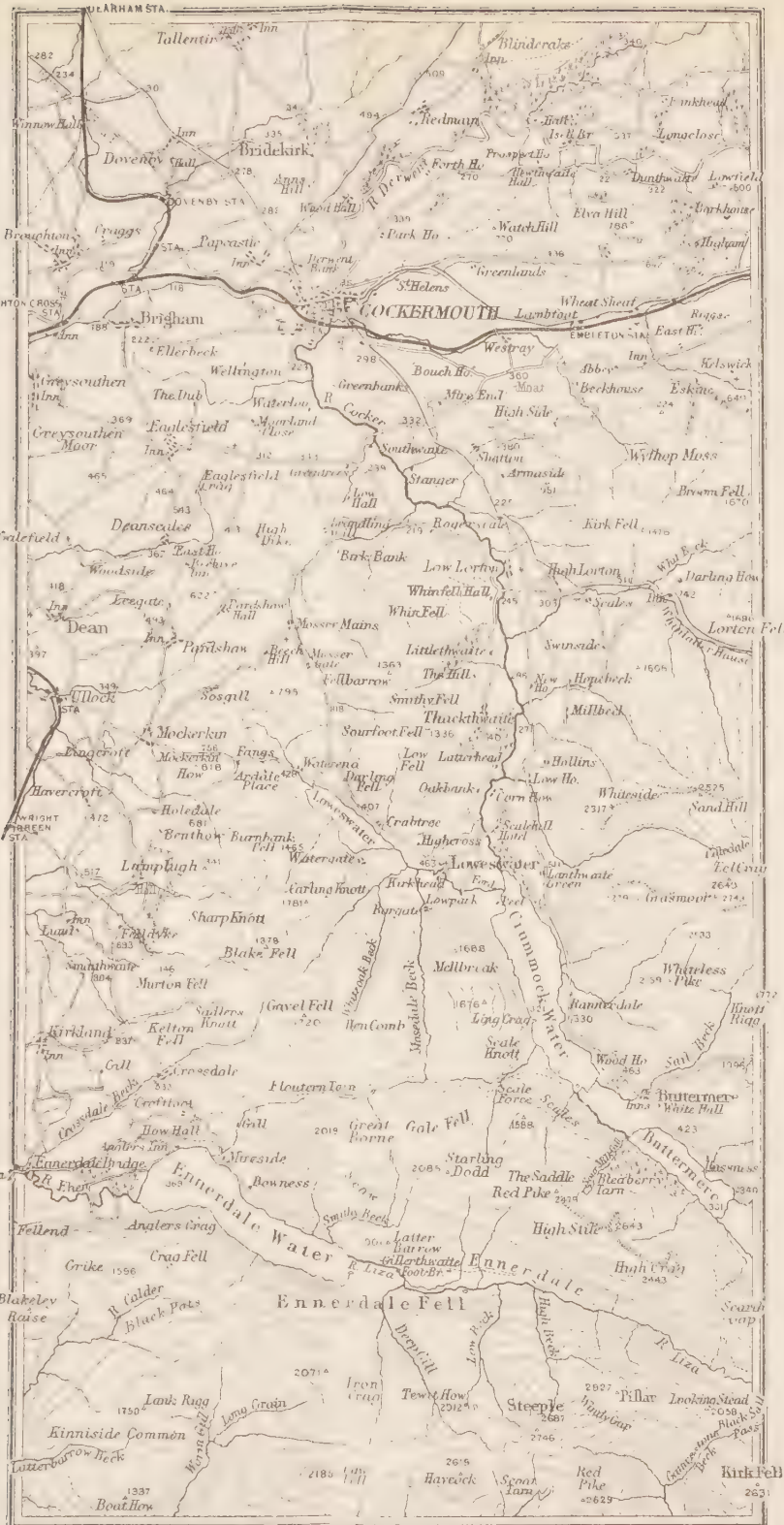
> "Horrors like these at first alarm,
> But soon with savage grandeur charm,
> And raise to noblest thoughts the mind:
> Thus by thy fall, Lowdore, reclin'd,"

—he rhymed away in the manner then understanded of the people, and brought Mr. Gray and Mr. Gilpin and other connoisseurs to view the landscape o'er. It was no small achievement to have set so lasting a fashion—to have been the first of the Lake poets. South of Dean is Pardshaw, near which is the White Causeway, a puzzling earthwork of pre-historic age: another, somewhat like it, is at Gatra, half a mile south of Wright Green Station; and returning towards Cleator on the roadside to the left, just past Rheda, is the Cross Lacon, a mediæval wayside monument.

Ennerdale means the valley of the Ehen (Egener-dale), as Allerdale (Alner-dale) is the valley of the Ellen. Above Ennerdale Water the stream is called the Leesa (Liza). There is a river in Iceland of the same name (Lysā), meaning "the bright water." The genitive ending in *er*, Egener, Alner, &c., is Norse, and many of the place-names hereabouts appear to suggest that it was under Scandinavian settlers that the district of Copeland (*Kaupa-land*, "a bought land," *i.e.* not inherited) was brought into cultivation or habitable condition, being wild backwoods earlier, with only a sparse population of Cumbri and the descendants of a few Anglian colonists. Here, as elsewhere, the once thick forest has disappeared before wood-cutters, for building, charcoal-burning, and supply of fuel; and once cleared and turned into pasture, any chance-sown growth is kept down by the sheep. So it comes that the general effect of

Ennerdale is so wild and naked, away from the plantations near more inhabited parts. The rock on both sides of the lake is a syenitic granite, but at the head of the valley it is the volcanic ash of the Borrowdale series, which has alternating beds of very hard and comparatively soft material, much broken and seamed with dykes. Hence we get the long precipitous line of the Pillar mountain, not unlike Wastwater Screes, and the isolated Pillar rock on its side, like the Gable Needle. This rock was one of the first to be a sort of cragsman's problem; even so early as 1800 Wordsworth made it the scene of a daring climb and a fatal fall ("The Brothers"). In the valley beneath it there are fine examples of moraine mounds, and at Bowness (*ból-nes*, "the promontory of the dwellings") are remains of ancient homesteads.

Near the head of the valley, which comes down from the back of the Great Gable, the Black Sail path goes over into Wastdale, with a fine sight of Scafell on the descent, and the Scarth Gap leads to Buttermere, with grand views of the Pillar mountain as you ascend and of the Buttermere mountains when the ridge is crossed. There are, of course, many possible routes from Ennerdale to Buttermere; from the Angler's Inn by Floutern (flow-tarn, the tarn of the bog) over the moors to Scale Force or Mosedale; from Gillerthwaite up Red Pike, where you get a famous panorama of lakes, and down to Scale Force or to Sour-milk Gill; indeed, when you have once got up the rather steep banks of the valley, and find fair weather on the tops, you can make your route without much difficulty; but the good old Scarth Gap is not easily bettered, especially if you walk along the ridge of High Stile to Red Pike, to combine all the best that those fells can show. The Lake mountains have a trick of giving you backs, grassy ridges connecting summit with summit, easy and pleasant walking on springy turf or nearly level scree, where the air seems to lift you along, and the changing view lends an impression of great speed and getting over an amazing range of



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Scale 2 Miles to an Inch

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John Bartholomew & Co. Edin.r

WEST CUMBERLAND

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country. Such walks one can find along the backs of Coniston Fells, the Crinkle Crag range, the Wastwater Screes, this Red Pike group, and perhaps best of all on Helvellyn, where you get six miles of grass above the 2500-foot contour line, with only a slight break at the Sticks Hause. This is the compensation for our want of Alpine peaks; for the practical purpose of health-giving exercise, no fancy climbing can touch the high-level stroll.

Red Pike is like the Three Shires Stone of the Geological Map, being consequently the meeting-point of three sets of rather different scenery. To the west and south is the syenite of Ennerdale, reaching to the foot of Wastwater; south of that the Eskdale granite takes its place, reaching as far down as Bootle. To the north and north-east everything is Skiddaw slate, all the hills on both sides of Crummock, and between Buttermere and Keswick, and all Skiddaw and Saddleback. To the east and south-east the mountains are built of the volcanic ash of the Borrowdale series; not volcanoes, but the material ejected from volcanoes into primeval seas, settled and stratified, pressed into intense hardness, raised, contorted, and fractured in every direction, cut through and through with dykes and seams, abraded by glacial action, eroded by water, and so made into these round-headed, rugged-sided, prettily-varied Lake Fells. These volcanic rocks reach from here to the straight line of Coniston limestone that cuts them off from the foot-hills, shearing across the map in two great snips, Broughton to Brathay and Low-wood to Shap Wells. South-east of that there are hills, but all of soft slate: north-west of this Borrowdale band there are mountains, but of soft slate; but here soft and hard are stirred together, and that makes the crags and gills we care for most. Red Pike is the meeting-point of these different kinds of hill form, and Honister is the crag that shows the Borrowdale type in perfection.

Honister (or Honistar) crag is the steep north-eastern

side of Fleetwith, which almost closes the head of Buttermere valley ; its angular line so artistically contrasting with the soft curves of the dale, the Skiddaw-slate foreground, that every one has painted and sketched it as a perfect pictorial composition, ready made for artists. Looking at it more closely from the hause by which you come from Seatoller in Borrowdale over to Buttermere, you find the harder and more blocky mountain stuff sandwiched with what seems a different material. It is not so much a different material as the same paste more finely ground and more delicately tempered ; prepared by natural cleavage for air and water to break up, leaving the belts and knots of rougher stone to stand out and rise up in crags. The cloven material we have seen already in the Coniston Fells, quarried for green slate, and here again are the great workings of Buttermere slate, practically the same as at Tilberthwaite. It is the best of all roofing, for it makes thin slabs, light in weight but as sound as steel and much more durable, with a beautiful colour of grey-green, far more pleasant than the livid purple of the Welsh slates. The size of Honister, about a thousand feet from brow to base, is such that the quarries hardly detract from its impression as a mountain, seen close from the Hause ; and, indeed, the workings are not without interest ; that men—such little creatures they look—should attack so stern a giant's castle and win its treasures, and slide down the Beanstalk path and away.

In the two lakes we have almost had another Windermere, with merely a bar and a few islands dividing the two basins ; but the flat bit of green between them is not without its charm, in contrast with the long range of heights over against the village of Buttermere. The two chief waterfalls, Sourmilk Gill and Scale Force, are among the most celebrated Lake district forces ; the one conspicuous with its line of foam on the steep hillside, and the other a single spout of water falling clear over 100 feet in a tall dark cleft. In the early days of the Lakers

CRUMMOCK-WATER AND BUTTERMERE

nobody could pass the "Fish" without recalling the story of Mary of Buttermere, the pretty daughter of the inn, who so foolishly married a swindling bigamist, giving himself out to be an Honourable and a Colonel. When he was hung for forgery (in 1803), both the Lake poets and the chapbook pedlars made copy out of the romance. Mary married again, and lived long after at Caldbeck. But the rather sordid incident lends nothing to the scenery. Buttermere and Crummock are Nature's art for art's sake.

To taste the art with which Nature has arranged her treat, one ought certainly to approach Buttermere from the lower valley: coming from Cockermouth, or from Keswick over Whinlatter, and quietly enjoying the Vale of Lorton; halting at the Scale Hill Hotel for the point of view first found, or first celebrated, by Father West, who was a connoisseur in points of view—the Lanthwaite Hill "Station;" giving a share of attention to the prettinesses of Loweswater as a preface to Crummock, and making many a stay on the splendid road under Grasmoor and Rannerdale Knott, with Mellbreak and Red Pike and High Stile opening out, one after another, until you see Honister and the wild head of the Gatesgarth dale. Buttermere, to most people, is only a halt for luncheon and boat to Scale Force, after the excitement of Borrowdale and the Seatoller Hause, and before the rather weary homeward ride to Keswick. But I always think of this valley as made by Heaven for summer evenings and summer mornings: green floor and purple heights, with the sound of waters under the sunset, or lit with the low north-eastern sun into pure colour above, and the greyness of the dew upon the grass. And I always thank Heaven and the "Lake District Defence" that a timely stop was put to the Braithwaite and Buttermere railway scheme.

At the mouth of the River Cocker, where it meets the Derwent, is the ancient town of Cockermouth. Wordsworth was born here in 1770, and tells us in a sonnet how

he played as a child among the ruins of the castle, chasing butterflies on the green, climbing for flowers on the walls, and scared at the darkness of the dungeon. It was "meet nurse for a poetic child." For his sake as well as for its own this memorable ruin must have a page of gossip.

At Egremont we spoke of the boy who would have been King of Scotland, but met his fate at the Strid of Wharfe; and how the great baronies in the North of England, which he would have inherited, passed to his sisters, and so away from the Scottish royal family. The youngest of the sisters, a second Alice de Romilly, had these lands of Allerdale for her portion, and married Gilbert Pipard. He seems to have built a castle at the site near Cockermouth where the Romans had once placed a camp, and from him the village is still named Papcastle (Pipard's Castle). After his death she married Robert de Courtenai, who is said to have been a grandson of Louis le Gros, King of France,—so curiously the Norman settlement brought folk together from north and south. After all, her lands went to her grand-nephew, William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle (1215), who was one of the turbulent barons of Henry III. In 1221 the Sheriff of Westmorland was bidden by the King to besiege and destroy the Castle of Cockermouth, which is then heard of for the first time. The Earl found his way back to the king's favour and built up his castle again. Indeed, the lower part of the western tower shows traces of this siege; it must[1] have been built early in the thirteenth century, and then thrown down, not utterly cleared away, and afterwards rebuilt. Earl William's castle was a triangular fortress on the brink of the hill, two sides protected by the steep banks, and the third walled and ditched across, considerably within the area of the later castle; and there were round towers at each of the three corners. The masonry is not very well built; it was put up in a hurry, no doubt, to

[1] According to the late W. Jackson, F.S.A., in *Transactions Cumb. and West. Ant. and Archæol. Society*, iv. 116.

secure the place before the breeze of royal favour should change or a storm of war should blow from the North.

This earlier castle had several occupants whose names are well known in history. In 1269 the Lady Aveline brought it by marriage to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, Edmund Crouchback (Cross-back, the Crusader, brother of Edward I.). Piers Gaveston, the favourite of Edward II., was its constable, and then Thomas de Richmond; then Andrew de Harcla, the Earl of Carlisle, who, after his brave defence of Cumberland, despaired of English misrule and—so it was alleged—treated with the Scots; for which he was hung, drawn, and quartered, the fate of a traitor. His captor was Anthony de Luci, who received Cockermouth as his reward (1323). Thomas de Luci, his grandson (died 1365), seems to have rebuilt certain parts, but the great restoration and enlargement was under Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had married Maud, the heiress of the Lucies. While he was at work, and perhaps because the rebuilding gave them a chance, the Scots attacked the place (1387), and burned part of it; but that did not prevent Earl Percy from completing the eastern side, and adding a great gatehouse (the inner gate) with guardrooms, and—what is not usual in such castles—dungeons. For material he went to Papcastle and carried away the ready-cut Roman stones, so that a Roman altar appears on the north side of his gatehouse. The outer gate was built about 1400, thus completing the castle.

In May 1568, Mary Queen of Scots passed a night here on her way from Workington, where she landed after the defeat at Langside, to Carlisle, where her long captivity began. In 1648 the place was besieged by the Royalists for some weeks, but relieved by Colonel Ashton, after which it decayed. The later owners, the Wyndhams, kept up only the gatehouse, courthouse, and some rooms adjoining, and the rest of the buildings went to ruin, left

> "To the flowers whose golden progeny
> Still round its shattered brow in beauty wave."

The Derwent, which Cockermouth Castle overlooks, is one of those few rivers which are beautiful from source to mouth. It rises in Sprinkling tarn, 1960 feet above the sea, in the heart of our grandest mountains, flows through Borrowdale, forms Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite Lake, and then runs between steep banks, through charming scenery, past many historic places, to Workington, where not even the ironworks—and, still more hostile to romance, the forlorn ruins of unsuccessful enterprises—can quite destroy its interest. It was at Derwentmouth that the monks of St. Cuthbert, fleeing from the Danes, took ship with their precious burden, the reliquary that held his body (870 or a little later). Before that there had been a Roman camp at Burrow-walls on the north bank ; and already there must have been an Anglian church where now St. Michael's stands, smoke-blackened and crowded round with grimy houses. We noticed how there were Anglian monuments near the ancient ports, and here, too, there are some of that early period, and some of the rather later period when the invading Danes in their turn became Christian, and set up crosses over their graves. Early in the twelfth century the Curwens settled, building their first castle, perhaps, on the site of the Roman camp and out of its ruins, then moving to the finer position at the head of the long ridge, south of Derwent ; so that Workington, like many other early towns, had its castle at the top of the hill and its church at the bottom, with traders' and retainers' houses sheltered between the two. Workington Hall is built round its pele, for which a "licence to crenellate" was given to Gilbert de Culwen in 1379; in the next century a great hall was added, and then a kitchen. Effigies of the Curwens of 1450 are in the church. In the age of Elizabeth wings were thrown out to enclose the court. Here Mary Queen of Scots passed her first night of exile, and, as tradition says, left the agate cup called the Luck of Workington. Most of the house was rebuilt by John Christian Curwen (died 1828) from the profits of his coal-mines, and it still

remains the home of a family who trace their descent through 800 years.

Travelling up the Derwent, we come on the south side to Great Clifton, where there is a very interesting relic of the period before the Normans, the cross-shaft curiously carved with interlaced dragons, and made from a stone so chosen that one side is red and the other white; the style of work resembles that of the Gosforth hogbacks. Brigham has its church of St. Bridget with an early Norman nave and many pre-Norman and mediæval monuments: the old vicarage, near the station, is an interesting example of domestic architecture, with pointed arches to some of the windows.

On the north bank of Derwent, a little set back on the hillside and commanding broad views, is Bridekirk, another St. Bridget's, with more of these early monuments. Its especial treasure is the celebrated font carved with dragons and strange beasts, and two quaint representations of the expulsion from Eden and the baptism of Christ, and on the fourth side a portrait of the artist with chisel and mallet and his autograph signature in runes of the twelfth century, "Rikarth he me wrokte, and to this merthe gernr (earnestly) me brokte." It seems very likely that this Rikarth was the Master Richard of Durham, known as the greatest craftsman of the North in the later twelfth century. He was the man who carried always with him a precious relic, a bit of St. Cuthbert's chasuble, which a French priest, when he was working at Norham Castle, once stole and threw into the fire; two hours afterwards Richard came back and found it still unburnt—so says Reginald of Durham in his book of the miracles of St. Cuthbert.

Other early monuments are in the little Norman church of Isel, in a most lovely situation by the Derwent. We often feel the want of fine river scenery in the Lake district; here, not far away, with the tops of Skiddaw and its neighbours looking over the lower hills, is a noble river with beautiful and interesting sights to notice from point

to point. Isel Hall, a seat of the Lawsons, is another of the Elizabethan mansions built round a pele, and Hewthwaite Hall tells us by the inscription on its carved doorhead that

> "John Swynburn Esquire and Elizabeth his wyfe
> Did make cost of this work in the dais of their lyfe. 1581."

From Isel it is only a step to Bassenthwaite, over Elva hill or up the river, and we should be in the Lake district again. But before going back to the mountains I should like, if I were your real guide, to take you for a little round into the lower country, and show how much there is to see where no tourists go. It is not dull country, even for landscape. This is where Skiddaw nods to Criffel across the Solway :—

> "When Skiddaw dons a cap
> Criffel he wots well o' that."

And not only Criffel and Skiddaw, but ranges of blue mountains line either horizon. Solway Firth, after all, is one great valley, visibly delimited by the hills. From any of the higher summits you can take it in at one glance. It is only down below, and then not always, that you lose the grip of surroundings ; and there are few valleys where such dramas of history have been played out.

There was the Roman age, when this bit of shore was the end of the world : we can see how it was fortified with the Wall and the network of camps against outer barbarians who came from the unknown—yonder—to unsettle the Pax Romana. There was the mysterious Cymric age of Cunedda, Rhydderch, and Kentigern : we have some traces of that in legends and place-names, a few possible relics in old forts, allusions in bardic songs, shadowy, but enough to repeople the landscape in imagination, if not enough to reconstruct solid history. There was the period of Anglian settlement, which has left us traces in sculptured stones ; still more of the following age of the

Vikings, to whom this was the centre of their West, between York and Dublin, close to their Galloway haunts. Then we have early Norman churches and castles, the abbeys and peles of the Middle Age, and the halls of the Tudor and Stuart days. At every step fuller light falls on the old-world life that has hardly yet died out here and there. In all this Allerdale and Solway-side are rich, so rich that in such a sketch as I can give, I can do no more than indicate the fact and point out the road.

At Maryport we have seen how a modern town sprang up; but there is the Roman camp still to be visited, and the burg or motehill at the south end of the Castle hill, showing that some importance attached to the harbour in early mediæval days as the meeting-place of useful Roman roads. Near it, Dearham was its pre-Norman church; the grave-cross, Scandinavian in type of ornament, shows the antiquity of the site, and Norman work in the church proves the continuity of its history. Cross-canonby, on the other side of the Ellen, finely overlooking the seashore, is another of those early places, with valuable monuments in stone telling us of its otherwise forgotten story. At Gilcrux and Plumbland, again, there are similar remains. Plumbelund (the wood of plum-trees) in Alredale is the scene of a fine story told by Reginald of Durham, the twelfth-century monk who gives such lively pictures of the North Country in his age. He describes the invasion of William the Lion (1173); how the people fled to this church of St. Cuthbert for sanctuary and built huts thatched with hay and straw in the churchyard, putting their goods in "arks or little kists" into the church; how a thief picked the lock of one which held the money of a rich knight, Cospatric, son of Ulf, and was found out when he tendered a stolen coin. The coin happened to be a Scottish penny, and when he offered it at the ale-house, "Nay," said the mistress, she would not take the money of a king who was fighting our good King Henry. So the other folk asked for a look, and it went from

hand to hand till it came to a lad who was servant to the knight. "By chance," says the chronicler, "by God's ordering, he had seen the aforesaid penny in his lord's hands, and so now most easily knew it again." Whereupon he told his lord in all confidence, and begged him to look at his box in the church—and lo! the bag of pennies was missing. But when the thief was caught and had confessed, "God forbid," said the worthy rector, "that we should hang him. Has not St. Cuthbert shown a miracle in this discovery?" And from that day to this, adds Reginald, Plumbland Church has been the safeguard of the countryside. This is the church about which the old rhyme runs:—

> "The queerest sight that ever was seen
> Is Plumbland church on Arkleby green."

If the joke lies in the difference of names, it can be matched by Windermere church at Bowness Bay, Addingham church at Glassonby, and several other fine old crusted anomalies, due to the shifting of population. The casual wayfarer will be more amused by the grotesque heraldic gateposts on the pretty road that leads down a steep valley-bank towards Aspatria, across the Ellen.

Aspatrick, whatever that may signify, was the old name; "Speätry" in the vernacular. It is a mining village, but not without picturesqueness. We are on the edge of the coalfield, but a few not very obtrusive chimneys do not alter the rich and rural aspect of the undulating country. The Aspatria Agricultural College is a well-known institution, and the pre-Norman remains at the church, the cross-shaft in the churchyard, the hogback in the Musgrave chapel, and fragments in the vestry are important documents, so to say, in the early history of Cumbrian art. There is also a curious mediæval font. The place is a good centre for an interesting district.

Near Aspatria is Brayton Hall, bought early in the eighteenth century by the Lawsons of Isel, and remodelled

into an Italian palace with beautiful grounds, now the seat of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Blennerhasset, a rustic village, has its old market-cross; Torpenhow, retired and picturesque, has a most interesting Norman church; above Bothel is the Beacon Hill, with the old beacon station on the top, and below it, to the south, the remains of a great camp, which used to be thought Roman—shortly, I hope, to be properly examined. There is another curious entrenchment at Snittlegarth, and another near the tarn of Overwater; others at Aughertree and Thistlebottom, all on the northern slope of the Skiddaw group, at the head of the Ellen valley. Some of these may perhaps be the garths of early settlers, Anglian or Scandinavian, who planted themselves in the woods among the hills, safe in their retirement, the pioneers of that pastoral life which bred the Dalesfolk. Such places hardly come into the system of Roman frontier fortifications, and they have no military value. On the other hand, it was the custom of Northern farmers in ancient days, when they had "stubb'd Thurnaby waäste," to run a dyke round it, enclosing a larger or smaller area, which was their *tún* or homefield. There were wolves, if not thieves, to be kept out; ditch and bank, with perhaps a stockade on the top, would do this, where such slight defences would be of no use against armed troops. This is probably the real meaning of many earthworks to be seen in Cumberland, and of others on record at sites where they have disappeared.[1]

Uldale and Ireby are villages where a sketcher might find many subjects. Ireby, perhaps, ought to be called a town, for it had a market as early as 1237, of which the old cross is the outward and visible sign, and it was an important centre of the corn trade 200 years ago. At the old church, a mile to the west, there are mediæval tombstones. Bolton old church was said to have been built by

[1] This view is held, too, by antiquaries in regard to some of the ancient "camps" of Hampshire and other counties in the South of England.—Ed.

imps in a single night, at the command of the wizard Michael Scot. Near Wearyhall is the site of another "camp," and at Whitehall another mote-hill.

Leaving the valley of the Ellen, and travelling northward past High Aikton, where the head of an interlaced cross is built into a wall on the farm, and Bromfield with its prettily kept Norman church and many early monuments,

we come to the flat breadth of land between the Irish Sea and Moricambe, the broad bay formed by the estuaries of Waver and Wampool. This is the Holme, and its chief interest centres in the history of the Abbey, which dominated it as Furness Abbey dominated the corresponding plot of ground to the south of our district. At Abbey Town is the old church, which, with some grassy foundations and some carved stones built into houses in the neighbourhood, is all that remains of the famous monastery of Holme Cultram.

It was founded about 1150 by Prince Henry, son of

David I. of Scotland, at the time when Cumberland was more Scottish than English, and it was a great and wealthy place. The church was bigger than that of Carlisle; seven priests could say mass without interrupting one another. The present church is only a fragment, about half the length of the original; but behind the sixteenth-century porch you can see the Norman door, and in the side walls you can see the Norman pillars which once merely marked off the nave from the aisles. In 1216 the place was pillaged by the Scots, on whom Heaven showed its vengeance by drowning them all in a sudden tide as they returned over the Solway, "like Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea." After that, the monks built Wolsty Castle (due west, on the coast) as a defence and a refuge. Here, it is said, Michael Scot came, wearied of his wizardries, to find rest for his old age. Sir Walter, his namesake, shows his grave at Melrose, but the real place is not known. As he came to Holme Cultram in 1290, and is said to have studied at Wolsty, and to have died in 1291, it is more likely that he was buried at this Abbey. A little later this was in the thick of great events. Edward I. made this shore of Solway the base of his attack on Scotland, and for eight years army and fleet were quartered on the Holme. The Abbey got some reward in various privileges, among which was a market charter for Skinburness; but no sooner had they established their port and town there than a great storm destroyed the harbour; upon which they chose a new site, and built the church of Newton Arlosh, with its pele tower as a stronghold for their tenants. Nevertheless, the Holme was often raided and invaded—after Bannockburn, and again in 1322, when Robert Bruce pillaged the Abbey; and in 1385 the Earl of Douglas forced the monks to ransom themselves for a year by payment of £200. This was reckoned treason to England, and it was with difficulty and self-abasement that they got pardon for the offence of paying blackmail.

One of the greatest of the abbots was Robert Chamber

(1507–1531), who built the present porch and beautified the place and its dependencies; you will see his rebus, the R. C. and "chain-bear," and his inscriptions, and within the porch some fragments of his elaborate tomb. The next abbot, Matthew Deveys, died suddenly, and others who had eaten with him were struck with mysterious illness; it pointed to poison, and suspicion fell on one of the monks, Gawen Borrodaile. The reports of the trial give every reason to believe that he was guilty; but he had strong friends. He not only escaped, but returned to Holme Cultram some years after as abbot. It was no wonder that the preponderance of feeling was in favour of suppression, when such things went on; though old use and wont, as well as much real usefulness, attached neighbours, especially the poorer sort, to those venerable institutions. Gawen Borrodaile was himself the last abbot, but with his luck and cunning managed to remain in possession as vicar for many long years. The church was kept for the use of the parish, as at Cartmel, dilapidated and frequently restored on smaller and smaller plans. On New Year's day, 1600, the steeple fell; in 1604, while restoration was going forward, a workman, looking with a candle for his chisel, set fire to a jackdaw's nest, and the whole building was in flames. The vicar, Edward Mandeville, was charged with some connivance or contrivance toward this mishap, but repaired the chancel at his own expense; and so it went on until about 1730, when the present queer mixture of mediæval work and early Gothic revival was fabricated. The last restoration was in 1884-85. A capital monograph on Holme Cultram has been published by the Rev. G. E. Gilbanks, under the title of "Some Records of a Cistercian Abbey" (Walter Scott, 1899), and in the Transactions of the local Antiquarian Society Mr. Francis Grainger has written papers of great interest on life in the Holme after the suppression of the monastery and the ancient chapels which were planted by the monks in various parts of their possessions.

Kirkbride, at the mouth of the Wampool, is a very early site, and a very pretty one to any who care for river and trees, a pleasant variety of broken ground and tidal creek with the hills always looking in from the distance on either hand. The twelfth-century church is restored, but the village is picturesque. I suppose that this was where the *Jumping Jenny* in "Redgauntlet" landed her smuggling cargo, and Alan Fairford started on his night ride. It was not at Crackenthorpe's inn by the Solway that they ran the brandy: that would be too audacious. Sandysike, near Burgh, is said to have been the usual smuggler's landing; but in the novel it is clearly made out that the packhorses came across country (from Skinburness?) to meet Nanty Ewart, who had sailed up the Wampool. Scott's curious ignorance of the Cumberland dialect gives the only jarring note in his picture of Solway shores in the old smuggling times; he loved this landscape, and drew it again and again as the background to his favourite creations. Ruskin too, mountain-lover as he was, wrote, and it was in his last published chapter: "For myself, the impressions of the Solway sands are a part of the greatest teaching that ever I received during the joy of youth;—for Turner, they became the most pathetic that formed his character in the prime of life. . . . But to the living reader I have this to say very earnestly, that the whole glory and blessing of these sacred coasts depended on the rise and fall of their eternal sea, over sands which the sunset gilded with its withdrawing glow, from the measureless distances of the west, on the ocean horizon, or veiled in silvery mists, or shadowed with fast-flying storm, of which nevertheless every cloud was pure, and the winter snows blanched in the starlight." In his young days the viaduct and the chimneys were unknown. We can never see what Scott and Turner and Ruskin saw; but even yet there are sunsets, brighter for their sakes; we can still, with Wandering Willie, hark to "the roar of the Solway."

ITINERARY THE SIXTH

"MERRY CARLISLE" AND THE BORDER

North Cumberland—The Roman Wall—By the side of the Solway—Kirkbampton—The Throstle Nest—Roman Stanwix—The growth of Carlisle—St. Cuthbert's prophecy—Carlisle Ha'—The Archers of Inglewood—The Cathedral—Tullie House—Rose Castle—Inglewood—Edenside—Wetheral and Warwick—The Vexillary's record—Brampton and Irthington—The Mote-hills of the Irthing valley—More of the Roman Wall—Lanercost Priory—Naworth Castle—Belted Will—Denton and Gilsland—Scott at the Shaws—Mumps Ha' and "Guy Mannering"—Amboglanna—The moors—Bewcastle—King Alchfrith's grave—Liddesdale—Liddel strength—Young Lochinvar—The Battle of Arthuret; St. Kentigern and Merlin the Seer.

Bowness-on-Solway is the westernmost point on the Roman Wall. The Wall is so famous, and its importance as the beginning of history in Cumberland is so great, that one must not return to the Lakes from Bowness without looking for some of the traces of its course. We can hardly take up the end of the clue without following it further. Indeed, I think for many reasons we might do worse than attempt the pilgrimage of the Wall, up to the frontier of Cumberland. It will lead us into many places of interest, and into very charming scenery. There are castles and churches by the way, and delightful valleys as fine in their kind as any Lake landscape. Further eastward there are the Geltsdale and Bewcastle hills, running up above 1500 feet, with glorious wild moors and distant views, surpassed by none of the tourist panoramas at the Lakes. This itinerary, then, shall be in North Cumberland, in the Land of Carlisle, Inglewood, Edenside, Gils-

land, and the Debateable Land ; afterwards we will return for our next tour to more familiar haunts round Keswick.

The Roman Wall runs, as every one knows, from here to Wallsend on the banks of "coaly Tyne," just beyond Newcastle. Old maps mark it as the "Picts' Wall" ; some modern writers call it the "Great Barrier of Hadrian," for it is certain that the Emperor Hadrian, who visited Britain A.D. 119, built some parts, at any rate, of the system of works which we usually group together under the name of the Wall. There seems to have been a wall of sods with a ditch on the north side of it ; later the wall was rebuilt in stone, averaging eight feet thick and fifteen or sixteen feet high, with, perhaps, parapets on the top. In one place (Birdoswald, in Gilsland) the stone wall diverged from the original turf wall, which was discovered in 1895-96 running through the "camp." About every four miles a large square fort or "camp" was built adjoining the wall, and at every mile between these were smaller forts called "mile-castles." Southward were "camps" to support the line of defence ; in front—in the country of northern barbarians —were other "camps" or outposts ; together making a very complete, and, if well garrisoned, unassailable system of fortification.

South of the Wall, and nearly parallel with it, runs the Vallum, a broad, shallow trench with earthen ramparts on each side ; some parts of it have a double rampart to the south. The Vallum could hardly have been meant as a defensive work, for in some places it runs under heights which overlook it, while the Wall proper always takes high ground. The Vallum was not a first attempt at a wall ; for at Birdoswald it turns aside and evades both the "camp" and a "mile-castle" ; proof that it is not earlier than they. It is so big a trench that it can easily be traced even where the stones of the wall have been cleared away for building; but its purpose is a mystery. West of Carlisle the Wall can hardly be seen, though its position is known by tradition and by digging ; but the Vallum and

ditch of the Wall appear in various places. East of Carlisle the traces grow more distinct; where the stones are not visible you can often feel them underfoot, for the foundations have been turned into a road here and there. Just north of Lanercost a large piece of the original masonry, robbed of its facing-stones, stands up to nearly ten feet; you see it again near Birdoswald, and can trace it thence to the vicarage at Gilsland, where the facing stones are still left, and the ditch and vallum show finely. At almost every step along its track stones of the Wall can be seen built into churches, cottages, halls, and castles, and sometimes, as in a barn in Bowness village, you can see an altar built into the modern masonry.[1]

At Bowness the wall ended, just to the west of the last place where Solway is fordable; the "camp" was close to the church on the north side. Over the door of the "Packet" at Port Carlisle is a bit of an altar; Drumburgh Castle was built by Lord Dacre in the time of Henry VII. of stones from the Wall here; Leland, writing 1539, calls it "a pretty pyle (pele) for the defence of the country." Through a farmstead to the north-west of this you find another small "camp," or rather, the garth of a mediæval house on the site of a Roman fort. The dyke you see is not Roman work, though it was always supposed to be so until recent excavation showed the facts.

From this little hill eastward there is a wide stretch of

[1] For fuller accounts of the Roman Wall see "The Handbook to the Roman Wall" by the late J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., &c., 4th ed., revised by R. Blair, F.S.A. (Longmans, 1895). Chancellor Ferguson's "History of Cumberland" (Elliot Stock, 1890) gives a sketch of the Cumberland part; but both these books need addition and correction from the "Reports of the Cumberland Excavation Committee," by F. Haverfield, M.A., F.S.A., T. H. Hodgson, F.S.A., and Mrs. Hodgson in *Transactions Cumb. and West. Antiq. and Archæol. Soc.*, vol. xiii. and onward, recording the discoveries made since 1894. See also Gazetteer at the end of this volume.

marsh-land, which may not have been so swampy in Roman days. It is possible that the Wall crossed it: at any rate there are no traces of it elsewhere, and the Vallum does not begin to be seen until you come to Burgh-by-Sands. Here, it appears in the field between the railway station and the road; the Wall ran just on the other side of the road, and the "camp" was where the church is. It is a most interesting Norman church, built of Roman stones (much restored now), with a pele tower added as a refuge for the parishioners in the frequent Scottish raids. You see the grille which, with an inner door, shut them into their ark. Its lintel is an early carved stone, very grotesque in design. The view from the top is extensive and interesting. Northwards, on the edge of the marsh, is a modern pillar, marking the spot where Edward I. died in 1307.

Inland hence, at Kirkbampton, there is another Norman church, with rudely carved and much defaced tympanum over the door, several old tombs, and Roman stones built into the walls; so far did they carry the spoils from the quarry. Further south, a mile beyond Wigton, is the site of a very important Roman "camp" at Old Carlisle, near Cunninggarth. Wigton itself is an ancient market-town, and a considerable centre of trade. It is famous as the birthplace of R. Smirke, R.A., the first genre-painter of the old English school (1752–1845), father of two celebrated architects. Ewan Clark was also born here—one of the eighteenth century Cumbrian poets; indeed Wigton is known as the Throstle Nest, from its long roll of local singers; a remarkable fact when you remember that it was the headquarters of Puritanism in the Civil Wars. Cockermouth, the other Roundhead town, produced Wordsworth, though his family originally came from Penrith.

Returning to the Wall at Beaumont, the church is on a mote-hill which was on a Roman fort. Kirkandrews' ruined church is also on a mile-castle. Here the Wall and Vallum come close together. East of this, the Wall makes for Grinsdale and the Vallum diverges a little. At Knock-

upworth they meet again and run close to the high bank of the Eden, and so we lose them in the outskirts of modern Carlisle. We can pick up the trail again at Stanwix, where there was a great "camp" (in the churchyard and vicarage grounds), to which Roman Carlisle was the suburb. From Stanwix, which was anciently written Stan-wegges, "the stone way," an old road goes on the foundations of the wall to Tarraby: this was the Carel-gate, the main pack-horse track eastward before the military road from Newcastle to Carlisle was made by General Wade after the 'Forty-five. Here you can see one of "these roads before they were made, and hold up your hands and bless General Wade," as the old rhyme says. The Wall and Vallum can be traced through fields and through Brunstock park to Walby, where for a time the old road runs upon the Wall again; then to Wall Head and Old Wall, and so to Newtown. But we must not wander too far from Carlisle; we can return to the Roman Wall afterwards.

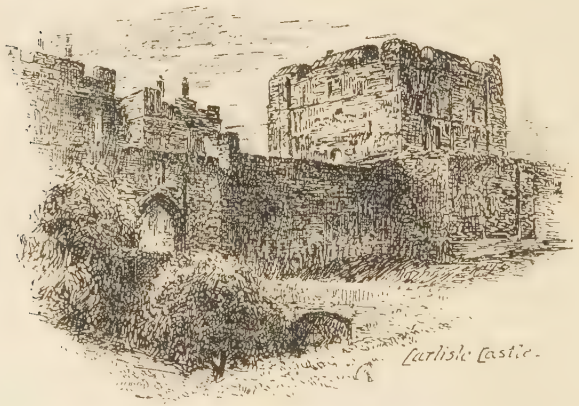
Luguvallium was a large and wealthy Roman town; many relics of the age are shown in the museum at Tullie House, together with a splendid collection of exhibits, illustrating the history of Carlisle in all ages. As Caerluel, it was a British capital for 250 years after the Romans left. In the somewhat legendary accounts, which are all we have of the period, it is associated with Cunedda, the first great king of the Western Cumbri (Cymru) and Rhydderch the Magnificent, who extended his power thence over all Strathclyde, late in the sixth century. "King Arthur lived at merry Carlisle," the ballad says; and no doubt the kings of this district, whose battles with the encroaching Angles are traditionally remembered in the Arthurian romances, made Carlisle their headquarters. But by about 680 the Angles prevailed, and their king, Ecgfrith, gave the town to St. Cuthbert. The story of the saint's visit, A.D. 685, and his walk round the Roman walls with the townsfolk—local antiquaries of the day—and his sudden trance while they were showing him the fountain, is told by the Venerable

Bede, and has been often quoted. It was at the hour when he leaned on his staff, looking fixedly at the ground and then sadly at the heavens with the mysterious words, "Peradventure, even now, the hazard of battle is over," that Ecgfrith, his friend and patron, was overthrown and slain at the battle of Nechtansmere. We should like to be certain of the spot where stood this Roman fountain "of wonderful work," and still more wonderful legend. The deep well in the castle-keep is usually said to be Roman, but there is not enough evidence that the Romans occupied the castle-hill: they planted their town on the Cathedral-hill. Chancellor Ferguson thought that the old market-well, which used to be in front of Messrs. Thurnam's shop, was the real place.

Anglian Carlisle has left few remains, but these few are proofs of some wealth and art. The chief of them are the cross-heads from graves—one in the Cathedral museum (over St. Catherine's Chapel), one in the Fratry, and fragments of another at the Bishop of Barrow's house in the Abbey. The Danes ruined the town soon after 876, and it never regained its position until William Rufus, in 1092, drove out Dolfin, the lord of Norse or Danish name, and built a castle, and colonised the town afresh.

The castle was built on the hill overlooking the Eden, already moated by the Roman Vallum, which cut the neck of the headland across. Within that there seem to have been two other moats and a tower. Later in the Norman period, and during the Edwardian age, the castle grew. Richard III., while Duke of Gloucester, was constable, and is said to have added the Tile Tower, which you see to the left in the wall which runs from the castle to join the west walls of the city. Henry VIII. adapted the interior for cannon. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned here; kept in a not very rigorous captivity in a tower to your right as you face the chief entrance, and permitted to ride out hunting the hare and watching football matches in the fields below. It was after her time that Kinmont Willie was

rescued by Buccleuch, who burst in one night in 1596, and broke the prison "with coulters and with forehammers." In the keep, Major Macdonald, the real Fergus MacIvor, was confined, with other Jacobites, after the 'Forty-five. After the gruesome executions for high treason, the heads were exposed over the Scotch gate of the city. It is said that one was a lad's, with long yellow hair: every evening and morning a lady unknown came and looked at it:



one day both the head and the lady were missing. When a Highland regiment had to pass Carlisle, it was halted outside the town, so that the men might not see the still lingering trophies.

To catch the sentiment of the place, one should see the castle from Stanwix rising proudly over the broad green fields that border the Eden. Imagine the Eden bridges away, and the somewhat formal trees which break the line of the ancient Battail-holme, and (in future) the Victoria monument, which I understand is to be placed there; then the view may almost pass for what they saw in old

times — Carlisle Ha', wi' its castle and bastions and a'. Then crossing the bridges, find your way by Castle Street to the walks round the walls — lofty walls above and steep wooded bank below; and then enter the gateway, and looking not to the left hand and its hideous barracks, pass the inner gate and climb the stairway beside the keep to reach the battlements. It is not all as it was when Wallace (1297) and Bruce (1315) were driven from the walls, or when De Luci marched in by broad daylight and seized Sir Andrew de Harcla in his own hall (1323), nor even as Carlisle looked when Lesley besieged the Royalist city for nine long months in 1644-45, and starved it utterly out; or when in 1745 the town surrendered to Prince Charlie, only to fall a few months later before the Duke of Cumberland's cannon. There is change, but not everywhere. Still the main features of the scene remain; how much the nobler for their memories, for the glamour of Border romance and the echoes of many an ancient passionate tale, felt even through the smoke-laden air of these latter days, when "the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall."

The west wall of the city is actually over the railway; you find little of the old effect there. Near the station are two monstrous round towers, the Court-houses built early in the nineteenth century, representing Henry VIII.'s citadel. Thence the old wall ran down Lowther Street, and turned to rejoin the castle. To the left of the Court-houses was the English gate, where I suppose Adam Bell and Clym of the Clough broke in to rescue William of Cloudesley from the mayor and his poleaxe beneath the gallows-tree in the market-place. These archers of Inglewood seem to have flourished in the fifteenth century; the ballads relating their exploits in the "English wood" and "merry Carlisle" are as fine as anything we have in the way of popular poetry, and sketch a picture of old Cumbrian life, not only brilliant and effective, but very possibly historical.

Going down the main street, with its electric trams and

modern shops, you will be surprised by a pleasant feeling of breadth and picturesqueness. There are few towns with large manufacturing businesses and pushing commerce that have had the good fortune to keep in their midst so pretty and quaint a building as the old town hall. It gives an artistic character and a stamp of aristocratic descent to the place which the castle, quite outside the thick of the houses, and the cathedral, not externally interesting, cannot contribute. You reach the cathedral by the street to the left hand. It is a fragment of the old priory church, once very magnificent, but partly destroyed when General Lesley's army of Presbyterians occupied Carlisle during the Civil Wars. The Norman nave, or rather the part of it that is left, with the two short transepts, give an impression of being antechapels on an enormous scale to the choir, which seems to be, and really is, the main and important part of the building. Near the south entrance is a pane of glass in a frame against the wall, covering a stone on which is scratched in twelfth century Runic characters—"Tolfihn yraita thæsi rynr a thisi stain," which needs little interpretation to make you understand that "Dolfin," not the lord of Carlisle in 1092, but some namesake half a century later, "wrote these runes on this stone." The most interesting points in the aisles are the ancient paintings behind the choir stalls, the capitals of the piers, and the splendid east window; there are also some monuments of mediæval and modern times, more fully noticed in the Gazetteer at the end of this volume. In the old priory precincts are the Fratry, once the monks' dining-hall, and the square tower of the deanery, once the prior's lodging; the modern houses in the "Abbey," so called, are the residences of the cathedral canons.

Of other ancient buildings there are not many in the city. The late Chancellor Ferguson, in his "Official Guide to Carlisle" (C. Thurnam & Sons, 1896), says that the picturesque Redness Hall, which looks over the Green Market (formerly the Bull Ring), is a fine

Edwardian building; each of the eight ancient guilds has a room in it. There is another Edwardian house in the King's Arms Lane. Tullie House, between the cathedral and the castle, not only contains a good library and museum, but is itself an interesting specimen of seventeenth-century architecture.

The Bishop's residence is seven miles south of Carlisle, at Rose Castle, which grew out of the pele built by Bishop Halton in the thirteenth century. In 1322 it was destroyed by Robert Bruce, and restored by Bishop Strickland in the fifteenth century. In the Civil Wars it was captured by the Parliamentarians and used as a prison; after recapture by the Royalists it was again taken and burnt. Bishops Rainbow and Smith rebuilt it, and at the two Jacobite rebellions it narrowly escaped attack; in the 'Forty-five—so the tradition runs—the Highlanders arrived while the christening of Bishop Fleming's little granddaughter was going on; Captain Macdonald gave the baby a white cockade and gallantly withdrew his men.

All this country between Carlisle and Penrith is Inglewood, the Forest of the Angles, where they seem to have effected their first settlements after the taking of Carlisle by Ecgfrith. Being traversed by a Roman road, used for centuries as the main route north and south, it was exposed to every invasion, and as the Anglian power declined it seems to have lost population. When the Normans came in it was made into a royal forest, that is, hunting-ground. It was doubtless uninhabited except for a few settlements here and there, and, as the story of Adam Bell shows, it was the resort of deer-stealers and outlaws down to the time of the Tudors. The growing villages were frequently raided by Border riders, and there are various forts and earthworks which were used by the countryfolk as refuges. Some of these, no doubt, date back to very early times; some are perhaps Anglian garths; but of some—for instance, at Southernby and in Castle Sowerby—there are traditions which suggest their use down to the Elizabethan age.

With such a history Inglewood is quite a land of romance, full of legends, full of curious antiquities. No part is richer in appeals to the imagination; no part can tell you such tales, from the dimmest of Celtic traditions down to the freaks and folk-lore of that peasant life which is slowly fading — it has not wholly faded — into the light of common day.

I do not mean to drag you round this piece of country now, for we have much to do, and Cumberland is so full of story and scenery that every point cannot be dwelt upon, or even touched upon. But if you look up in our Gazetteer such places as Westward with St. Hilda's hermitage, Sebergham and its poet, Caldbeck and John Peel, Castle Sowerby and its forts, Hutton-in-the-Forest with the halls and remains round about it, Plumpton and the Roman camp, Great Salkeld Church, Lazonby Fell, Hesket and the Viking's grave-hoard—these are only part of the varied interests you may find in Inglewood.

Then the Eden river is worthy of its name,[1] if a broad and winding stream, lofty wooded banks, castles and churches and pretty villages, can make an earthly Paradise. It is hard to modulate the strain of praise and to measure the appeal of this kind against that kind of landscape; to many people these river-banks are more beautiful than Scafell; our greatest artists have shown more enjoyment in painting dales than peaks, and here you have this manner in perfection.

Following the stream there is Edenhall—who does not know the Luck of Edenhall? There are Langwathby and Little Salkeld, two quite different styles of charming rusticity. There is the wonderful stone and circle of Long Meg and her daughters, Addingham Church with its

[1] Warwick Hall gardens lie along the bank. The lady of the place was teaching a class of small girls, and asked, "Where did Adam and Eve live?" "Doon watter side," said one; "in Pairker's garden." But, of course, Eden is a river-name found elsewhere, perhaps Celtic.

crosses, and Kirkoswald, the delightfully rambling old market-town, with its ancient church and ruined castle. Then you come to the pretty Croglin and Nunnery, the gorge of Eden deepening into still more beautiful strength; Armathwaite, and near Armathwaite Castle the site famous in ballad and romance where King Arthur fought the giant of Castle Ewain beside the Tarn Wathelayne. And so down to the ravine that divides Corby Castle on its wooded cliffs from the ruined fragments of Wetheral Priory. Down among the trees by a little path from the Priory you reach the Safeguards, or St. Constantine's Cells, cut into the face of the sandstone wall of rock, near some Roman inscriptions, and built up with mediæval masonry; hermitage of the British king whom St. Kentigern called to missionary labour and martyrdom, or of his votary, for the Priory was dedicated to him; and later perhaps a refuge in times of trouble. Over the pleasant village green and past the cross you find the church, with curious architecture and ancient effigies, and Nollekens the sculptor's masterpiece in the Howard Chapel. A little farther down stream you reach its confluence with the Irthing and the unique old church of Warwick, remarkable for its Norman apse and narrow lights, and walls like the walls of a castle. I know I have been galloping through many a place where you would linger, but we have still farther to go and still finer things to see before we return to Carlisle.

Our course now lies up the Irthing; open here with a broad valley, but gradually narrowing and then entering the hills, until it loses itself on the lofty moors behind Bewcastle, where the heights rise to 1700 feet above the sea. To the right of the main road, a little above Warwick Bridge, is Hayton and its moated castle-hill. Soon we cross the Gelt. It was at the Hell Beck that Lord Hunsdon, Queen Elizabeth's cousin, defeated Leonard Dacre (1569), and put an end to the Rising of the North. A mile up stream from Low Gelt Bridge is the Written

Rock, like that at Wetheral, with a Roman inscription, which, as Tennyson wrote—

> "The vexillary
> Hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt,"

to record the working of the quarries, A.D. 207, under the Emperor Severus. A third set of Roman inscriptions is at Coome Crag, a quarter mile south of Wallbowers, opposite Nether Denton Church.

Brampton lies a mile and a half away from its railway station, in a valley between the Gelt and the Irthing. In the middle of the town is the market-place, and in the middle of the market-place is the Moot Hall, built 1817, and enlarged 1897; the iron stocks and the bull-ring have been preserved, and are still to be seen, replaced in the square. In the modern church are fine Burne-Jones windows; the old church is a mile west of the town, now used as a mortuary chapel; near it are two embanked spaces which used to be called a Roman camp until recent excavation proved that they were later than Roman and not military, perhaps one of those early settlers' garths of which we have seen examples. At the east end of the town is a fine mote-hill or burg. The house in High Cross Street occupied by Mr. R. Grange, and called Prince Charlie's House, was the young Chevalier's headquarters for a week in 1745; here he received the Mayor and Corporation of Carlisle when they brought him the keys of the city.

Across the river is Irthington, where there is the Norman church of St. Kentigern and between it and the river another burg or mote-hill. Near the bridge by which we crossed the Irthing from Brampton is a third, and, to anticipate a little, a fourth and a fifth are at Denton Hall and at the interesting early Norman church of Over Denton. It was supposed by Chancellor Ferguson and other antiquaries that these mote-hills were the abodes of the first Anglian settlers, but it is not certain they were so early; indeed,

at Aldingham and Beckermet we have seen how they were definitely associated with the Norman settlement; and here two out of four occur close to early Norman churches. Most of the early Norman lords did not at once build stone castles; the peles are two or three hundred years later than the conquest; it is probable that these mote-hills are eleventh or twelfth century, and Norman, though it is possible that some may be earlier.

Lanercost Priory.

At Newtown we find the Wall and Vallum once more. In the garden of Castlesteads was a station which has yielded many altars and other remains. From Walton a lane runs along the Wall past the sites of three mile-castles, and just before you reach the road leading down to Lanercost is the place where the Wall stands nearly ten feet high; the facing stones now seen are a modern addition to preserve the remains.

Here we can turn off to Lanercost and Naworth. The ruins of the Priory are second only to Furness Abbey in

beauty and interest as ruins, and they stand in much more delightful scenery, in a broader valley, with loftier hills around and a fine river running past them under richly wooded banks. This Priory of Austin Canons was founded by Robert de Vallibus (de Vaux) about 1169; the tablet at the west end of the church giving 1116 is erroneous. Edward I. stayed here in 1280 and 1306, when the place was at its prime. In 1311 Robert Bruce, and in 1346 David, King of Scots, invaded and left the place ruined and crippled for ever after. At the dissolution in 1536 it was given to the Dacres of Lanercost, who made their manor-house out of part of the buildings. The west gateway of the precinct is still standing, through which you enter a broad green field with the church opposite and on the right the parsonage, built around a pele which may be the work of Edward I. On the left is the base of a cross; the shaft with inscription dated 1214 is inside the church.

The priory buildings are late twelfth and thirteenth century; and consist of the great church, with the cloister, to the south of which is a range of buildings, with a crypt now used as a museum for Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood—though Lanercost itself was not a Roman station. West of the cloister is the Dacre Hall and Tower. The chapter-house, formerly on the east of the cloister, is destroyed. The west end of the church is restored for use; behind it is the ruined chancel in which are a number of monuments. One of these is an effigy of about 1400, on which an inscription for "John Crow, 1708," has been rudely cut. Another is the fragment of an effigy of Roland de Vaux of Triermain, a name familiar in poetry; the verses once on his tomb are reproduced on a tablet in the church, though the date there given is too early. In the north aisle of the choir is the altar-tomb of Lord Humphrey Dacre and his wife (died 1500), great-aunt to Queen Catherine Parr; on the south side of the choir is the tomb of Lord

Thomas Dacre who commanded the horse at the battle of Flodden. Scott brings him into the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," but, with a great artist's disregard for the verities of chronology, makes him contemporary with "Belted Will," who was not born until after his death. It was this tomb which was robbed of the coffin and corpse in 1775, and a rather naïvely-worded advertisement was published in the papers of the day—"Whereas some evil-disposed person did sometime this spring enter into the ruinous parts of Lanercost Church or Priory, and did feloniously take away from out of a vault in the said church a lead coffin" and so forth, offering ten guineas reward. At that time the place was neglected, and it is said that some of the corpses in the vaults were lying exposed, among them a venerable man with a long white beard. Now, however, you see at every turn the evidences of good feeling and good taste, preserving the charm of the ruins; even though part of the ancient site is turned to modern use, it is to a congenial and right use, not out of harmony with the surroundings and associations. You have not to look far for the reason; the new monuments—interesting in themselves as the work of Boehm and Burne-Jones—tell you that Lanercost is in the keeping of the artist-lord of Naworth Castle.

The history of Naworth—the New-ward—does not begin very early, though it became the greatest and most famous of the Border castles on the western side. In 1313 Ranulf de Dacre—so named from the place near Penrith, which Bede called Dacore, not from the town of Acre in Palestine—married Margaret de Multon, the heiress of the barony of Gilsland; in fact he ran away with her from the custody of the Earl of Warwick. In 1335 he got the usual licence to crenellate, which implied that he was building a fortress. There may have been already some little pele on the rocky height, the angle of hill between two streams where Naworth stands; but Ranulf made it into a castle on the plan of other castles we have

visited, cutting the neck of land across with a moat, enclosing a court with a curtain wall, and building therein a tower with some chambers and offices adjoining. Humphrey Dacre was Warden of the Marches in the time of Richard III. His son Thomas carried off another heiress—Elizabeth of Greystoke; fought at Flodden, and was buried in a splendid tomb at Lanercost in 1525. His wealth enabled him to enlarge and adorn the castle, building the great hall in which are the four great beasts—the Bull and Griffin of Dacre, the Dolphin of Howard of Greystoke, and the Sheep of Multon, besides many interesting old pictures. He built also the tower carried on arches, known as Lord William Howard's Tower. His successors lived chiefly at Kirkoswald Castle; but when the last male heir died—a little boy who was killed by a fall from a vaulting horse—Naworth came by marriage to Lord William Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk. Leonard Dacre, the uncle of the heiress, disputed her title and seized Naworth; we have seen how he fought at the Hell Beck and how the Rising of the North came to an end. Lord William Howard was sent to the Tower of London, and it was only after paying a fine of £10,000 to Queen Elizabeth that he got possession of his barony (1601). Thenceforward he lived chiefly here until 1640. From these dates it is easy to see that Bauld Willie, as he was called, was not the great scourge of the moss-troopers whom Scott represents under the name of Belted Will, though he was a magnate of the Border in the reigns of the first James and Charles. His real character was scholarly rather than warlike; he was interested in antiquities, such as the Bewcastle cross; his library still remains in the room at the top of the tower which he used as a study. There is a story that once when he was deep in his books, word was brought of the capture of a notorious Scot: "Hang him!" grumbled the student, and they hung him. But this, we are assured, is a myth and a libel. Lord William did much for the repairs of the castle; also built the

bridge that leads to Lanercost. From him Naworth descends to its present owner, the ninth Earl of Carlisle, whose ancestor, Sir Charles Howard, received the earldom from Charles II. in 1661.

Going up the park towards the station, on the left, between the lodge and the railway-line, is a lofty ring-embankment, known as Tower Tye. Chancellor Ferguson thought it as old as the Neolithic age; but it must be noted that another very like it, called Watch Hill, stands near Triermain, and it is possible that such ramparts were serviceable in Border troubles before the age of peles, but much later than the Stone age.

Passing Denton Hall, an ancient manor house, and the ancient Church of Over Denton, built of Roman stones in the earliest Norman period, we come to Gilsland station. Gilsland is properly the name of the whole district, *i.e.* the land of Gillēs, a Celtic name which, like Malise, means "the servant of Jesus." Gilles, son of Bueth or Boyd, was the owner in the early part of the twelfth century; of Gallgael or Galloway Viking descent, as it seems from the mingled Norse and Celtic names of his connections.

Gilsland is associated with Scott, who stayed at the Spa, in 1797 (afterwards "The Shaws" Hotel, now

closed), and there met his "fate" in the person of Charlotte Carpenter, whom he married at Carlisle. The Popping Stone is the local name for the spot where he "popped the question," beside a hawthorn tree, which they call the Kissing bush. They have chipped half the stone away for relics (charms indeed), and the place has been vulgarised by trippers, but it is a very lovely and romantic neighbourhood, with its wooded cliffs and gorges, valley below and moors above. Here Scott rambled and read up local antiquities in Gordon's "Itinerarium," and gathered the impressions from which he afterwards drew the scenery of the opening chapters of "Guy Mannering." Mumps Ha', much altered externally, was the tavern where Captain Vanbeest Brown met Dandie Dinmont. Tib Mumps was the mistress of the house—Margaret Teasdale, whose tombstone is in Over Denton Church, recording her death on "May 5, 1777, aged 98 years," with these verses:—

> "What I was once, some may relate;
> What I am now is each one's fate;
> What I may be, none can explain
> Till He that called me calls again."

A strange epitaph for a life of lawlessness, of which gruesome tokens were found in her house. Beside the great fireplace is a cupboard; behind it was a secret door leading to a stairway in the chimney: there they found, some years ago, the skeleton of a child; and in another part the bones of a hand.

At Gilsland station you find the Roman Wall and Vallum once more. Eastward they run into Northumberland, where we must not follow them. Westward they cross a bend of the Irthing, where we can rejoin them by taking the road to Birdoswald. Here the Wall coincides with our road, and behind the farm is a very famous "camp," known to the Romans as Amboglanna, where the turf wall can be traced by its ditch running into the camp from Wallbowers on the west. The Vallum, between the turf wall and the lofty

banks of the river, makes a curve, as excavations have shown, to avoid the fort. Part of the Vallum has disappeared by the crumbling of the cliffs along which it was carried. The view over the Irthing below, and Denton beyond, and the distant hills with Skiddaw far away, is very beautiful; the walk northward along the track of the Roman road, which Scott and other writers after him miscalled the Maiden Way, is well worth taking—even if you wander from the direct line, as you probably will. It is a wild

The Irthing Valley.

country of desolate moors, up and down among heather, and bent, and bog, crossing deep dells with roaring streams at the bottom of them, and wide stretches of brown hill, dotted with sheep and with the famous black cattle they breed on these lonely farms. Curlew and pewits whirl overhead; the distant plain rises into view as you climb Gillalees Beacon. From this height, over 1000 feet above sea, you get "a glorious vision of deep blue distance, and the Solway all silver, and Carlisle like a toy-town with every tower detailed against its wreathing smoke, and on either side Skiddaw and Criffel shouldering back their companies of mountain-tops, that seem to represent the old

opposing powers of two kingdoms, eyeing one another before the battle."

Then you drop down upon Bewcastle. It can be approached by road from Brampton, passing Lanercost and the Wall, and the Dacres' old Castle of Askerton, a fine ride of twelve miles; but the moorland walk is a grander introduction to this most interesting of Border sites.

Down at the bottom of a deep valley, surrounded with high moor and mountain, the stream winds sharply round a rocky headland. Below, there is a ford with a footbridge and a cluster of cottages; above, the church and castle-ruins rise behind the rectory, which is perched on the brow of the bluff. Here stood a Roman fort, still earlier there was a British stronghold. Here, A.D. 670, or thereabouts, died King Alchfrith, son of the great Oswy of Northumbria. He was the friend of St. Wilfrith, by whom first the arts of Gaul and Italy were brought over to England, to adorn the newly planted church. Alchfrith was the person whose influence mainly contributed, in the famous conference at Whitby (664), to turn English Christianity away from the rude, though zealous, Irish missionaries, and to attach it to the civilising organisation of Rome. He was the instrument of the conversion of the Midlands, and of the conquest of Cumbria; for it was in the first year of his brother's reign (the Ecgfrith who gave Carlisle to St. Cuthbert) that this cross, as its Runic inscription tells, was set up on Cumbrian soil to the Anglian leader, who no doubt died here of wounds or sickness in the act of conquest. In the eleventh century, Bueth, the father of the Gillēs who gave his name to Gilsland, had his castle here, whence the name of Bewcastle. Later still, the existing castle was built—the scene of innumerable raids and repulses. In the fourteenth century, during the reaction after Edward I. and his great successes against Scotland, Bewcastle was so ruined that there was no priest to the church for many years. After Flodden, it regained its importance as a Border hold. Jack à Musgrave,

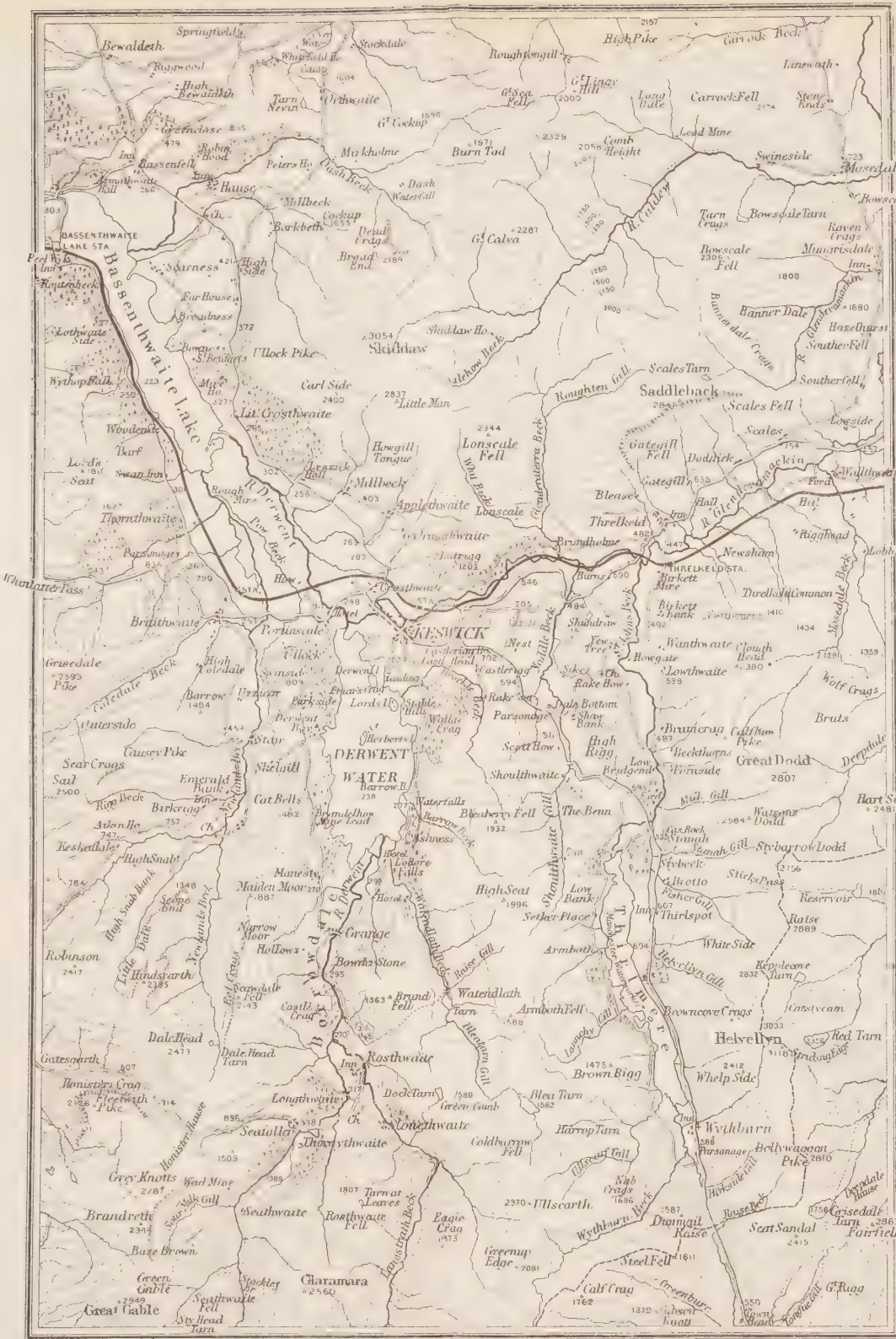
captain of Bewcastle, doubted by the English and dreaded by the Scots, held it in Tudor times; and even when the days of Border wars were over, the Bewcastle folk were known up to the 19th century for a rough and dangerous crew. It used to be said, though the gravestones prove it a libel, that only the womenkind were buried here: the men were all hanged, sooner or later, at Carlisle! But times have changed; in this parish a population of nearly eight hundred keeps itself in order with one policeman, but it is still uninvaded by the railway, and both riches and poverty are as unknown as in the "good old days."

Northward, up the Bailey, a few miles of hill road bring us to the Kershope Burn and Scotland. At Kershope foot we turn to the south-west and pass down beautiful Liddesdale by Stonehouse Tower and Canonbie to the waters-meet of Liddel and Esk. High on the cliff are the great embankments of the Moat or Liddel Strength, an early Norman fortress, possibly pre-Norman, but first named in the twelfth century; not Roman, as used to be said. Here Sir William Selby and his garrison were starved out by David Bruce, and the brave defender was beheaded after the Scots had strangled his two sons before his eyes. Pleasanter memories attach to Netherby, where the young Lochinvar of Scott's ballad won his bride. The hall of the Grahams is built round a pele on a Roman site; on the opposite bank of Esk is another pele near the church. In the Debateable Land, on Sollom Moss, Sir Thomas Dacre in 1542 overthrew a great host and took 1200 Scotsmen prisoners, the flower of their nobility. It was for this King James V. died of a broken heart, so the popular story ran, leaving his crown to the new-born Mary Queen of Scots.

But there is a much older and more dreamy romance haunting the place. The story is that St. Kentigern, praying in retreat among the forests of Strathclyde, met a strange being, "naked and hairy," the ancient Latin *Life* says, "a wild madman: who, bidden speak and

tell his name, replied, 'I am Merlin, once a prophet; dreeing my weird in the wilderness. For it was I that egged them on to fight—all those who were slain yonder in the great battle betwixt *Lidel* and *Carvanolow*.'" This battle, we learn from various other sources, was fought A.D. 573, and gave the Celtic Christians the decisive victory which placed Aidan on the throne of Dalriada (the Western Highlands), and made Rhydderch of Carlisle king of all Strathclyde, with Kentigern as his bishop. It is famous in Welsh annals and poems as the battle of Arthuret (Ardderyd or Armterid). The leader of the pagan enemy was Gwenddoleu, whose caer or castle, Carvanolow, is identified with Carwhinelow or Carwinley close at hand. But how comes Merlin the Seer among all these historical verities or probabilities?

One might dream great poems at Arthuret under the quaint churchyard cross; but you must not forget that Archie Armstrong is buried there—King Charles's jester, who said to Laud, "Wha's feule now?" And for poet as for prelate, imagination is a good servant but a bad master.



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KESWICK AND NEIGHBOURHOOD

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KESWICK AND THIRLMERE

Ruskin at Friar's Crag—Wanted: a Scott—Legends of Derwentwater—The Stonesmith's Workshop—The Great Circle—Shoulthwaite Castle—The Burg of Borrowdale—Peel Wyke—St. Kentigern and St. Herbert—The Norse Settlement—The Origin of the Statesmen—Old-time Dalesfolk—The Lake-district farmhouse—Borrowdale "gowks"—Ancient customs—The German miners—The Ratcliffes of Derwentwater—Pencils—Keswick Worthies—Coleridge and Southey—Skiddaw and Saddleback—The Spectres of Souther-fell—Borrowdale beauties—Over the Moors to Thirlmere—Haunted Armboth—"The Shadow of a Crime"—The Castle Rock and St. John's Vale—Old roads and new—The Steading Stone and the Rock of Names—Old Inns—Wythburn Church—Dunmail Raise.

"THE first thing which I remember as an event in life," said Ruskin, "was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater; the intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots, over the crag, into the dark lake. . . ."

Not only for such a memory, but for its own sake, this should be our first walk at Keswick. It is best in the calm of the morning before the crowds come to leave their sandwich papers about the seats; when not even the wake of a boat worries the reflections of sunlit islands and peaks beyond. Castlehead and Walla Crag are one broad shade, and Skiddaw to the right hand, the Lodore Crags to the left, rise into bolder light and dark than the afternoon sun will give them. At such a time I have thought the Keswick folk quite right, and their lake the prettiest.

The Ruskin monument on Friar's Crag does not tell

the rest of what he said in remembrance of his ecstasy. "Almost as soon as I could see or hear, I had got reading enough to give me associations with all kinds of scenery . . . and thus my pleasure in mountains and ruins was never, even in earliest childhood, free from a certain awe and melancholy, and general sense of the meaning of death, though in its principal influence entirely exhilarating and gladdening."

When I was a boy spending the summer in Borrowdale, and foregathering with artists of the bygone generation, I used often to hear invidious comparisons made between the Lakes and other places where people sketched. Wales, they used to say, was full of romance and poetry, so was Scotland; but at the Lakes you could not get behind Wordsworth and Southey. Instead of a Llyn Taliesin here is Joanna's Bay; instead of Yarrow only the water coming down at Lodore. They thought the sentiment too cheap and recent; for of course, in those days, nearly forty years ago, painters were not ashamed of a literary subject. But the lament was quite unnecessary. It is true that the legends of Cumberland are not written large in its place-names; and they have not been exploited by writers of power enough to make them popular. Wordsworth was not at his best when he versified Nicolson and Burn, the old county history; and some local romancers like Dr. Pagen White, have not really made the most of their materials. But the history is there—waiting for our Walter Scott.

Take merely the neighbourhood of Keswick and see how much there was going on—good, sound material for a novelist or a poet—before ever Coleridge came to Greta Hall. I am not going to write a history of the parish, but only to jot down a few of the leading points.

If you look into the Keswick Museum you will see a case full of the stone tools and weapons of Neolithic men. There were no Palæolithic people in our Lake counties, so it is thought; but we have a special local type of axehead

made of the greenstone from the higher fells, which means that Ab and his friends—you have read "the Story of Ab"?—were a big clan hereabouts, in the days before the rocks in the valley had been levelled up with peat-growths, and while monstrous beasts ramped about the forest. Near Portinscale a pond was dug (November, 1901), and under the soil there was the workshop of one of these ancient stonesmiths; the round cobbles he had been making into axeheads (celts), and the axeheads themselves lying about unfinished—even the chips from them. Why, I wonder, did he and his kindred leave these things forgotten there?

Every one visits the Druid circle, and it is worth visiting. Long Meg by the Eden is grander, and Sunkenkirk near Millom is in wilder scenery; but the Keswick circle is the most beautifully placed—Skiddaw, Blencathara, Helvellyn, and all the mountains looking at it, at the ring of great grey stones, a mysterious conclave. What could they tell us if we asked them rightly? They might say with some scorn that they are ages older than the Druids, and that they know nothing about shrieking holocausts and fiery Moloch-worship. Were they the sepulchre of some great chief, as so many of the smaller circles were? No; so far as we have been able to inquire of them—putting the question with pick and spade—these greater circles are not sepulchral. What then? We are still waiting for their reply.

Yonder from the circle, up that narrow dell to the right of the Benn which hides Thirlmere, is a lofty rock standing precipitously above the ravine. The peak of the rock is joined to the mountain side by a narrow green neck of land, and on this neck are three great trenches. This is Shoulthwaite Castle, said to have been used by the dalesfolk as a refuge in times of raid, but of unknown antiquity. The Castle crag of Borrowdale was no doubt used as a stronghold at many different periods. Near the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake, in the bit of land between the railway

and the Pheasant Inn, Peel Wyke, there is another such ancient fort on a steep rocky hill, not so high, but with finer ramparts to defend the flat grassy top. Nowadays the trees have grown thick and tall around it, but you can see what a commanding site, what a view of lake and mountain the guardians of the place must have had before their eyes. It was just over the hill from here, at Embleton, that the famous sword now in the British Museum was found, an iron blade in a bronze sheath, with red and green jewels on the hilt—the Excalibur of some ancient Briton not without wealth and art.

Of Roman settlement in the Keswick neighbourhood there is little to be certain about. No doubt the valley would be known and traversed, but if they had a "camp" it is not now to be seen. After they left, the Cymric age gives us the story of St. Kentigern: how (about A.D. 550) he came into these mountains from Carlisle to preach to the half-savage and heathen hill-folk. Jocelin of Furness, who compiled a life of the saint from Irish records going back, no doubt, to very early times, tells us that he set up a cross in a thickly wooded place, called Crosfeld, where, when Jocelin wrote (about 1180), a church had lately been built and dedicated to St. Kentigern. Now *feld* in English is the Norse *thwaite*, and at Crosthwaite St. Kentigern's church was built in Jocelin's day. This is fact, if the legend of the saint's visit be doubted.

Rather more than a century after Kentigern, wild and remote Derwentwater was chosen for his hermitage by St. Herbert, the friend of St. Cuthbert. Bede tells us that every year the friends used to meet; what adventurous travelling among the unknown fells and the foes of the English, hardly yet subdued! These two saints prayed that they might die on the same day, which was granted to them in the year 687. As the twelfth-century church revived the remembrance of St. Kentigern, so the fourteenth century revived St. Herbert's; a cell was built upon his island—his own hut had long since disappeared, of course

—and annual pilgrimages were instituted. It is a curious fact that there was found, near the stone axes just mentioned, and about the same time, a little mould for making such crucifixes as were sold to pilgrims. It was close to the old road called Finkle Street, leading to Nichol-end landing, where folk would take boat to visit St. Herbert's island. Perhaps there was a booth and workshop there to catch the pilgrims on their way. How little the mediæval lead-founder guessed that another and very different craftsman had been at work, ages before, on the spot; and that the relics of both would be shown—as they are in the Keswick Museum—to quite a new sort of pilgrims in the twentieth century.

After St. Herbert there is a long silence. We have no reason to suppose that the Angles of Northumbria—still less the Saxons of the south—made any considerable or permanent settlements within the fells of the lakes, though they did in the surrounding country. In the neighbourhood of Keswick nearly all the place-names have a Scandinavian form. There are a few Celtic. Derwent, like the other great rivers, naturally keeps its early name, but Greta is Norse, and all the *becks* and *gills*, *forces* and *tarns*. There are a few *glens* and a *strath*, but *dale*, *scarth*, *gap*, *door*, and so forth, are Norse. Blencathara is a Welsh mountain-name; Glaramara, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw are doubtful — "Skedo" is the oldest form of the last, perhaps for "Sked-how," whatever that means; and Helvellyn was convertible with Lauvellin, *hill* and *law* being nearly synonymous. But all the *fells*, *bells*, *pikes*, *howes*, *nabs*, *snabs*, *sides*, *seats*, and *moors* are Norse or English. Of village names most are Norse *thwaites*, or have some reference to farming, as we noticed before. *Lath* or *laithe*, a barn; *sty*, a ladder or steep path; *rake* and *gate*, a path; *carr*, a swampy coppice; *ness*, *hause*, *holme* (often dropping to *ham*), are all very common. *Seat* usually means a "sæter" or outlying chalet, as in Seat-thwaite and Seatoller — the last part of Seatoller is not ascertained. In

Gutherscale near Swinside, we seem to have the *skáli* or shed of Guthred or Guthorm or some such name, like Gutterby near Bootle; in Portinscale (Portenskell in 1702) we have another early farm-building, though the first part of the name has not been satisfactorily explained. Of course the original tongue of the Viking settlers gradually became more and more like English, but it lasted long enough for many twelfth-century places to have names of quite Danish or Norse form: for example, Rickerby, Botchardby, Aglionby, and even Parsonby. Bassenthwaite was so called from a Norman owner. I suppose one might even now build a new house and call it, say, Mossgarth, which would be quite Norse; so that it must not be inferred that every such name implies an original Viking settlement. But the name Borrowdale is a good proof that not only Norse, but grammatical Norse, was talked by the people who finally settled here. In the Furness Abbey records — for that abbey held it, whence their "Grange"—it is written *Borcheredal*, that is *Borgardalr* in Icelandic, the "dale of the Borg" (Castle Crag, I suppose), *borgar* being the proper genitive. The *r* of the nominative *dalr* has dropped out in all English-Scandinavian names, as it has in Norway; if indeed it was ever sounded by the folk who settled here. One more name we must mention, and that is most puzzling of all. Many guesses have been made at "Keswick," but in vain. It was *Keswyk* in 1292, like a place in Norfolk, but different from several Kelsicks which were *Keld-syke*, the "brook from the spring."

So we have those farming colonists gradually going farther up the dales from Danish and Norse settlements in the lower ground, clearing the woods and keeping their horses, cattle, and sheep on the fells: this would be in the tenth and eleventh centuries. They were not left in peace, for King Edmund in 945 and King Ethelred in 1000 invaded Cumbria, partly, if not chiefly, because the great kings of the south, to whom Vikings of all sorts were

natural enemies, distrusted any such encroachments on their borderland. But whatever damage and devastation was done by these and other wars, the descendants of the Northmen became the ancestors of the dalesmen.

At first the farmers of the dales were free men, squatters in the woods of No-man's-land. During the twelfth century even the mountains began to feel the grip of the Norman settlement, barons and abbots from their lowland castles gradually getting more and more hold of the *hinterland.* Not without resistance the dalesmen became tenants of feudal lords, but even so they were not in the condition of the villeins of other counties; they kept many customary privileges, amounting to something very like independence. When an explanation of this unusual state of things was required, it was said that they held their lands on condition of repelling Scottish invasion—a constant and heavy task, which entitled them to greater advantages than other tenants: they held by Border tenure. When the Scottish Solomon became James I. of England, he perceived that Border service was out of date, and that much money might be raised by driving that fact home to its logical conclusion. The Crown was lord of many manors in which the farms were held by Border tenure; Border service was no longer given, therefore the Crown might seize the lands. Other lords of manors followed the king's example, and there were riots and lawsuits, and it seemed as if the Star-Chamber would, as usual, carry out the king's will. But for once old use and immemorial rights prevailed over the king and the lords and the great legal fiction of Border tenure. The courts decided that the estates of the tenants were "estates of inheritance at the will of the lord, descendible from ancestor to heir according to the several customs of the several manors whereof they are holden" —quite apart from service against raiders and invaders; and thus the statesmen (estatesmen) of the Lake counties came into being.

It was this independence that made the dalesfolk such

interesting characters. They were practically their own masters all through the times of the Stuarts and the Georges. Their life was like that of the Swiss or the Icelanders, where every farm is a separate estate; every farmer was practically his own landlord. There were few gentlefolk, very few great folk, and no sort of notion about emulating the grandeurs of town or castle. Every one's position was assured in a way we can hardly realise now; it did not even depend upon the state of the market, for each family raised and manufactured its own food and clothing, and wanted no more. They were forced to be careful, but they had no one to cringe to. The priest, as they still called their clergyman, was usually the only superior person in the dale, but he was often one of the poorest, ekeing out £5 a year with annual gift of clothes and clogs, and getting his daily dinner at other folk's houses—whittlegate, they called it, the run of his knife. He was one of themselves, a farmer's younger or less sturdy son, who had been kept at school, and had not risen in the Church. Some rose high, for with all their rusticity the dalesfolk had brains, and produced many eminent clergy, lawyers, and merchants. Odd things happened when they came back to visit their relations. Miss Noble, in her "History of Bampton," tells how the great Bishop Gibson, Anglo-Saxon scholar, translator of Camden, and so forth, came to see his sister, and sat by the fire while she cooked the dinner. He thought her cooking was not quite clean, and said so. "What," she said, "we mun all eat a peck of dirt before we die." "Yes," said he, "but not all at once, Mary, not all at once." Some of the clever dalesmen stayed at home. In Bampton it was said they drove the plough in Latin. At Ulpha some college lads asked for their bill in Latin and got it in Greek. There were several noted mathematicians among the cottage-folk of a hundred years ago.

The Lake-district house, which first set Ruskin writing on "the Poetry of Architecture," was the ordinary states-

man's house, not Levens or Workington Hall. It is a comparatively modern type. Before the civil wars poor folk lived in a ruder kind of cottage, still sometimes seen in outhouses. They set up two pair of "siles," rough crooked beams forming a Gothic arch; then thatched a roof nearly down to the ground on each side, and built up the rest with wattle-and-daub (the clay daubings) or with stones, where stone was handier than clay. This was enlarged by adding another bay, with another pair of siles. But in the seventeenth century the statesmen began to build better houses in imitation of the Jacobean manor halls, and evolved a type of their own—the low, rough-cast building with porch and penthouse (outside stair and gallery), dead-nailed door and massive threshwood, house-place with mullioned windows, and behind the rannal-balk a great open fire-spot where peats burned on the cobble-paved hearth, under the pot hanging from the ratten-crook; upstairs was the long loft, where the family slept unashamed, as in the Icelandic *badstofa*. Outwardly this was charming, especially with its big trees that overhung the mossy slates, and the massive chimneys, sometimes round and sometimes square. A bit of garden, in which you saw the rock sticking out, and a few clipped yews, and a humble imitation of the Elizabethan courtyard formed by the outbuildings, made the homestead a most picturesque feature, absolutely in harmony with the landscape.

Sheep were the chief care; the Herdwick sheep that keep their heads to the wind, and know their own "heaf" on the fells where they are pastured in summer, every flock to its own "stint." Before winter most were killed off and the mutton-hams hung in the chimney; there is no better mutton than the Herdwick sheep. Oats were grown and made into porridge, a few cows gave the milk, and the farmer's wife brewed ale. There was a certain amount of illicit whisky-distilling, too, in the later times, of which many a tale is told; and there was some drinking on market days; but the folk were mainly sober, hard-working,

self-reliant, cautious, close-fisted, hospitable, humorous mortals.

Borrowdale was the Gotham of Cumberland. Every one knows the old stories: how they built a wall to keep the gowk (cuckoo) in, so that it might always be summer, but it just hopped over the comb of the wall—another stone would have held it!—how the rain fell on the lime and the

carter tumbled it into the beck to put the fire out!—how they were puzzled by a mule, and called it a peacock (I have myself heard a child at a fell-farm ask if a donkey was a camel!)—and how the old farmer stuck in his stirrups, a new invention, and sat on horseback all night, till at a bright idea he was lifted off, saddle and all; and at last, by the scholar's advice, they hoisted him out of his clogs.

Some of the old customs were curious: the sweet-butter (with sugar and rum), always eaten at a birth; the "Old Wife Do" at the month's end, when the women jumped the can with a besom stuck in it, and the lads raided the house

and stole the sweet-butter; the wedding-race home from church; the bride throwing her stocking at the lasses; the "laiting" or "bidding" to the funeral, and the lifting of the coffin; the procession by some traditional corpse-road, flood or snow notwithstanding, and often a journey of miles over the fells; the arvel bread doled out to the mourners: these were survivals from very early times. The calendar was marked by Christmas merry-nights; New Year stanging (making churlish wayfarers ride the pole); Candlemas business-settlements; Collop Monday and Pancake Tuesday; Carling Sunday, when they ate fried peas at Mid-Lent; the pace-eggers' mummery at Easter; April noddies and May goslings; Mayday and midsummer bonfires; Whitsuntide hirings and holidays; waking the holy-wells; rush-bearing on the Saints' days, and the kurn suppers at harvest home;—these, with ploughings, clippings and clay-daubings (gatherings to shear a neighbour's sheep or build his house), popular fairs, hunts, and wrestlings, kept them from stagnation. Some of these customs have not died out. Like the dialect and the belief in ghosts, much of the old life survives, though you do not see it on the surface. The need-fire was lighted and cattle driven through it at the time of the cattle-plague, thirty-five years ago; and the Transactions of the local Antiquarian Society for 1901 include a paper with a suggestive title—"On some Surviving Fairies."

In the Keswick neighbourhood a curious foreign element was introduced with the German miners of Queen Elizabeth's days. The mines had been worked long before; they are mentioned under Henry III. and Edward IV., but about the year 1565 a German company began working them with improved science and skill. It is very curious, in view of the late development of scientific manufactures in Germany, to find that the Germans, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, were far ahead of the English in mining and metal-working; not only then, but two hundred years earlier, it was so. In 1350 the Alston

silver and lead mines (I do not know about the Keswick workings at that time) were managed by a German from Cologne, named Tillmann. German intelligence in such crafts is no new thing; it has not destroyed English trade in the past and it need create no rancour or fear in the future. In 1565 Thomas Thurland and Daniel Höchstetter asked the Queen to let them bring three or four hundred German miners to Keswick. The colony was very ill received by the exclusive dalesfolk; assaults and even murders are mentioned, and the Germans had to be lodged on the northernmost of the larger islands to keep them safe. They built copper-smelting works at Newlands, and on the Greta at Keswick; mined also at Coniston and elsewhere, sent a colony to Neath in South Wales, and some of them certainly made their fortunes, for the Hechstetters, Tullies, Raisleys (originally Ritseler), Caruses, Mosers, and others descended from them, took rank among the county families. Indeed, Tullie House, the finest mansion of its time in Carlisle, was built, it is thought, with money made in the Keswick mines. But the Civil Wars put an end to their operations.

It was not agreeable for the old landed gentry to see these new-come foreigners prospering where they had failed. The Ratcliffes of Lord's Island are especially mentioned among their enemies. The Ratcliffes of Dilston had got the manor in the time of Henry VI. through marriage with the heiress of the Derwentwaters, who had been lords of the neighbourhood since the time of Edward I. They too became mine-owners under James I., and enriched themselves out of the Alston mines. James II. gave them a peerage, the earldom of Derwentwater; and they remained staunch to the Jacobite cause. The last earl joined in the rising of 1715, and was beheaded in spite of powerful friends and the prayers of his young wife. The story goes that she escaped from Lord's Island up the Lady's Rake (path), a steep gully in Walla Crag, and so made her way to London on the fruitless errand; but this is doubtful. Pennant (1774) alludes to the place as the

Lady's Leap. The night after the Earl's execution there was a great display of Aurora Borealis, and the countryfolk thenceforward called it "Lord Derwentwater's Lights." After the fall of the family their mansion on Lord's Island was left to ruin. A bell that used to hang there was used as the clock bell for the Keswick courthouse or town hall, and it has puzzled many antiquaries by its inscription, "H D 1001 RO"; one thing is certain, that it does not date from A.D. 1001.

The town got its market charter from Edward I., and was something of a business place—what with the mining population and the old woollen industries, as at Kendal, and later in its history the pencil manufacture. At the end of the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth century pencils were made by hand, each separately and laboriously, from the famous Borrowdale "wad," "black cawke," or black-lead, got at the mine near Seathwaite; before that the "wad" was used for casting shot and shells. The mine was worked before the seventeenth century, and it was so valuable that an Act was passed under George II. to make any theft from it a felony; they had even to protect the mine with firearms from determined and organised robbery. The pencil-making still goes on though the mines are closed, and it is one of the sights of Keswick. A modern industry no less worthy of mention is that of the artistic handicrafts begun by Mr. Oddie of Lyzzick and developed by Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley. Such things are carried on elsewhere—at Kirkby Lonsdale, Burneside, Windermere, and Langdale; but the Keswick schools have been particularly successful.

Among the earlier worthies of Keswick were Sir John Bankes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas under Charles I., and the Speddings, of whom one has been mentioned in connection with the Whitehaven mines, together with Dr. Brownrigg of Ormathwaite (1711–1800), the eminent early chemist. When the first tourists were discovering the beauties of the Lakes, on the tracks of Gray the poet,

Pennant the antiquary, and Mrs. Radcliffe the novelist, the chief figure at Keswick was Peter Crosthwaite (1735–1808), a native who had been in the naval service in the East Indies. He opened a museum in the Square (1780) with local antiquities and natural history, which was a great attraction until its dispersion in 1870, since when the museum in Fitz Park has been formed. He also organised the once famous regattas (1781–1790), made maps of the Lakes and meteorological observations. Jonathan

Otley, whose "Guide" was published in 1827, was a geologist of more than local renown.

But the chief celebrities of Keswick were "off-comes," outsiders who settled there. In 1800 S. T. Coleridge, already a poet of some reputation, came to settle at Greta Hall. His wonderful "Christabel" was inspired by Lake-district legends; but after Southey joined him at Keswick he wandered away (1804), and though visiting the place occasionally never identified himself or his work with it. Robert Southey, who lived at Greta Hall from 1803 until his death in 1843, became the genius of the neighbourhood. Some of his work, like the well-known

"Lodore" (and the "Knitters of Dent," which, though not his writing, was published by him in "The Doctor"), illustrated his adopted home; but neither of the Keswick poets made the Lakes their theme as Wordsworth did.

A curious little picture of Greta Hall is given by Sara Coleridge: "Two houses interconnected under one roof; the larger part of which my parents, and my uncle and aunt Southey occupied, while the smaller was the abode of Mr. Jackson" (the master-waggoner of Wordsworth's poem). "How gravely and earnestly used S. T. C. and W. Wordsworth and my uncle Southey to discuss the affairs of the nation, as if it all came home to their business and bosoms; as if it were their private concern!" And then they used to read their poems, and poor little Sara, a child of six, was terrified at her uncle's ballads, especially at the "Old Woman of Berkeley." "Oh! the agonies I have endured between nine and twelve at night" (late hours for a little girl!) "before mamma joined me in bed, in presence of that hideous assemblage of horrors, and the horse with eyes of flame." It seems that uncle Southey only thought it funny, but Coleridge let the child have a lighted candle in her room. "From that time forth," she says, "my sufferings ceased. I believe they would have destroyed my health had they continued." All great art is praise, said Ruskin; and one sees why Southey, in spite of enormous cleverness and success, has been found wanting.

His eminence—he was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813—brought many pilgrims to Keswick. Ruskin as a little boy in 1830 went reverently to Crosthwaite Church in the hope of seeing the great poet, and wrote in his rhyming journal—Ruskin, you remember, was only eleven then—

> "His dark lightning eye made him seem half-inspired,
> Or like his own Thalaba, vengefully fired.
> We looked, and we gazed, and we stared in his face,
> Marched out at a slow stopping, lingering pace;
> And as toward Keswick delighted we walked,
> Of his face and his form and his features we talked."

At the same church we can see his grave. It is outside, near the north-west corner of the tower : and inside is the monument with Wordsworth's verses to his memory.[1] It was partly in praise of the scenery, and partly in praise of his friend Coleridge, that he had written in 1801 :—

> "What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
> Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty
> Our British Hill is nobler far ; he shrouds
> His double front among Atlantic clouds
> And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly."

Skiddaw has a claim upon us as one of the first mountains that tempted climbers for the sake of the scenery. There had been travellers and explorers, hermits and hunters before ; but I do not think it often happened that people went up to the heights for the mere pleasure of going there. Bishop Nicolson, in his diary for May 20, 1684, records that he went up Skiddaw with some friends, and about this time it seems to have been a well-known point of view. Housman, who tells the story of his climb in 1798 which he "inconsiderately undertook to perform without a guide," says that towards the northern extremity of the summit of "this stupendous mountain" where "chasms of enormous depths in the bowels of the mountains, forming steeps of slaty shiver, yawn upwards with frightful grin, and threaten to swallow inferior hills," there were ruins of a hut. "It is said," he continues, "that this building was made in 1689 by Mr. John Adams, the geographer, of a sufficient size to contain his telescopes and optic glasses, whereby he was enabled to give a better description of the two counties ; but being arrested by his engraver, and death soon following, his labours were lost." But by Housman's time there was already a track to the top ; Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote "The Mysteries of Udolpho," had published her account of the great adventure. She began by saying,

[1] For other monuments and details see Gazetteer, under Keswick.

"We stood on a pinnacle, commanding the whole dome of the sky," and concluded, "The air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold, and difficult to be inspired, though the day was, below, warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point on which we stood upon the lake of Bassenthwaite, and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of a tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half-way up Skiddaw; it was almost as if

> 'the precipitation might down stretch
> Below the beam of sight.'"

We who walk up Skiddaw as unconcernedly as we take a stroll in the park may smile; but we don't get half the pleasure those old folk got.

Saddleback, or to call it by the older, romantic name, Blencathara, is more interesting as a mountain, for it really has a bit of sharp ridge over Scales Tarn which can give a not too hardened climber the sense of mountain height. Ruskin wrote in 1867 about his walk up Saddleback, how he went up the steep front by the central ridge to the summit. "It is the finest thing I've yet seen," he said—meaning in Cumberland—"there being several bits of real crag-work, and a fine view at the top over the great plain of Penrith on one side, and the Cumberland hills, as a chain, on the other. Fine fresh wind blowing, and plenty of crows. Do you remember poor papa's favourite story about the Quaker whom the crows ate on Saddleback?"—Helvellyn, he would say, in vague remembrance of Christopher North's coarse travesty of the story which Scott and Wordsworth had told in sympathetic verse. "There were some of the biggest and hoarsest-voiced ones about the cliff that I've ever had sympathetic croaks from:—and one on the top, or near it, so big that Downes and Crawley (his servants) having Austrian tendencies in politics, took it for a 'black

eagle.' Downes went up capitally"—Downes, when I knew him a little later, was distinctly stout—"though I couldn't get him down again, because he *would* stop to gather ferns. However, we did it all and came down to Threlkeld—of the 'Bridal of Triermain'—

> 'The king his way pursued
> By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood.'"

Southerfell is the last height in the range, its name meaning not that it stands to the south, which is not the case, but evidently like the Icelandic Saudhafell—sheep-hill: we have also Southerfield, Southerstead. It is famous for the curious mirage seen there on midsummer eve, 1735. A farm-servant thought he saw troops marching over the mountain, and of course was ridiculed for the tale. Two years later the farmer's whole family saw the same thing, and they too were thought to have gone mad. So, at midsummer, 1745, they invited a large party, and all saw an army with carriages, which could not possibly be, on the top of the fell. Next day they went to look for the footprints, but in vain. It came out that the Jacobite army had been parading or marching that evening, somewhere to the north, at a great distance; and it was supposed that this was the reflection of their figures "by some transparent vapour, similar to the *fata morgana*." The same thing was seen on Helvellyn on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor; and the *Lonsdale Magazine* which collected the accounts, gave a number of similar instances.

It is not easy to write of Borrowdale without becoming too lyrical. There are no eagles now on Eagle Crag as there were a hundred years ago. Lodore—we may keep Southey's spelling, though I suppose the real name is Low-door—cannot now be dissociated from that memory-puzzling accumulation of epithets. A particularly ugly house deforms the Jaws of Borrowdale; the beck-side at Grange under the old fir-tree, beside the famous glaciated

rock, has been walled up; the quarries are spreading, and the Bowder Stone with its ladder and air of Cockney sight-seeing is an offence to many. But when you have passed these you are in ancient Borrowdale. If you are on foot, and can ramble up behind the Castle Crag, or among the woods of Longthwaite and Seatoller, or by the lovely path and over the moor to Watendlath with its little tarn and quaint old bridge and perfect Cumberland beck, broken into tiny cascades among the rocks; or if you explore the Stonethwaite valley, the queerest of hamlets, and the most idyllic of rocky garths and ferny, briery paths, leading suddenly round a crag-corner to wild, desolate Langstrath, "Glaramara's inmost caves," and the Stake Pass; or the Seathwaite Valley with its yews, "those fraternal four," and lonesome Stockley Bridge, and the grand ascent to Styhead: if you can linger here you will have your fill of beauty. It is not the part of the district which gains so much in winter, for its charm is in the richness and daintiness of foliage and frondage in the midst of strong rocky surroundings, each helping the other by the contrast; but I do not know any place where that effect is so perfect and where there is so much of it, in such variety and grace, as in Borrowdale.

Then the walk over to Thirlmere. You can get to

Thirlmere by the road from Keswick or Grasmere; hundreds, perhaps thousands, pass that way every summer, but they miss the one thing which Thirlmere has yet to show—the magnificent sight down and up, to right hand and left, when you come, after crossing the moor by Watendlath or Blea Tarn, to the brink of the fell and see Helvellyn in all its mass above you, and the lake in all its length below. Helvellyn has no peak, and hardly any crags on this side, but it has a huge mass, and an effect of size enhanced by the broken edges of the steep fellside on which you stand. Thirlmere has no expanse, but it once was the richest in story and scenery of all the lakes. The old charm of its shores has quite vanished, and the sites of its legends are hopelessly altered, so that the walk along either side is a mere sorrow to any one who cared for it before; the sham castles are an outrage and the formality of the roads, beloved of cyclists, deforms the hillsides like a scar on a face. But from this height you forget; you are conscious only of water and woods below, the vast bulk over against you, and the abrupt descent of rocks and trees down to the water's edge.

Armboth Farm used to be thought a haunted spot; there were tales of a nocturnal marriage and a murdered bride; strange lights appeared at the windows and uncanny figures were seen; there was a black dog that swam the lake of nights. Dale Head opposite was also a weird place; sometimes a fire blazed out along the roadside, above the trees, throwing showers of sparks, and disappeared leaving "nowder a black pleace nur a bit o' gurse swing't nur nea udder mark o' t' fire." There was a murder there once, and wherever a murder has happened the country-folk plant a cutting from the ancient Yggdrasil of myth-lore and it flourishes. Mr. Hall Caine has worked the legends and scenes of this dale into his novel, "The Shadow of a Crime," and they make fine material for an effective story. There is something of a romance in real life attaching to Armboth. The Jacksons of that place

were a very old land-owning family, and their representative, Miss Jackson, married a Russian Count Ossalinsky. When the Manchester scheme required the land they offered a large sum, but the lady asked thrice as much and the courts decided in her favour. The Countess Ossalinsky died in 1902, aged 81.

Old writers make much of the Castle Rock of St. John's Vale; you face it when you look east from Smaithwaite Bridge, where the now diminished river runs from one valley to the other. Sometimes it is called the Triermain Rock, only because Scott mentioned it in the course of his "Bridal of Triermain": he was versifying Hutchinson's "Excursion" (1776), which says that "the inhabitants near it assert that it is an antediluvian structure," but so bewitched that when you approach it the whole thing changes into a mere heap of rock. If Scott had known the neighbourhood he would have found a much finer subject in Shoulthwaite Castle, which is a real ancient fort, and strange enough for any amount of romance. The valley of "St. John," too, should be "of St. John's," from the little church—once perhaps a hermitage—on the hause between this valley and Naddale, through which the main road runs.

At the church is buried John Richardson, a dialect poet of much fame in Cumberland. He was born at Piper House in Naddale, 1817; began life as a mason, then became schoolmaster at Bridge House, just under the church; and died there in 1886. To strangers the unnecessarily uncouth spelling of his songs is repulsive, but nobody better painted the later dalesfolk—not the statesmen of the fine old days, but their already degenerate progeny in the nineteenth century. His old farmer, like Tennyson's, is all for "t' brass" and a good match for Sarah. He dreams that the bank has broken, and what then?—

> "Theer three clips o' woo up i' t' woo-loft;
> Them Kendal chaps bad me elebben;
> I thowt I sud hev twelve an' sixpence,
> And noo, dang't, it's com't doon to sebben . . .

I's rayder sleepy ; bit mappen
I'll dream that ill dream ageàn ;—
Bit what ! hang them Wakefields—they'll brek nin
If I nobbut let them aleànn !"

Through this narrow rocky dale ran an ancient road —reputed to be Roman, but probably mediæval—from Penrith-way past Wanthwaite to Legberthwaite, and then

over the Wath and wooden bridge, once the unique beauty of Thirlmere, and so by the western shore of the lake, up and down the crags, and round the bays to Stenkin (Stane-weg-ing) and Wythburn. All this is now altered. The bridge is submerged, the road traceable only in bits, above and below the new Manchester road. But you can bicycle all round the Thirlmere reservoir.

Where this old road crossed Launchy (*i.e.* Lancelot's) or Deergarth Gill was the Steading Stone. Here it is said manorial courts were held, and a local parliament

which had written bye-laws called "The Pains and Penalties of Wythburn," among which were fines for turning out too many sheep on the fell, letting horses and cattle stray, or fouling the becks. This stone is now submerged, but up the beautiful gill you can see the Cop Stone, Thirlmere's Bowder. Above Launchy Tarn from which the stream flows is the big Webstone where, in the plague of 1665 when markets were stopped, traders met the dalesfolk and bought the webs and yarn they had manufactured.[1]

Opposite Deergarth is Clark's Lowp, where a henpecked dalesman drowned himself. The story goes that his widow only remarked "he had often threatened it, but she never thought the fool had the courage." Near it was the Rock of Names, with Wordsworth's and Coleridge's initials; part of it has now been removed, and placed "on view" at the roadside. The isolated hill north of Dalehead is Great How, where Wordsworth's "George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore" built "a man on the peak of the crag."

Legberthwaite is the general name for the scattered houses at its foot, in the side-valley of Helvellyn Gill; here is the old "King's Head," where John Stanley set up for sign—

> "I. Stanley lives here, and sells good ale,
> Come in, and drink before it grows stale.
> John succeeded his father Peter,
> But i' th' old man's time 'twas never better."

One dark night a bagman rode to the door, and asked how far he was from the Nag's Head—the rival inn at Wythburn. "Only t' length o' t' neck," said Stanley; but he had to explain his joke next morning.

The scene of the "merry night," in Wordsworth's "Waggoner," was the Cherry-tree at Wythburn (now

[1] From a paper on Thirlmere by the late William Wilson: *Trans. Cumb. and West. Assoc.*, ix.

no longer licensed), just north of the Nag's Head. Budworth, in 1792, enjoyed a second breakfast here after coming down from Helvellyn; mutton, ham, eggs, tea, &c., and the charge was sevenpence. The "Red Lion" at Grasmere did even better for him. Robert Newton, the landlord, provided a dinner of roast pike and anchovy sauce, boiled fowl, veal cutlets and ham, beans and bacon, parsley and butter, cabbage, peas and potatoes, wheat bread and oat bread, butter and cheese, preserved gooseberries and cream; and the charge was tenpence each. It is not the price that is wonderful, for in those days food was cheap, and travellers drank for the good of the house. But the plenty and variety show that the pre-Wordsworthian dalesman was no stranger to the comforts of life.

"Wythburn's modest house of prayer" is now restored and enlarged, and boasts its associations with Matthew Arnold, as described on the stone set up by Canon Rawnsley. There is a tale often told, but not made the most of, about an ancient Wythburn clergyman who had only two sermons, and kept them in a crack of the wainscot behind his pulpit. Some wag pushed them down one day out of his reach, and the people smiled while he fumbled. At last he turned, and began, "My brethren, the sermons are down the grike (crack), but I'll read ye a chapter in Job worth the pair of them." That was what they didn't expect. Another scrap of Wythburn wit is given me by a native of the Dale, known to many under his pen-name of Rowland Thirlmere. He met a late vicar's son, who had been in a stockjobber's office. An old farmer came up, with "Eh, Mr. B——, so you're back again. And what may ye be dewin?" "What do you think?" "O, happen you're a beäse (cattle) jobber?" "No, I'm a jobber in *stock*."

Hence away to Dunmail Raise, and you are back in Westmorland. The cairn, rebuilt by the Manchester navvies, used to be thought the burial-place of the "last king of rocky Cumberland," whom Roger of Wendover

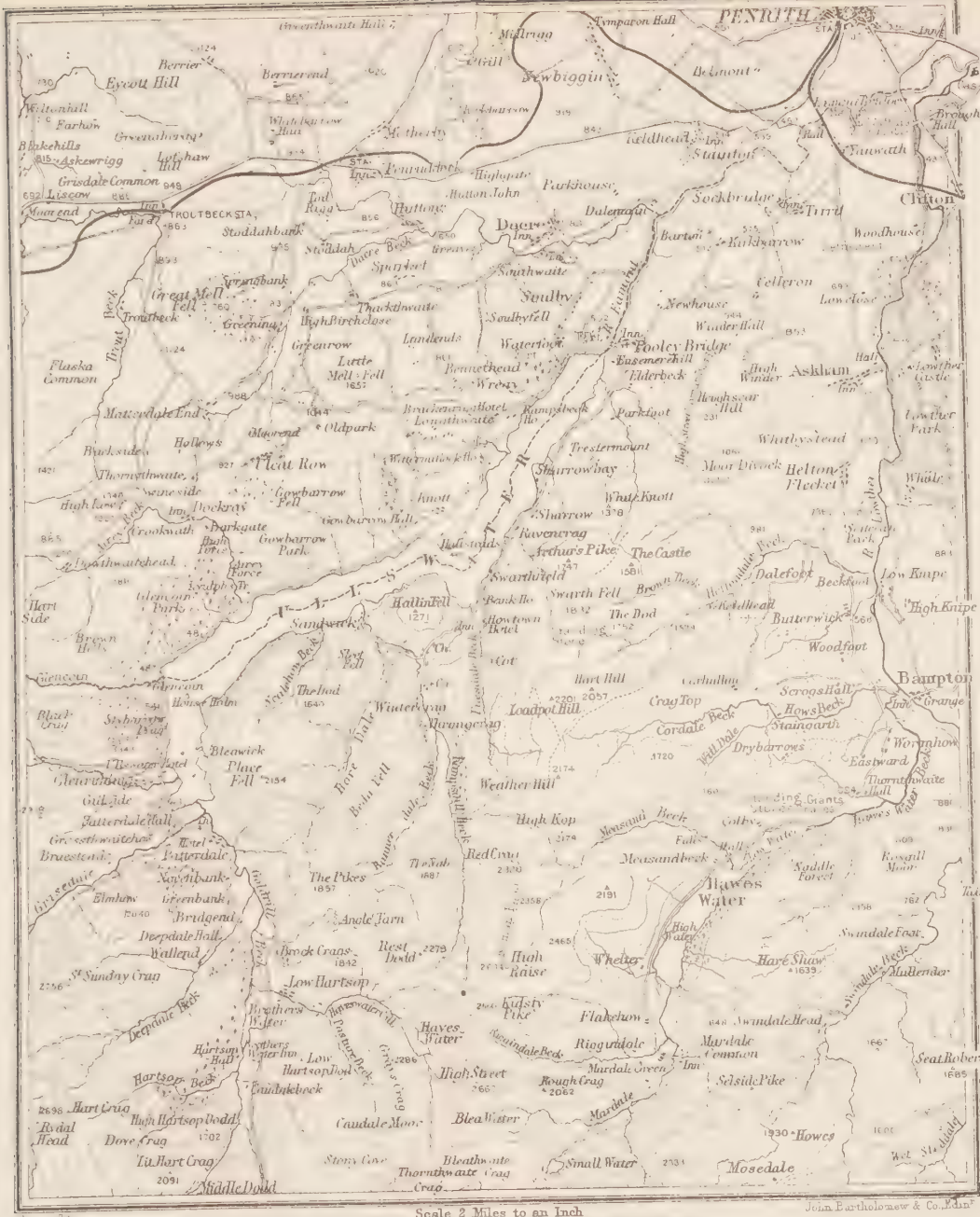
calls Dummail. Others have derived the name conjecturally from Dun (Gaelic), Moel (Welsh), and Raise (Norse), all meaning a hill or heap. But Domhnall, son of Owain, was really King of Cumbria, and was defeated in 945 or 946 by Edmund of England. As this was always a highway into Cumberland, it is quite possible that the fight took place hereabouts; but Dummail himself was not slain. He lived for thirty years longer—perhaps in Strathclyde, where there was some mention of him—and died at last a pilgrim in Rome.

ITINERARY THE EIGHTH

FROM HELVELLYN TO STAINMOOR

Cat-sty-cam—Gough and his dog—Striding Edge—Mountain names—Patterdale, its Saint and its King—Lyulf and his tower—Airey Force—The lake-basins of Ullswater—British forts—Roman road and red deer—Dacre Castle—The Four Bears—Mayburgh and King Arthur's Round Table—Old Penrith—The bishop as general—Giants' caves and Holy-wells — The Countess of Pembroke — Brougham and Lowther — Bampton and Haweswater — The Mardale Holmes—Swindale stories—Shap and the moors—Bolton and Bewley Castle—The Maiden Way and Second Iter—Kirkby Thore and round about — The growth of an old town—Appleby Castle and town—The siege of Brough—The Kaber Rigg Plot—The Bound Devil of Kirkby Stephen—The Whartons—Lammerside and Pendragon—The Pennines—The Pass of Stainmoor, Maiden Castle, and Rey Cross.

IT is only the back of Helvellyn you see at Thirlmere. Most of our mountains have a back, sloping and grassy, and a front, steep and rocky; "crag and tail" on a large scale, which perhaps geologists can explain, but local glaciation will hardly account for it. The backs are not always without interest. Helvellyn, by mere mass, we found impressive from Armboth Fell, and when we climb it from Legberthwaite or Wythburn there are grand gorges and abruptnesses, not to speak of an ever-growing panorama of lake and mountain, which opens and spreads and complicates itself, until it gives you in one sweep of the horizon all the great summits, most of the great lakes, and peeps beyond to far-away Scotland and the Irish Sea and the distant hills of the Pennine chain. For such a view Helvellyn is the most central. You overlook the whole


PENRITH
STA.
Tympaton Hall
Greenthwaite Hall
Mirehag
Hewbiggin
Berrier
Eycott Hill
Barrierend
Beckhills
Askewrigg
Lythaw Hill
Grisdale Common
Liscow
Moorend
TROUTBECK STA.
Penruddock
Highgate
Hutton John
Parkhouse
Dacre
Dalemain
Stockbridge
Tirril
Clifton
Staunton
Yanwath
Brougham Hall
Barton
Kirkharrow
Woodhouse
Celleron
Newhouse
Lowhouse
Wanderhall
Pooley Bridge
Eusemere Hill
Elderbeck
Askham
Lowther Castle
Lowther Park
Whitby Stead
Moor Divock
Helton Flecket
Whale
Ullswater
Howtown
Hallin Fell
Sandwick
Martindale
Bleawick
Place Fell
Glenridding
Patterdale
Deepdale Hall
Wallend
Rest Dodd
Low Hartsop
Hartsop Hall
Hartsop Beck
Dove Crag
Hart Crag
Middle Dodd
Stony Cove
Thornthwaite Crag
Caudale Moor
Caudale Beck
Brownthwaite
Small Water
Mosedale
Martindale Common
Rough Crag
High Street
Riggindale
Hayes Water
Kidsty Pike
Flakehow
Swindale Head
Swindale Foot
Swindale Beck
Mallender
Seat Robert
Selside Pike
Howes
Wet Sleddale
Whelter
Hare Shaw
Rosgill Moor
Saddle Forest
Tailbert
Bampton
Bampton Grange
Scroggs Hall
Hows Beck
Stainton
Cordale Beck
Drybarrows
Eastward
Thornthwaite Hall
Long Grants
Crag Top
Carhullan
Hart Hill
Loadpot Hill
Weather Hill
Wintercrag
Arthur's Pike
The Castle
Ravencrag
Sharrow
Sharrowbay
Swarthfield
Swarth Fell
The Dod
Bank Ho.
Howtown Hotel
Knott
Whitknott
Trestermount
Parkfoot
Rampsbeck Ho.
Longthwaite
Brackenthwaite Hotel
Watermillock Ho.
Oldpark
Matterdale End
Hollows
Fleet Row
Thornthwaite
Swineside
Dockray
Gowbarrow Fell
Gowbarrow Park
Lyulph's Tower
Aira Force
Glencoyne Park
Glencoyne
Hart Side
Brown Howe
Stybarrow Crag
Blea Crag
Gillside
Greesthwaitehead
Bruestead
Elmhow
Greenbank
Bridgend
Nook Bank
Gowbarrow Beck
Aira Beck
Glencoyne Beck
Stybarrow Beck
Deepdale Beck
Hartsop Beck
Hartsop Dodd
Hart Crag
Fairfield
Hayeswater Gill
Rydal Head
Dove Crag
Hart Crag
Middle Dodd
Caudale Moor
Caudale Beck
Brownthwaite
Small Water
Mosedale
Wet Sleddale
Howes
Swindale Beck
Mallender
Seat Robert
Selside Pike
Martindale
Martindale Common
Rough Crag
High Street
Riggindale
Hayes Water
Kidsty Pike
Flakehow
Swindale Head
Swindale Foot
Hare Shaw
Whelter

of the little Lake district so completely, that it is no great wonder people thought this point the highest in the days before surveying was a science, or coupled it and its neighbour with Skiddaw in the old doggerel—

> "Skiddaw, Lauvellin, and Castican,
> Are the highest hills climbed by Englishman."

Castican, Cat-sty-cam, or Catchidecam, means the comb or ridge of the cat's ladder, a homely way of calling it uncommon steep. It is the tip of Swirrel or Swirl Edge, which matches Striding Edge—twin buttresses of Helvellyn, enclosing the Red Tarn beneath them. The legend of the place every one knows—how Charles Gough died there, and how his dog never left him for three months. Scott and Wordsworth visited the spot with Sir Humphry Davy in the autumn of 1805—the accident was in the spring before—and both poets told the story in verses which have paid the usual penalty for effectiveness in becoming commonplace. "The general sympathy with this tragic event," wrote De Quincey, "was not derived from the unhappy tourist's melancholy end, for that was too shocking to be even hinted at by either of the two writers (in fact, there was too much reason to fear that it had been by the lingering death of famine)—not the personal sufferings of the principal figure in the little drama—but the sublime and mysterious fidelity of the secondary figure, his dog." Canon Rawnsley has been at great pains to hunt out all the facts of the case; to prove that the dog, a little yellow terrier named Foxey, did not eat her master, as had been unkindly hinted; to find the spot where the body lay, and to place a memorial stone there; even to tell us the exact boulder on which Scott rested as he viewed the place from Swirrel Edge, and to fix it with a carved letter O for our identification. There has been many an accident as sad, and many an incident as touching; but—with De Quincey's leave—our sympathy would never

have been so roused if Scott had not drawn us the picture of the dog's vigil—

> "How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
> When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?"

or if Wordsworth's lines had not been closed with such a haunting cadence—

> "He knows, who gave that love sublime,
> And gave that strength of feeling, great
> Above all human estimate."

Striding Edge got a bad name from this mishap, but it is far from dangerous. There is just one bit between the long roof-ridge and the wall of Helvellyn which needs a little care on the part of inexperienced climbers, but even in fog or snow there is no necessity to consider it impassable. The grandest crags in the immediate neighbourhood are to the south of this, round the head of Grisedale and Deepdale. Here Fairfield and Helvellyn, which look so grassy and innocent from the Ambleside or Coniston direction, break into a series of grand ridges and gorges, where you can find opportunity enough for breaking your neck. From the top of Fairfield there is a splendid view of Helvellyn as a long ridge, foreshortened in violent perspective, a most interesting study in mountain-building; and the Eagle Crag and St. Sunday's Crag rise magnificently from the pass between Patterdale and Grasmere as you go up between them. The name of St. Sunday reappears in St. Sunday's Beck in the Kent valley; it may possibly be St. Sanctan, as Santacherche is the Domesday form of Kirksanton, which again resembles a name in the Isle of Man derived from Sanctan. But Dollywaggon Pike is a more puzzling name; it can hardly mean, as the late Mr. Robert Ferguson suggested, the pike of the Norse chief's servant "Wagen." Budworth, a century ago, said it was so called "in remembrance of some rustic fun." I should

like to believe it was named from the Norse *dólgr*, "fiend" or "giant," and *veginn*, "lifted," for it has all the look of supernatural architecture when you see it from the Grisedale side, quite the "Troll's work."

This group of valleys, branching from Patterdale, is full of good things—ancient Hartsop Hall and craggy Dovedale, Kirkstone with its boulder "that gives the savage pass its name," and northward views toward Ullswater;

Hayeswater Gill and its wild cove below the top of High Street, Angle Tarn on the open moor, and Boardale Hause, leading over into Martindale. But Patterdale, itself the head of Ullswater, gives the grandest impressions of Lake scenery. Nowhere else do the contour lines fall with such broken and cliffy impetus into the level floor of water; there is nothing, now that Thirlmere is no more, to equal the effect of Place Fell and Stybarrow crowding upon the lake as you come round from Airey Point to Householme, and the winding waterway leads you right into the heart of the mountains.

Patterdale gets its name from the Church of St. Patrick,

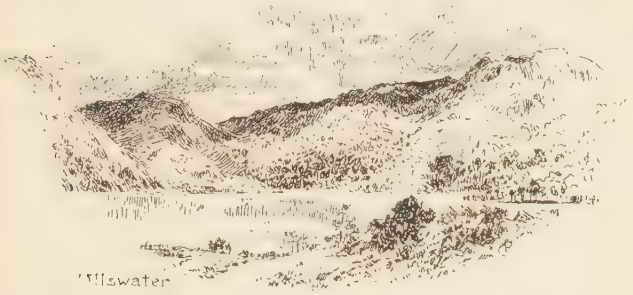
a modern building, but pretty with its yews and interesting from its holy well and the tradition, however unfounded, that St. Patrick on his wanderings through Britain preached and baptized there. The site is, at any rate, one of a very early church, though the dedication does not imply the patron's presence in the flesh. The dalesfolk here were not so republican as in most parts: they had a neighbour more important than the average statesman. Nicolson and Burn (1777) said of him, "This Mr. Mounsey and his forefathers for time immemorial have been called kings of Patterdale, living as it were in another world, and having no one near them greater than themselves." But in 1824 their dynasty came to an end, and the Marshalls reigned in their stead.

Lyulph's Tower is not as old as it looks, though said to be on the site of a real old tower, taking its name from the first baron of Greystoke, L'Ulf, the wolf, from whom also Ullswater is named. So say the staple county histories and their copyists: but Lyulph, the name of the twelfth century lord, is simply another form of Ludolph (Liotulf), and Ulfs-water must have been so called from an earlier person named Ulf. The pele, if there was one, must have been much later than either. From the sentimental point of view it is a great pity that not even the foundations of it were left; for Wordsworth's late poem of "The Somnambulist" hardly suffices to "consecrate the spot." Perhaps Airey Force is pretty enough unconsecrated, and the Wordsworthian has ample satisfaction in remembering that the shore at Gowbarrow Park was the scene of the Daffodils.

The moorland north of Gowbarrow and Watermillock does not equal the lake-shore in beauty, though it was the home of John Peel who "leeved at Troutbeck yance on a day," and Caerthanoc or Maiden Castle on Soulby Fell is an interesting antiquity. Dunmallet, at the foot of the lake over Pooley Bridge, is a still finer ancient fort with well-marked ramparts at the top of an isolated hill, some-

what like the castle at Peel Wyke near the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake. Too little is known about these ancient strongholds; they were used in post-Roman times, but that is all we can say of them.

South of the lake Hallin Fell stands boldly between the deep valley of Sandwick, the outlet of Martindale, and Howtown at the mouth of Fusedale with the mass of Place Fell on the one hand, and Swarth Fell on the other. No lake can show such a varied margin, and none is so interesting in its formation; for the series of basins in



which it lies, instead of giving us two main deeps as at Windermere, gives three or four quite distinct and independent hollows with very remarkable features. The highest basin, between Patterdale and Householme, is nearly filled at one end by the deltas of Goldrill and Glenridding Beck. The reach between Cherryholme (opposite Glenridding Beck) and the Waterhead is only about 50 feet deep. Off Glenridding is Wallholme, north of which the lake-bottom falls steeply to 150 feet. At Householme is a bar separating this south-west basin from the long and deep middle reach, which goes down to 205 feet between Airey Point and Birk Fell. This gradually shoals up eastward until at the narrows between Hallin Fell and

Skelly Nab there is a bar little more than 75 feet below the surface. Just to east of the narrows and N.N.W. of Howtown, a depth of 125 feet is reached, which gently rises to less than 50 feet opposite the Brackenrigg Hotel. Below that is yet another shallow depression before the water runs out under Pooley Bridge. I think it may be said, though I have not found it described and explained, that all our valleys are made in this form. They are not long gouge-grooves, but chains of basins, once far more accentuated than now, but gradually crumbled down at the edges, and filled up at the bottoms by the action of ice and water, which have rubbed off the knobs and filled up the holes. Hence the variety, the sudden turns, and the cleverly-arranged scaffolding of the scenery.

From Pooley Bridge it is an easy walk of a couple of miles to Moor Divock, where the path crosses the Roman Road which we tracked in our second Itinerary past High Street and Kidsty Pike. Scattered about the moor are many interesting prehistoric cairns which have been found to contain interments, some of burnt bones in urns and one of a skeleton in a cist, or stone coffin made of slabs. I am afraid we cannot connect "Arthur's Pike," and "the Castle" with romantic adventures; but there are several star-fish cairns as well as single and double circles, and the late Dr. M. W. Taylor thought he could trace alignments or avenues of stones. These I have not been able to find; but for a breezy, busy ramble over turf and heather, cairn-hunting as a form of sport, commend me to Moor Divock. It is hereabouts also that you may sometimes meet with the red deer belonging to Mr. Hasell of Dalemain; the herd roams about over all these Martindale Fells.

Dacre is not only a very pretty spot, but its castle is worth seeing, though only the keep remains, with some earthworks. It is a square tower with large turrets at the angles, built about the middle of the thirteenth century, and altered in the seventeenth by the insertion of square-headed windows and addition of the doorway and steps. The

hall, once also the kitchen, has the old open fireplace and oven, also a thirteenth-century piscina which has been taken to indicate a religious use, but is merely the mediæval wash-hand basin. Above is the solar, which once had a wooden minstrel-gallery. This room is called the King's chamber, and a bogus tradition connects it with the three kings, Athelstan, Constantine, and Owain (father of Dummail), who met in 926 at Dacor (William of Malmesbury says) or Eamot (Anglo-Saxon Chronicle). Of course the castle is three hundred years later, but it may be hereabouts that their meeting took place. Bede tells a story about a wonderful cure at a monastery by the river of Dacore about the year 698, and the ancient cross-shaft in the church proves that there was a pre-Norman grave here of some importance. In the churchyard are the four Bears which probably sat on the top of the keep, like the stone figures we saw on Dalton Castle. Chancellor Ferguson made out that they were intended to tell a grotesque story, thus: Bear to the north-west of the church is asleep on his stick; Bear to the S.W. has a monkey on his back, just jumped on "because he knows it teases"; Bear to S.E. is grabbing the monkey: Bear to N.E. has eaten him and is happy.

North of this near Greystoke and Newton Reigny are ancient forts or camps, but the most celebrated of such antiquities are Mayburgh and the Round Table, close to Eamont Bridge. Mayburgh is a huge circular embankment of stones 383 feet from crest to crest in diameter, with a hollow space in the middle and an opening toward the east. A standing stone nine feet two inches high in the enclosure may be the last of a circle. There are traces of a modern wall on the crest which must not be taken for part of the original work. The only relics yet found are a bronze celt and a stone one; no interments. The purpose of the great undertaking is not known; one old fancy made it out to be a Roman amphitheatre, and the standing stone was for the criminals to dodge behind when the wild beasts were pursuing them!

King Arthur's Round Table is easily found a little way to the south of Eamont Bridge. A cross to the memory of local troopers killed in South Africa has been lately erected in the corner of the field. The Round Table is like a big cockpit, and it was formerly used for games, which went on in the middle, on the raised platform, while the spectators sat on the banks around. Some writers have thought that this was its original purpose, but here again we can only say with Ruskin, "Behold the cloud."

Across the bridge and up the hill we are soon in Penrith. The old local pronunciation of the name is Peerith, but as it was spelt Penrith in 1110 we may take it that local pronunciation is no help to the meaning of the name. Etymologists propose *Pen-rhudd*, the red headland or head-place of the district; it is a red-sandstone neighbourhood and was certainly a place of importance from very early, though not Roman times. The nearest Roman camps were at Brougham, a mile across the river, and at Plumpton, five miles to the north. But the ancient crosses and hog-backs in the parish churchyard, long since re-arranged to form what is called the Giant's Grave, and the isolated cross called the Giant's Thumb, must be a thousand years old, more or less, and their size and number prove that great folk once were buried there. The church was rebuilt in 1720-22, and contains many interesting monuments.

The town of Penrith was especially open to Scottish raids, both as lying on the highway from the north and as one of the places claimed by the Scottish kings under the grant which gave John Balliol certain manors in compensation for abandoning the whole of the northern counties to England. When Edward I. resumed these manors it was, of course, a grievance, and every good Scot felt it his duty to make the robbery worthless. So in 1347 Douglas wasted Penrith, in 1382 it was burnt. From about 1397 the Nevilles held it for half a century, and built

the castle of which we see the ruins. Later, it was the residence of Richard III., then Duke of Gloucester.

So protected, Penrith flourished. It had received a market-charter in 1223; as early as 1340 a school is mentioned, and Bishop Strickland, about 1400, brought a water-supply to the town from the Petterill. There was a little-known priory of Austin Friars on the site of the Friarage, where the buildings, though old, are later than the suppression of the monastery in 1542-43. After that time the castle was disused; Penrith as a manor formed part of the dowry of successive queens, and Border raids did not reach so far. The town became in the seventeenth century what it still is, the great market of the neighbourhood. The old moot-hall, cross, stocks, and shambles were removed a hundred years ago; but there are still several buildings of antiquity; especially the early sixteenth-century Two Lions Inn (Gerard Lowther's house), and Robert Bartram's on the west side of the churchyard with a bay window dated 1563, about which Mr. George Watson, of Penrith, and the late Dr. M. W. Taylor have collected many interesting details (*Trans. Cumb. and West. Ant. and Arch. Soc.*, iv., and N.S., i.).

The Beacon Hill, rising on the north-east to 937 feet above the sea, commands a wide view. It was in 1745 that the beacon was lighted for the last time. At the previous Jacobite rising the *posse comitatus* was drawn up on the fell under Lord Lonsdale and Bishop Nicolson—in his coach and six—to withstand the invaders. Neither the Bishop nor the Viscount were soldiers, and the local levies were a mere mob with guns, scythes, and pitchforks. When the Highlanders appeared the country-folk ran; "Lord Lonsdale presently galloped off to Appleby, and the bishop's coachman, whipping up his horses, carried off his master, *willy nilly*, to Rose Castle. It is said," Chancellor Ferguson adds, "the prelate lost his wig while shouting from the carriage window to his coachman to stop."

Three miles east of the town, on the north bank of the

Eamont, are the caves known as "Isis Parlis," or Sir Hugh's Parlour, where the legends of the neighbourhood say that Sir Hugh Cesario the giant lived—he that was buried at the Giant's Grave, they add. In old times Penrith folk used to go there on the third Sunday in May to drink the water with Spanish juice; on the first Sunday of the month the meetings were at Skirsgill, on the second at Clifton, and on the fourth at Dickey Bank well. These well-wakings were common in all parts of our district, but the early nineteenth century found that they led to mischief, and stopped them. At the Gosforth Holy-well wine was poured into the water, and the people caught it as it came out of the spout below—too much diluted, one would think, to hurt anybody's morals.

Nearly opposite the caves is Ninekirk (St. Ninian's), an ancient church rebuilt by the Countess of Pembroke in 1660. She was the great lady of the age. Anne Clifford, heiress of the third Earl of Cumberland, was born at Skipton Castle in 1590, brought up in Queen Elizabeth's court, and married at eighteen to Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, who soon became the Earl of Dorset. Seven years later she came to Brougham Castle to visit her mother, and at the spot where they parted she afterwards erected a monument by the roadside—a quarter of a mile from the castle—still known as the Countess's Pillar. Her marriage was unhappy, and after Lord Dorset's death she married Sir Philip Sidney's nephew, the Earl of Pembroke; but he turned out even a worse husband. At last, in 1649, she came into possession of the great estates in the north which had been willed away from her by her father, and began to repair the ruin of the Civil Wars. She more or less rebuilt the castles of Skipton, Pendragon, Brough, Appleby, Brougham, and Bardon Tower, with seven churches. She was one of those who "feared God and took her own part"; extant diaries and memoirs witness to her piety and pertinacity. Sometimes her struggles

were rather comic, as when she claimed the "boon hen" in addition to manorial rents. A Halifax clothier resisted this bit of antiquated feudalism, but the law courts found for the lady. So the Countess asked the clothier to dinner, and the first dish was—the hen. "Come, Mr. Murgatroyd," she said, "let us be friends. Since your hen is served at my table, I will give you half." She lived at all her castles by turns—saying she would not go to Charles II.'s court "unless she might go in blinkers"; but for nearly thirty years she was the real Lady Bountiful of Westmorland, and towards the end the very model of spirited old age. Her last words were "I thank God I am very well." Her castle is now a ruin, looking almost as venerable as the Roman camp beside it; but the bright and intimate detail of her autobiography make her a very living figure even yet, as one travels through the neighbourhood where her name is still written so large.

Brougham Hall is the seat of a very ancient family, one of whom, the celebrated lawyer and politician, was raised to the peerage in 1830 as Lord Brougham and Vaux. The church near it was a Norman building restored by the Countess of Pembroke, and containing St. Wilfrid's Well, which once filled the font.

The neighbourhood of Penrith is full of old halls and churches which are a treat to the antiquary and the architect, or to any one who likes to see what is picturesque and curious in ancient buildings, placed among hills and dales, and within sight of the great mountains. Many of these old halls are now farms, but still retaining interesting features in their peles, or their carved windows and doorways, or old panelling and plaster-work inside. Particulars of some will be found in the Gazetteer under Barton, Sockbridge, Yanwath, Blencow, Catterlen, Greystoke Mid-farm, Greenthwaite, Johnby, Hutton, Hornby, Clifton, Hackthorpe, Askham: but for fuller description see Dr. M. W. Taylor's "Old Manorial Halls" (T. Wilson, Kendal;

out of print, but obtainable at local libraries. There is a good library and museum at Penrith).

On our way to Haweswater we pass the great mansion of Lowther Castle, seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, and its church of St. Michael, beautifully placed in the park on the steep bank of the rocky Lowther. To an antiquary the pre-Norman "hog-back," lying in the grass on the left as you enter the churchyard, is especially interesting. Thence through the village of Askham—quite the place for an artist—and the quaint hamlet of Helton, you ascend the valley past the "Camp" in Setterah Park opposite Whale, to Bampton, famous chiefly for its ancient grammar-school (now no more), where they made bishops out of ploughboys in the old dalesfolk days. Higher up the stream is Thornthwaite Hall, an Elizabethan building where, tradition says, Lord William Howard (Belted Will) died. A little higher on the right hand you see a group of curious moated mounds called the Giants' Graves. There are others of this type near Ravenstonedale; they have been examined and discussed, but no light has yet been thrown upon them. The Standing Stones, higher up the fell, look like a couple of disused gate-posts; but this moor is full of ancient relics—old farmhouses, old roads, old enclosures; and from various points there are grand views across Haweswater to Naddle Forest and up to the Mardale Mountains.

The lake is nearly cut in two by the delta from Measand Beck. The north side of the lake is a series of high bluffs with wild gills among them; Measand Beck makes pretty waterfalls down the hill, and at the head of the lake there is an ancient fort and some cairns on Castle Crag above the Mardale parsonage. There is a tradition (says the Rev. J. Whiteside in the local Antiquarian Society's *Transactions*) that one Rudolphus Holme founded an oratory in the fourteenth century, but the existing chapel is about two hundred years old. The great yews round it and the wild mountain scenery suit well with the romantic

story of the dale, which tells that in the reign of John, Hugh Holme, driven out of Yorkshire by the king's injustice, wandered hither, and took refuge in a cave near the foot of Riggindale Crag—to become the ancestor of the long line of Mardale Holmes. An addition to the tale makes him a Swede from Stockholm, but there is a Stockholm in Holderness near Hull, which perhaps makes the story more probable, if less marvellous.

At Mardale you can see the old Lake district with few modern improvements. Indeed, it is less populous than formerly; several houses, once inhabited, have fallen into ruins, for nowadays the little farm, which just supported a family of the old type, does not pay, and field is added to field. The valley is a *cul-de-sac* to carriage company; there is no road[1] above the Dun Bull, but splendid mountain paths—up Riggindale and over Kidsty Pike to Patterdale;

[1] You can just get a trap or a bicycle over Gatescarth; but the summit of the pass is very bad going.

up the Rough Crags, leaving Blea Water in its dark combe on your left, to High Street; past Small water over Nan Bield into Kentmere; up the glen to the east of Harter Fell over Gatescarth into Long Sleddale; or eastward over the moor into Swindale. Like Patterdale, Mardale gets the cliffy sides of hills which are less exciting on their southern slopes; from Troutbeck or Ambleside you would hardly guess what there is at the head of Haweswater.

For a lonesome walk through scenery less mountainous, but very characteristic of rugged Westmorland, there is the path over the heathery moor into the secluded valley of Swindale. There are now only three inhabited houses in the dale, but once it was populous enough to need a grammar-school. The little school closely adjoins the little chapel; it was founded in 1703, the chapel somewhat older. The painted window came from Clifton Church, where it was noticed by Machel, the antiquary, before 1700; it was saved and brought here by the Rev. J. Brunskill. In spite of the smallness of the place and its apparent rusticity, Swindale has produced its great man, John Hodgson (1780-1845), the historian of Northumberland, who afterwards lived at Rosgill, farther down the stream, and was educated at Bampton. The Rev. J. Whiteside in a paper on Swindale tells a few characteristic tales of the dale and its folk. Once a dispute arose at church as to whether it was really Sunday: "T' parson's reet; gang on," said old John Fell. On another occasion the bottle of wine for the communion was accidentally broken; so they used some rum. One clergyman, when the parsonage had become too ruinous, lived from house to house, and carried his box of sermons with him. He took one out of the top, when Sunday came, without much picking and choosing, until the old lady with whom he lodged told him to "stir up that box; they're beginning to come varra thick," as if they were porridge, which of course in the North is a plural noun.

In the next valley are the ruins of Shap Abbey (see

Gazetteer), and half a mile to the south at Keld is an old building of the fifteenth century supposed to have been a chantry. Of the famous Shap Stones not very much remains, but this high moorland reaching from the Lowther valley to the Eden, and south to the Lune, is crossed by the Maiden Way, and is full of cairns, tumuli, circles and ancient "camps," of which some notices will be found in the Gazetteer under Shap, Gunnerkeld, Oddendale, Crosby Ravensworth, Penhurrock, Asby, Orton, Raisbeck, Sunbiggin, Ravenstonedale. These we must leave for the present, and take our road north and east, passing Little Strickland (some inscriptions in the church), Thrimby old Hall and Grange, Newby Hall, and Morland old Hall, to Bolton, by the Eden, which flows in a noble stream through a finely-wooded and cultivated valley. The village is—like so many others—full of interesting subjects; church, curious for its Norman door and most quaint sculptures at the back of the building. A mile up the stream are the ruins of Bewley Castle, once a residence of the Bishops of Carlisle. Crossing the Eden by the bridge at Bolton, to the right of Redlands Bank we see the site of a Roman fort, and taking the footpath to the left through the fields, we soon reach the little town of Kirkby Thore.

This was an important point in Roman times, because here the second Iter, from Brougham to Stainmoor, crossed the Maiden Way from Tebay over the fells to Alston and Carvoran on the Wall. At Burwens, between the church and the main road, which here follows the line of the Roman road, was a large camp which has yielded many altars, fibulæ, and other relics, some of which are in the Tullie House Museum at Carlisle. The name of the town used to be connected with the Norse god Thor, but it is more probable that it is a reminiscence of an early owner called Thored, or some such name.

Hence one could make an interesting round through pretty scenery—for the hills, though not craggy, are full

of sweet little nooks, and rise gradually to lofty moors. There are Newbiggin with its old hall of Christopher Crackenthorpe, 1533, and Milburn Church, set high above the dell that moats it on two sides, with Norman door and rude red sandstone architecture; and then at some distance the village, quaintly surrounding its broad green and central cross; and Howgill Castle, with massive towers and walls ten feet thick. Then by Knock and Dufton we could reach Long Marton, on the wooded banks of the Troutbeck, and across the valley its ancient church, with grotesquely sculptured tympana over the doors, and "long-and-short work" in the doorway. Then we could regain the High Street—the Roman road—and its bee-line would lead us to Appleby.

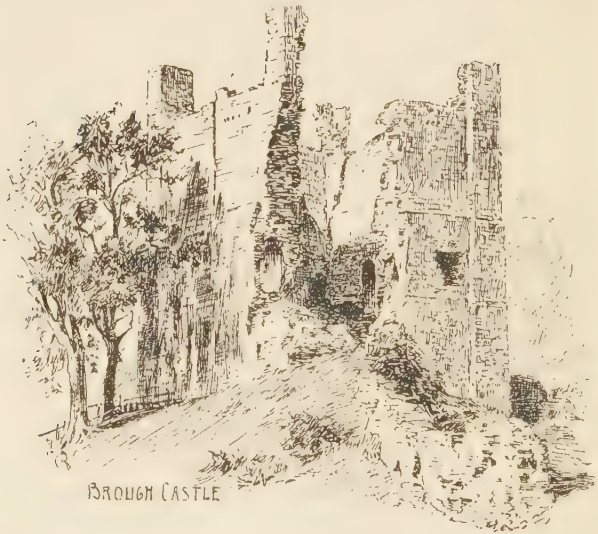
There is a drawing by Ruskin—a copy of it is in the Coniston Museum—which gives a bird's-eye view of Thun in Switzerland, standing in its broad flat valley with distant blue mountains beyond. When you look into the tangled detail of roofs and winding river, interrupted by the gables and chimneys of the town, you begin to find why it was that such a point of view was chosen, and what historical interest the picture was intended to convey. You see how—before any town was there—the river took a bend round the bluff, and some early chieftain seized on the height as a place to fortify. You see how there grew up a castle with central towers and curtain-wall building up the slopes of the hill into impregnable steepness. On the landward side a gate opens, strongly fortified, while the road seems to wind round the cliffs and under them for the inspection and—if necessary—repulse of the visitor, and so into the stronghold. On the lower end of the hill, but nearer the river, is the church within the walls; and between the castle and the protecting stream a crowd of little houses, packed together for safety, has grown into a town. Then in peaceful times, to gain breathing space, bridges were thrown over the river, and beyond it a suburb grew up, more loosely planned, more modern in its manner

of life. And finally—for Ruskin drew before the railway had come, or omitted it—the modern roads with their dreary lines of poplar, stripe the plain. It is a complete object-lesson in history.

Now, Appleby is just such a place as Thun. There was a loop of the river, with a steep-sided hill in it; the neck of the headland was cut across with great trenches and ramparts (perhaps in pre-Norman times, though this is by no means proved), and a castle placed on the highest point. Sheltered by the castle a little town grew up, with its church at the other end of the one street of the town. Across the river was a suburb, in this case perhaps an earlier village, called about A.D. 1300, "Old Appleby where the bondmen dwell," which already had its pre-Norman church, as the hogback built into the existing St. Michael's testifies. As to the name of the place, there has been much ingenious guessing, to evade the unromantic idea that the whole town got its title from an original farm where the orchard was a specialty; but we have seen that most names in these parts were farm names to begin with.

In the twelfth century there was the keep of the castle, later called Cæsar's Tower (though not Roman), and no doubt some surrounding cottages. Then came the Scottish invasion under William the Lion in 1174. Gospatric, son of Orm, "an old grey-headed Englishman," and grandson of the Scottish Earl of Dunbar, made little resistance, and was fined 200 marks a year or two later for his surrender. But the town now began to grow. It got its first charter in 1179, built its Church of St. Lawrence, and became a centre of trade. Under Edward I. it had a mayor, and returned members to Parliament. It had 8000 or 10,000 inhabitants in the Middle Ages, and was in every respect the county town. But the Scots burnt it in 1314 and in 1388, and in 1598 it was depopulated by plague, and never regained its size, though it kept its prestige. Its mediæval school, refounded 1573 by Queen Elizabeth, is still flourishing. Its old corporation lasted until 1885, when

it was reformed; it sent members to Parliament from Edward I. until 1832. The market-house and the high and low crosses at each end of the street are not earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century, but they recall, like so much else, the features of the antique town not yet obliterated by modern growth and change. There



BROUGH CASTLE

are no great smoky suburbs here; you go out of the streets into the country, as in some old continental city; and the river with its cliffy and wooded banks, overtopped by the great mass of the castle, has a charm quite comparable, I think, with scenes which we go much farther to find.

Ormside, or Ormshed, has an interesting old church and some old houses; Warcop can show several old halls and sites of antiquity (for which see the Gazetteer), and near it is held the celebrated Brough Hill fair. Brough under-

Stainmoor is a place of great antiquarian fame. A little way south of the town, on the bank of the Swindale Beck, which comes down from fells more than 2000 feet above sea, is the camp known to the Romans as Verteræ, the first great station west of the Pennine range on the main road from Eburacum to Luguvallium. When the Normans came this was still the main road from York to Carlisle, and they built their castle on the Roman site, as at Brougham. The Norman poet, Jordan Fantosme, who wrote the story of William the Lion's invasion in 1174, has a vivid description of the siege of Burc, as he calls it; how the Flemings and Border men assaulted and took the portcullis, and then the defenders, shut up in the keep, were burnt out and surrendered. But a new knight had just joined them, and he kept up the defence alone, hurling javelins and killing his man each time. When the javelins were spent he threw sharp stakes at the Scots from behind two shields which he had hung on the battlements to protect him, "E tuz jorz vait criant: Jà serrez tuz vencuz"—and kept on shouting, "You will soon be conquered, all of you!" At last the fire caught his shields, and he had no cover left—"nor was he to blame if he surrendered then. So Burc was overthrown and the best part of the tower."

A little south of this is Kaber, known in history for the Kaber Rigg Plot. In 1663, after the restoration of Charles II., an insurrection of the Republican party was intended; there were plans for a general rising all over England and Ireland. In these parts the head of the movement was Robert Atkinson of Mallerstang, who had been a captain of horse under Cromwell, and had led the commoners of the barony of Appleby in a great suit with the Countess of Pembroke about things more important than a hen. His enemy was Sir Philip Musgrave, and the particular object of the plot in Westmorland was to capture him in the first place, then to take Carlisle and Appleby, and finally to force the king "to perform

his promises made at Breda, grant liberty of conscience to all but Romanists, take away excise, chimney-money, and all taxes whatever, and restore a Gospel magistracy and mercy." The rising failed; they were betrayed; Atkinson was captured, and finally hung; and this scare put back the clock most sadly for all dissenters and suspects throughout Westmorland.

Kirkby Stephen can boast one of the finest ancient churches in the county, with monuments as curious as any. Near the font on entering you see the famous "Bound Devil," the figure of Satan, or, as some think, the Norse Loki, as at Gosforth, chained and horned; a fragment from some grave-cross of the Danish period. In the Musgrave chapel, south of the choir, are other early sculptures and capitals of the Norman Church, with an effigy which used to be called that of the celebrated Sir Andrew de Harcla, or Hartley, who took his name from Hartley Castle near this town. A later opinion makes it represent Sir Richard de Musgrave (about 1420-30) about whom the story is that he killed the last wild boar in the district; and curiously enough, when the tomb was opened in 1847 a wild boar's tusk was found with the bodies. On the other side of the church is the Wharton Chapel, with the effigies of Lord Wharton (died 1568) and his two wives, with Latin verses which were parodied in the eighteenth century thus:—

> "Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie
> With Lucifer[1] under my head;
> And Nelly, my wife, hard by
> And Nancy as cold as lead.
> Oh! how can I speak without dread?
> Who could my sad fortune abide,
> With one devil under my head,
> And another laid close at each side?"

The Whartons were the great family of Wharton Hall, a very fine place, partly in ruins, to the south of the town.

[1] Really the crest of his helmet—a bull's head.

This Lord Thomas was Warden of the West Marches under Henry VIII., and the rebuilder of the Hall. He also made the deer-park in Ravenstonedale, which he had

WHARTON HALL.

bought, turning out the tenants and building the great wall (yet remaining) to enclose the place, which, after all, was never stocked with deer. It seems, however (according to the Rev. J. Wharton of Stainmoor), that the place had been a decoy or preserve of the Sempringham monks, whose priory has left its traces at Newbiggin near at hand; and

that the tales of Lord Wharton's tyranny were exaggerated. He was struck blind on Ash Fell, they said, as a punishment for his crimes, and dared live no longer here, but was forced to shelter himself in Yorkshire. One of his last acts, however, was to found Kirkby Stephen Grammar School. The last of the family was the Duke of Wharton, whose portrait by Vandyck as a handsome young man is so well known; he was an eccentric, who flirted with free-thought and Jacobitism; but after he had been raised to the dukedom by George I. he squandered his livelihood and reputation, and came to a sad end in Spain. These estates and the Hall were confiscated; the magnificent banqueting-hall where James I. was royally entertained is a ruin, but enough remains to show what the architecture of the place was in its prime.

Lammerside Castle is said to have belonged to the Whartons; but little is known about it. Pendragon Castle commands Mallerstang, the uppermost valley of the Eden, and local legend connects the place with the mythical father of King Arthur:—

> "Let Uther Pendragon do what he can
> Eden shall run as Eden ran."

As a structure this fortress can claim no such antiquity. It is a Norman building, burnt by the Scots in 1340, and restored; ruined again in 1541, and rebuilt by the Countess of Pembroke in 1660. As a piece of scenery it is worthy of its name; standing on its isolated hill, in the midst of the remote, though now partly cultivated valley, with wild fells around—a place where you might well let your imagination loose to dream idylls of King Arthur or romances of Norman barons and Scottish raiders, or to picture the noble old lady driving up the rough lane in a coach and six to read her Bible in the haunted solitude and write her memories of the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

We are on the extreme borders of Westmorland, between two of the loftiest summits of the Pennine range. Ingle-

borough and Whernside themselves are only a few feet higher than Wildboar Fell and High Seat, which stand on either side of Pendragon and rise to more than 2300 feet above the sea. From Mallerstang the road and railway rise to nearly 2000 feet at the pass which takes them to Hawes; from Nateby, snug in its deep dell, a gloriously wild path leads over the bleak fell to Muker. North of the hause are the Nine Standards, a group of cairns conspicuous from below and commanding a broad view of the Eden valley and the massive summits of the backbone of England. Thence you can follow the watershed to Stainmoor, or take the train from Kirkby Stephen station (close to Nateby) over viaducts and through cuttings in the hills climbing up to Barras station. Thence in two miles, across the line and over the deep-cut ravine of the beck, you rejoin the old turnpike road, which here follows the Roman "second Iter."

You have seen it before, leaving Carlisle, through Inglewood by Voreda and Brovacum, passing through Kirkby Thore, and Brough; and here is the last little outpost on this side of the range, at Maidencastle. The earthworks rise high over the gill, and look down far into the valley. Around and above the bare hills rise heavily. There are no trees; nothing but bent grass, sombre and bleak. Without a crag or a cliff, there is a wonderful feeling of the hugeness of mountain scenery; even if a train comes labouring by, up the cutting, it only adds to the sense of magnitude. What a little thing it seems among these vastnesses and wildernesses!

The road climbs forward: you looked for a sharp ridge and a prompt sight of the farther side, but here is only widening solitude. This way came the armies of old; Roman troops to their exile, Angles to the conquest of the Briton, Danes and Northmen going and returning between distant Dublin and wealthy York. Once it seems—about the year 950—a great host came up by the road you are treading, King Eric of the Bloody Axe and his

confederate kings, to win back the realm of Northumbria: here on the moor they were met by all the levies of the East, and the tide of invasion rose no farther.

At last by the side of the open road there is a grey pillar of stone on its grey mouldering base. It is a thousand years or thereabouts since it was set up for some hero's grave, fallen in fight, perhaps, in some forgotten battle. For nearly a thousand years it has been the boundary mark between east and west. This is the Rey Cross of Stainmoor. Here our pilgrimage ends.

PART II

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT IN THE LAKE COUNTIES

THE BIRDS

By MARY L. ARMITT

THE birds of the Lake Country number 262 species, according to Mr. Macpherson's Fauna. This is three more than the total given for Lancashire, the next division south, in the second edition of Mitchell; forty more than for Cheshire—still more south—as reckoned by Coward and Oldham. But then the district is larger, being made to include, for purposes of classification, the whole of Cumberland and Westmorland, as well as of that detached portion of Lancashire that lies north of the sands. Such an extension is necessary for topographical enumeration; but in the following sketch it is the central district of mountain and vale and mere that will be chiefly dwelt upon for its bird-life.

Comparisons, too, of classified lists of Lake-land and Lancashire birds show that it is by the large number of rare and accidental visitors chronicled for our district that we manage to exceed our neighbour's total. We appear to have fewer winter visitors than Lancashire; and some species of birds wholly resident there leave us in mid-winter, owing no doubt to the high and exposed nature of

our district. The Lake Country and Lancashire are alike, however, in being beyond the range of some summer birds of the south. The nightingale has its extreme north-western limit in Cheshire ; and so, practically, have the reed warbler and the nuthatch, as regular breeding species ; for, though these two birds are chronicled for us, they are extremely rare.

The physical geography of our country is bound up with its bird life. Geology as well as altitude has to be reckoned with : rock makes soil, soil affects the vegetation and the species of insects, insects affect the species of birds. The district proper consists of a mass of slate mountains whose tops reach a height of from 2000 to 3000 feet, and whose limit is comprised within an area thirty-six miles square. As Wordsworth pointed out, the valleys radiate from a rough centre in the mountains, lying betweeen Scaw Fell and Helvellyn, with almost the regularity of spokes from the hub of a wheel. These valleys, scooped by the action of ancient glaciers, sink suddenly at their sources, and each (with the exception of the Duddon and Esk) holds a lake or chain of lakes.

To the west of the mountains the rivers meet the sea almost before they leave the old slate rocks, or with but a narrow strip of newer carboniferous or sandstone strata between. The shore in general is flat, except for the bold red sandstone headland of St. Bees and the limestone promontory of Humphrey Head. The sea, slipping far up the sandy shores of Morecambe Bay to the south and the long point of the Solway Firth to the north, completely girdles the western half of the mountains. On the east the central heights slope down to the carboniferous formation through which they were once uplifted, and by a bridge of high ground about Shap meet the Pennine range running north and south. This bridge forms the watershed of rivers flowing south to Morecambe Bay, and north through the red sandstone dip towards the high ground of the Scottish border and the Solway Firth.

Each region of this area—slate mountain, valley, lake, sandy shore, estuary, headland, and eastern vale with opposite slopes rising to the Pennines—has its distinctive species of bird.

Once the central mountains contained a richer and more distinctive fauna than now. The wild red-deer roamed over the tops; the sea eagle, the golden eagle, as well as the kite, the peregrine falcon and the buzzard, had their eyries upon the precipitous rocks; the osprey nested in the trees; the brock and the pine marten lived in the crags, the wild cat in the woods; the mire-drum boomed in every swamp and moss; and the foumart and the marsh harrier inhabited the low grounds. Then came the evil days and wholesale destruction of wild life. A party of fox-hunters, working for the whole of Whitweek in 1759, at the instigation of the farmers, shot in the Ullswater district alone 15 foxes, 7 badgers, 12 wild cats, 9 pine martens, besides "a prodigious number of foumarts, eagles, ravens, kites, and other vermin;" and of the eight species thus named by Clarke, who took part in the hunt, five are now practically extinct.

But if we turn from the richer past we still shall find wild life worth noticing, and characteristic of our old slate mountains. The peregrine falcon, though harried almost to extinction by collectors, nests on the loftiest and remotest precipices. The buzzard is not so rare as has been stated, and I had the pleasure last year of knowing of two nests, in crag and bough, within a short distance of each other. The kestrel holds its own, as does the well-hunted sparrow-hawk; so does the merlin on the lower heights and moors. The raven, too, breeds on the crags.

Save for the Accipitres, the central heights are not much used by birds for breeding purposes. But one of the Limicolæ, the far-famed dotterel, seeks them with that intent, and is with the pied flycatcher the most distinctive bird of the district. It is, alas, extremely rare, and the

three or four broods that possibly are hatched each year on the loneliest mountain sides alone saves it from extinction as a species that breeds in England.

The ring ouzel is quite a rare nester on our slate mountains, probably because wild ground fruit, which it loves, is scarce upon these; but on the eastern side of the district, towards the Pennine slopes, it is abundant. It is on the lower heights of the slate, on the heather moors, both of the Furness district and of the east, that the curlew breeds; while the golden plover appears to be restricted as a breeding species to the fells of the east. It is wholly absent from the slate. The lapwing, somewhat infrequent in the boggy hollows of the lower slate heights, is crowded on the moors of the east and on the waste fringes of the coast.

The black grouse, which appears to have been reintroduced into the district at Rusland between 1830 and 1840, and to have spread around the larch woods, breeds on the lower heights of the Furness Fells. In the opinion of the landowners round the Esthwaite Valley it is now diminishing in numbers.

The wheatear is a summer settler in the wildest hollows of the mountains; while in grassy depressions and upland valleys the titlark — though here not so well distributed as over the eastern moors—makes its home. The whinchat too seeks in summer upland wastes. The stock dove, which has spread—not being chronicled for the Kendal district in 1861 by Dr. Gough—now breeds not only in woods of the east, in rabbit holes of the coast, on precipices of limestone and sandstone, but also in one or two of the wooded scars of the central slate.

In the narrow hemmed-in valleys there is a bird life almost as abounding as the vegetation. In the highest rowan that leans athwart the tiny rill, where the boundary wall abuts, the redstart takes its station in the springtime. And so abundant is it down the valleys that, if the dotterel be called the distinctive bird of the Lake Country,

the redstart surely may be called the typical bird. Everywhere in the unmortared walls, in the masonry of homestead and byre, as well as occasionally in the crevices of rock, it makes its nest. There is not a mountain farm that has not in summer its pair, or two or even three pairs, nesting somewhere about; and in more crowded parts it is equally abundant, though more crafty in concealing itself.

The range of the tree pipit, too, starts with the highest trees. Its sweet song, uttered to long downward glissades on the wing, is as intimately associated with the steep slopes of our valleys as is the song of the lark (wholly absent in the central dales) with the flat lands and wide heavens of other parts. The garden warbler pitches its summer camp as high as the coppice woods grow, even to 900 feet; while the rarer blackcap keeps in general to the gardens and parks. The whitethroat is not abundant, though present in the central district of the slate; and the lesser whitethroat is absolutely scarce, though visiting gardens on the shores of Windermere and Esthwaite lakes. The chiffchaff is infrequent in the valleys too, seeming to dwell by preference where the few beech groves are planted. The willow warbler is present in all the woodlands of low growth. But the distinctive bird of our mountain woods is the wood-warbler. In the few stretches left of that native forest of oak and holly and thorn that once covered the land this delicate bird is the prevailing species, and its plaintive call is the special sound of the greenwoods in early summer time.

The pied flycatcher in general is considered quite a woodland bird; and, rare elsewhere, has long been known to breed freely in the parks of the valleys to the east of our region. Now, happily, the species appears to be increasing. Possibly an impulse was given towards its more general distribution in the centre of the district, by the felling in 1888 of the old timber in which it had long nested at Lowther; when, for instance, an enormous in-

crease was observed in the breeding birds of Rydal Park. But more probably the causes of increase and of diffusion lie further away. In 1894, when the bird was reported as numerous in Yorkshire dales, there was a large immigration into our mountain valleys, which was repeated in 1895 and 1896; and many broods were successfully hatched. Indeed this gentle and confiding little bird, if it find a patch of old woodland that affords plenty of nest-holes, often appears to settle in a kind of colony. But such colonies may disappear in a couple of years. Fluctuations in the immigration of the species may have something to do with this; but I am convinced from observation that the starling is largely to blame. It is a question, indeed, whether the starling, so enormously on the increase, is not becoming partly parasitic in its nesting habits. The small pied fly-catcher has no choice but to yield to the bigger bird, though it bravely contends with and masters redstart or blue titmouse that may desire the same hole. Towards man the pied flycatcher, unlike the redstart, is so confiding and complaisant as to be greatly at his mercy; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the visitor meeting this beautiful and in other places rare bird will leave it in happy enjoyment of life and of its brood, as an ornament of the district whose beauties he has come to enjoy. It is too late, alas, to speak a word for some of our rarer ferns, carried away wholesale to die in alien places and so be lost to all.

The woodcock, once only a winter visitor, now breeds freely in the woods of Lake-land, and may be seen any summer eve engaged in its queer crepuscular flights. The snipe, too, bleats at twilight about the diminished marshes at the lake-heads, where its cousin, the jack-snipe, spends its winters. It is on the drier alluvial flats adjacent to the becks and rivers, just where they enter the lakes, that the yellow wagtail makes its summer home. It has been described in the Fauna of Lake-land as a somewhat uncommon species, but it is well distributed, and always to be found on its own

special ground. About the stony shores of the lakes, and on the upland tarns, the common sandpiper breeds, and is a conspicuous visitor ; while on reedy margins and about ponds the reed bunting and the sedge warbler make their nests.

On the rapid streams of the mountains, from source to sea-shore, the dipper is stationed at regular intervals ; and the grey wagtail is present the summer through. The water rail is generally scarce.

On the lakes few water-fowl breed. Coots and water-hens and mallards nest, and occasionally—though much more rarely than of old—teals. The dabchick, though a regular winter visitor to the shallows and river-mouths of the lakes, seemingly never nests upon them ; and in the summer is restricted to some small sheets of water in the outskirts of the district. But many water-fowl visit the lakes in winter-time. The diving ducks feed habitually on the vegetation of the bottoms, where the grass-like quillwort grows, and little bivalve shells nestle close. Then the golden-eye is regularly present, coming in November. The tufted duck, a species certainly on the increase, is a regular visitor too. It seems to prefer the smaller waters, and probably feeds at lesser depths than the golden-eye. The pochard, usually considered scarce and intermittent as a visitor, has become quite frequent during the last few winters. The scaup duck occasionally visits the lakes, and the surface-feeding wigeon more often. The rapid divers, that pursue the darting fish below water, are seen in general singly and occasionally. They are the great northern diver, the red-throated diver, the goosander, the merganser, the great-crested grebe, the red-necked grebe, the Sclavonian grebe. The cormorant is an occasional visitor ; indeed upon Ennerdale Lake, which is but a short flight from its coast haunts, it is almost constantly present. Wild swans visit the larger lakes in winter.

The bird-life of the valley homesteads and garden-plots is much the same as elsewhere, except that the pied fly-

catcher occasionally attaches itself to a lonely steading, with its sheltering yew and sycamore, by the brawling mountain beck ; and is pleased to make its nest there within a hole in the masonry. And the spotted fly-catcher is so numerous that every cot and outbuilding has its summer nesting pair, while the species overflows, like the robin, into woodland haunts. The pied wagtail is a farmstead bird often. The greenfinch is a regular garden bird ; and all the four usual species of titmice are plentiful. The long-tailed species nests sometimes in the juniper bushes of the fells, where the yellow-hammer is a summer settler. The lesser redpoll, besides, is a regular nester in the quieter valleys of Lake-land.

Where the rocky rivers empty themselves into the western sea, by estuary and flow, and round all the encircling coast, special birds nest in summer, and others come to winter. The mosses at the head of Morecambe Bay draw gulls and even some rarer birds to nest, as do the marshes of the Solway—those vast dry plains of grass and sea-thrift, intersected by ditches, up which the tides rush in sudden force, sometimes overwhelming the whole. Here birds pitch their summer camp in crowds, and lay their eggs artfully in the centre of the grass tussocks—but not so artfully as to escape incessant robbery by man—redshanks, dunlins, common terns, with the commoner lapwings and larks. Here the sheldrake does without the customary rabbit-hole for its brood, and even a scarce shoveller has been known to nest. But there are two areas for sea-birds' nests, happily under close protection. One is by Ravenglass, on the long line of sandhills that shuts in the estuary. Here, besides vast numbers of black-headed gulls, the Sandwich tern nests, as well as the common and the lesser terns. On Walney, the long low island off Barrow, always a great place for sea-birds, and protected of late years, the common and the lesser tern nest, and the Arctic in diminishing numbers

All round the coast the little ringed plover scratches

a faint depression in the sand, and lays its eggs with a few stones and ornamental oyster shells scattered round perhaps to break the view. And so does the gay sea-pie or oyster-catcher, whose wild sweet call comes up from the far sea-marge, where it follows the tide on the ebb and paddles with smart red legs in the wet. The rocky headland of St Bees draws a crowd of birds to nest. Besides the strictly appropriate guillemots, and razor-bills and herring gulls, that lay their eggs on ledges, the stock-dove uses it; and the tiny sand-martin bores many a hole where the cliffs are soft, both here and in the short banks at Seascale. The rock-pipit, too, nests in its ledges.

The limestone cliff of Humphrey Head, surrounded by sandbanks and shallows, is not so favoured by breeding birds, but the jackdaw and dove—doubtless the stock-dove—are busy about its niches in nesting time. And in autumn and winter the mud-flats of the estuaries and the sands of the bays are busy with bird life. Besides troops of gulls and oyster-catchers, and curlews, and redshanks, and dunlins, there are far-coming whimbrels, and sanderlings, and knots, as well as more rarely seen species. There are geese on the flows, and sea-duck, scaup, common scoter, wigeon and others on the tide.

RESIDENTS

I.

(*An asterisk is attached to the names of birds rarely seen.*)

Missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*).
Blackbird (*Turdus merula*).
Dipper (*Cinclus aquaticus*).
Stone-chat (*Pratincola rubicola*).
Redbreast (*Erithacus rubecula*).
Golden-crested wren (*Regulus cristatus*).
Hedge-sparrow (*Accentor modularis*).
Long-tailed titmouse (*Acredula rosea*).
Great titmouse (*Parus major*).
Coal titmouse (*Parus ater*).
Marsh titmouse (*Parus palustris*).
Blue titmouse (*Parus cæruleus*).
Tree-creeper (*Certhia familiaris*).
Wren (*Troglodytes parvulus*).
Rock-pipit (*Anthus obscurus*).

*Goldfinch (*Carduelis elegans*).
*Hawfinch (*Coccothraustes vulgaris*).
House-sparrow (*Passer domesticus*).
*Tree-sparrow (*Passer montanus*).
Chaffinch (*Fringilla cælebs*).
Linnet (*Linota cannabina*).
Lesser redpoll (*Linota rufescens*).
Twite (*Linota flavirostris*).
Bullfinch (*Pyrrhula europæa*).
*Crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*).
Common bunting (*Emberiza miliaria*).
Yellow hammer (*Emberiza citrinella*).
Sky-lark (*Alauda arvensis*).
Wood-lark (*Alauda arborea*).
Starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*).
Jay (*Garrulus glandarius*).
Magpie (*Pica rustica*)
Jackdaw (*Corvus monedula*).
Carrion-crow (*Corvus corone*).
Rook (*Corvus frugilegus*).
Raven (*Corvus corax*).
*Great spotted wood-pecker (*Picus major*).
Kingfisher (*Alcedo ispida*).
Barn-owl (*Strix flammea*).
Long-eared owl (*Asio otus*).
Short-eared owl (*Asio accipitrinus*).
Tawny owl (*Syrnium aluco*).
Buzzard (*Buteo vulgaris*).
Sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter nisus*).
Peregrine falcon (*Falco peregrinus*).
Merlin (*Falco æsalon*).
Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*).
Heron (*Ardea cinerea*).
[Canada Goose (*Anser canadensis*).]
[Mute Swan (*Cygnus olor*).]
Sheldrake (*Tadorna cornuta*).
Mallard (*Anas boscas*).
*Shoveller (*Spatula clypeata*).
Teal (*Querquedula crecca*).
Ring-dove (*Columba palumbus*).
Stock-dove (*Columba ænas*).
Pheasant (*Phasianus colchicus*).
Partridge (*Perdix cinerea*).
Red grouse (*Lagopus scoticus*).
Black grouse (*Tetrao tetrix*).
Water-rail (*Rallus aquaticus*).
Moorhen (*Gallinula chloropus*).
Coot (*Fulica atra*).
Golden plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*).
Ringed plover (*Ægialitis hiaticula*).
Lapwing (*Vanellus vulgaris*).
Oyster-catcher (*Hæmatopus ostralegus*).
Woodcock (*Scolopax rusticula*).
Common snipe (*Gallinago cælestis*).
Dunlin (*Tringa alpina*).
Redshank (*Totanus calidris*).
Curlew (*Numenius arquata*).
Black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*).
Herring-gull (*Larus argentatus*).
Lesser black-backed gull (*Larus fuscus*).
Great black-backed gull (*Larus marinus*).
Razorbill (*Alca torda*).
Common guillemot(*Lomvia troile*).
Little grebe (*Podiceps fluviatilis*).

II.

Song-thrush (*Turdus musicus*).
Pied wagtail (*Motacilla lugubris*).
Grey wagtail (*Motacilla melanope*).
Meadow-pipit (*Anthus pratensis*).
Greenfinch (*Ligurinus chloris*).
Black-headed bunting (*Emberiza melanocephala*).

The birds placed in the second division of residents all leave the central district in mid-winter; and the lark, besides, is a migratory bird from the few spots on Lake-land mountains where it nests. The linnet and the twite flock and shift their ground somewhat, but they are too scarce as nesters in the centre for their absence to be marked.

Of these shifting species (except, possibly, the grey wagtail) an odd individual may occasionally be chanced upon in winter; but the mass withdraws. Greenfinches go in August, collecting first about the few grain fields of the district; and their reappearance in Lake-land gardens at the end of March or beginning of April is as punctual and certain as the advent of the swallow a month later. The pied wagtails come a fortnight earlier, and stay later, forming little sportive bands in September, and sleeping out in the reeds of the lake as the congregating swallows do. Meadow pipits, too, collect and joyously patrol the heather-fells, roosting there till October, when they vanish; and they, too, return in late March, though in their highest haunts they do not settle until mid or late April. The song thrush is away a shorter time than any of these winter-absentees, waiting in general till the yew-berries are cleared, and returning in February, even early February if the weather be mild. So late as November a solitary grey wagtail may be seen, but the families move down the streams and are gone in September.

The golden-crested wren is a constant though inconspicuous bird in our woods. The goldfinch, an abundant bird in the memory of elderly natives, is now absolutely rare,[1] while the bullfinch maintains its ground. The tree-sparrow was probably always a scarce species. The hawfinch's nest has been recorded for only one locality, in the east of the district; but it is almost certain that in two recent years (1901 being one) it has nested in a garden of

[1] I am happy to say that in some parts of England, on the other hand, the goldfinch is more abundant than it is commonly represented to be. In Hampshire I see much of the goldfinch now.—Ed.

a central valley. The crossbill's nest, too, has been recorded for Cumberland, and it is possible that it may have bred in some of the larch woods nearer the centre. The common bunting is absent from the mountains, as is the stone-chat. The wood-lark is quite a local breeder, nesting at a few isolated spots beyond the mountains. The great spotted wood-pecker, though a regular breeder, has become exceedingly rare in the centre. In two park-lands where it bred in recent years it cannot now be found. The short-eared owl is more frequent as a winter visitor, but as its nest has been found occasionally it claims a place among the residents. The same applies to the shoveller. The teal is becoming a rarer nester than formerly on the smaller sheets of water. The mute swan, introduced, breeds on all the larger lakes; and if the species merits a place in our avifauna so does the Canada goose, hitherto unnoticed, which nests regularly upon an island of Rydal Lake.

SUMMER VISITORS

Ring-ouzel (*Turdus torquatus*).
Wheatear (*Saxicola œnanthe*).
Whin-chat (*Pratincola rubetra*).
Redstart (*Ruticilla phœnicurus*).
Whitethroat (*Sylvia rufa*).
Lesser whitethroat (*Sylvia curruca*).
Blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*).
Garden-warbler (*Sylvia salicaria*).
Chiffchaff (*Phylloscopus collybita*)
Willow-wren (*Phylloscopus trochilus*).
Wood-wren (*Phylloscopus sibilatrix*).
Sedge-warbler (*Acrocephalus schœnobœnus*).
Grasshopper-warbler (*Locustella nævia*).
Yellow wagtail (*Motacilla raii*).
Tree-pipit (*Anthus trivialis*).
*Redbacked shrike (*Lanius collurio*).
Spotted flycatcher (*Muscicapa grisola*).
Pied flycatcher (*Muscicapa atricapilla*).
Swallow (*Hirundo rustica*).
Martin (*Chelidon urbica*).
Sand-martin (*Cotile riparia*).
Swift (*Cypselus apus*).
Nightjar (*Caprimulgus europæus*).
Cuckoo (*Cuculus canorus*).
*Turtle-dove (*Turtur communis*).
*Quail (*Coturnix communis*).
Corn-crake (*Crex pratensis*).
Dotterel (*Eudromias morinellus*).
Common sandpiper (*Totanus hypoleucus*).
Arctic tern (*Sterna macrura*).
Common tern (*Sterna fluviatilis*).
Little tern (*Sterna minuta*).
Sandwich tern (*Sterna cantiaca*).

Besides the prevailing species of the district already mentioned, there are a few migratory birds which are local or rare. The grasshopper-warbler is unknown in the centre, nesting chiefly about Carlisle and the shores of the Solway. The reed-warbler is so rare that it has been, like the wryneck, withdrawn to the class of rare visitors. The red-backed shrike, the turtle-dove, the quail, are all scarce nesters, the two latter being confined to the eastern side of the district. The sand-martin is naturally scarce (like the king-fisher) in the mountains, as it can but rarely find a bank of glacial drift deep enough for its borings. The swift uses greatly the high modern houses of the towns. The lark, abundant as a resident round the district, is entirely absent from the mountain valleys, while it is a summer visitor to a few of the exposed tops, notably to the grassy summit of Fairfield, to Red Screes, and to Lawson Park, a clearing on the fells above Coniston.

WINTER VISITORS

Redwing (*Turdus iliacus*).
Field-fare (*Turdus pilaris*).
*Great grey shrike (*Lanius excubitor*).
*Wax-wing (*Ampelis garrulus*).
Siskin (*Chrysomitris spinus*).
Brambling (*Fringilla montifringilla*).
Snow-bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*).
Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax carbo*).
Gannet (*Sula bassana*).
Grey lag goose (*Anser cinereus*).
Bean-goose (*Anser segetum*).
Pink-footed goose (*Anser brachyrhynchus*).
White-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons*).
Brent goose (*Bernicla brenta*).
Bernacle goose (*Bernicla leucopsis*)
Whooper swan (*Cygnus musicus*)
Gadwall (*Chaulelasmus streperus*).
Pintail (*Dafila acuta*).
Wigeon (*Mareca penelope*).
Pochard (*Fuligula ferina*).
Tufted duck (*Fuligula cristata*).
Scaup (*Fuligula marila*).
Golden-eye (*Clangula glauciosi*).
*Long-tailed duck (*Harelda glacialis*).
*Eider duck (*Somerteria mollissima*).
Common scoter (*Œdemia nigra*).
Goosander (*Mergus merganser*).
Redbreasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*).
*Smew (*Mergus albellus*).
Grey plover (*Squatarola helvetica*).
Turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*).
Jack snipe (*Gallinago gallinula*).
Purple sandpiper (*Tringa striata*).
Knot (*Tringa canutus*).
Common gull (*Larus canus*).

Kittiwake (*Rissa tridactyla*).
Great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*).
Black-throated diver (*Colymbus articus*).
Red-throated diver (*Colymbus septentrionalis*).
Great crested grebe (*Podiceps cristatus*).
Red-necked grebe (*Podiceps grisegena*).
Sclavonian grebe (*Podiceps auritus*).

The winter visitors raise but slightly the depleted bird population of central Lake-land in the dead season. The flights of redwings, field-fares, bramblings, snow-buntings, ring-doves, lesser redpolls—for these two last species come also in winter flocks—are irregular in their appearance, and uncertain in their stay. The siskin is comparatively rare. The great grey shrike and wax-wing are only occasionally seen.

It is in the estuaries and the bays that the winter visitors more perceptibly raise the population, for to the resident waders are added vast numbers that have nested in northern regions. Flocks of knots come in from the north, with sanderlings and whimbrels. The two latter species occur chiefly on passage, in autumn and spring, when the winter-staying knots have their numbers increased also.

The grey plover and turnstone are seen in small parties as regular visitors to suitable spots, as well as the rarer purple sandpiper. In the estuary at Ravenglass a little flock of turnstones is constantly present through the winter, lingering on till June. Indeed, the wise boatman there says there is hardly a season when he misses them; and it is possible that a few immature birds even stay the summer through.

Of the winter ducks, the gadwall, the pintail, the long-tailed duck, the eider duck, and the smew are rare. The increase of tufted duck and of pochard has been mentioned, and it seems likely that before long the two species may be removed into the resident class, for there is presumptive evidence of their having bred near the Solway. The wood-cock is a notable instance of a species once known only as a winter visitor having become a breeder.

Of geese, the bean and the bernacle are the common species, while the pink-footed, the white-fronted, and the brent are but casual visitors. The grey lag once bred in the district.

BIRDS OF DOUBLE PASSAGE

White wagtail (*Motacilla alba*).
Spotted crake (*Porzana maruetta*).
Little stint (*Tringa minuta*).
Curlew-sandpiper (*Tringa subarquata*).
Ruff (*Machetes pugnax*).
Sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*).
Green sandpiper (*Totanus ochropus*).
Greenshank (*Totanus canescens*).
Bar-tailed godwit (*Limosa lapponica*).
Whimbrel (*Numenius phæopus*).

Some of these birds occur only as stragglers from hosts that pass us by. The Cumbrian shore is somewhat off the main west-coast route for birds migrating to the Faroes, Greenland, and Iceland, which cuts (so it is considered) from point to point of the coast by Pembroke, Anglesey, Isle of Man, Wigtonshire, and so northward. Some are seen most frequently in spring, others in autumn. The occurrences of the white wagtail are recorded chiefly in spring, when numbers of knots and whimbrels halt on their journey. The little stint, the green sandpiper, the greenshank, are chiefly seen in autumn, as is the curlew-sandpiper. The Pomatorhine skua, Temminck's stint, and the two phalaropes are birds of passage also, but are so rarely seen that they are placed in the class of occasional visitors.

Besides the western coast route for migration there seems to be another along the Pennine chain. The ruffs that halt upon the Solway in early autumn possibly use this route, and the trips of dotterel that likewise halt in spring before passing on.

The short cut through the mountains by the gap over Dunmail Raise is certainly used by geese. They are heard going northward over Rydal and Grasmere in February and March. The spotted crake is a bird of passage, but

there is strong presumptive evidence, in the presence of young birds, of its having nested in one or two of the mosses of Cumberland and Lancashire.

RARE AND ACCIDENTAL VISITORS

Isabelline wheatear (*Saxicola isabellina*).
Black redstart (*Ruticilla titys*).
Fire-crested wren (*Regulus ignicapillus*).
Reed-warbler (*Acrocephalus streperus*).
Nuthatch (*Sitta cæsia*).
Richard's pipit (*Anthus richardi*).
Golden oriole (*Oriolus galbula*).
Wood-chat (*Lanius auriculatus*).
Mealy redpoll (*Linota linaria*).
Two-barred crossbill (*Loxia fifasciata*).
Lapland-bunting (*Plectrophanes lapponicus*).
Shore-lark (*Otocorys alpestris*).
Rose-coloured starling (*Pastor roseus*).
Chough (*Pyrrhocorax graculus*).
Hooded crow (*Corvus cornix*).
White-bellied swift (*Cypselus melba*).
Lesser-spotted wood-pecker (*Picus minor*).
Green wood-pecker (*Gecinus viridis*).
Wryneck (*Iynx torquilla*).
Roller (*Coracias garrula*).
Hoopoe (*Upupa epops*).
Tengmalm's owl (*Nyctala tengmalmi*).
Scops owl (*Scops giu*).
Little owl (*Athene noctua*).
Marsh-harrier (*Circus æruginosus*).
Montagu's harrier (*Circus cinereaceus*).
Hen-harrier (*Circus cyaneus*).
Rough-legged buzzard (*Archibuteo lagopus*).
Spotted eagle (*Aquila elanga*).
Golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetus*).
Sea-eagle (*Haliaetus albicilla*).
Goshawk (*Astur palumbarius*).
Kite (*Milvus ictinus*).
Honey-Buzzard (*Pernis apivorus*).
Greenland-falcon (*Falco candicans*).
Iceland-falcon (*Falco islandus*).
Hobby (*Falco subbuteo*).
Osprey (*Pandion haliaetus*).
Shag (*Phalacrocorax graculus*).
Purple heron (*Ardea purpurea*).
Squacco heron (*Ardea ralloides*).
Little bittern (*Ardetta minuta*).
Night-heron (*Nycticorax griseus*).
Bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*).
White stork (*Ciconia alba*).
Spoon-bill (*Platalea leucorodia*).
Snow-goose (*Chen hyperborais*).
Polish swan (*Cygnus immutabilis*).
Bewick's swan (*Cygnus bewicki*).
Garganey teal (*Querquedula circia*).
Velvet scoter (*Œdema fusca*).
Surf scoter (*Œdemia perspicillata*).
Rock-dove (*Columba livia*).
Pallas's sand-grouse (*Styrrhaptes paradoxus*).
Red-legged partridge (*Caccabis rufa*).
Ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus*).
Baillon's crake (*Porzana bailloni*).
Little crake (*Porzana parva*).
Crane (*Grus communis*).
Great bustard (*Otis tarda*).

Little bustard (*Olix tetrax*).
Common pratincole (*Glareola pratincola*).
Cream-coloured courser (*Cursorius gallicus*.
Red-necked phalarope (*Phalaropus hyperboreus*).
Grey phalarope (*Phalaropus fulicarius*).
Great snipe (*Gallinago major*).
Pectoral sandpiper (*Tringa maculata*).
Temminck's stint (*Tringa temmincki*).
Buff-breasted sandpiper (*Tryngites rufescens*).
Wood-sandpiper (*Totanus glareola*).
Spotted redshank (*Totanus fuscus*).
Red-breasted snipe (*Macrorhampus griseus*).
Roseate tern (*Sterna dougalli*).
Black tern (*Hydrochelidon nigra*).
Ivory gull (*Pagophila eburnea*).
Little gull (*Larus minutus*).
Glaucous gull (*Larus glaucus*).
Iceland gull (*Larus leucopterus*).
Common skua (*Stercorarius catarrhactes*).
Pomatorhine skua (*Stercorarius pomatorhinus*).
Richardson's skua (*Stercorarius crepidatus*).
Buffon's skua (*Stercorarius parasiticus*).
Storm-petrel (*Procellaria pelagica*).
Leach's petrel (*Procellaria leucorrhea*).
Wilson's petrel (*Oceanites oceanicus*).
Manx shearwater (*Puffinus anglorum*).
Frigate-petrel (*Pelagodroma marina*).
Fulmar (*Fulmarus glacialis*).
Black guillemot (*Uria grylle*).
Little auk (*Mergulus alke*).
Puffin (*Fratercula arctica*).
Eared grebe (*Podiceps nigricollis*).

This list of rare birds we owe to the late Mr. Macpherson, whose work draws together the observations of the older naturalists and many of his contemporaries, and who has added to these the record of his own labours in the Carlisle and Solway district during a series of years. As a result, he can boast the Isabelline wheatear, new to England, and the frigate-petrel, new to Europe, and not entered in Dresser's list.

But it is of interest to note, in connection with the fluctuation of species, that some of these birds were once regular breeders within the district. Besides birds of prey, there are the bittern, the chough, the wryneck, the roseate tern; and to these may now be added the green and the lesser spotted wood-pecker, for it is nearly twenty years since a nest of either species has been recorded.

Of the mammals of Lakeland, beyond the weasel, the

squirrel, the hedgehog, and the mice, little is seen. But if the visitor ramble into some of the loneliest recesses of the mountains from Ullswater he may meet with the native red deer, still wild. He may find the earth of the fox high up, and the hole of the otter by the secluded shore of the lake, but he is little likely to catch a glimpse of either of these cautious creatures. Nor will he see much of the pine marten, though it still exists and is still taken on the rocky fells. The foumart is probably rarer. The badger was believed extinct, but a specimen is said to have turned up recently in St. John's Vale. The black rat is stated by J. G. Goodchild in the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmorland Association, 1882–83, to linger yet "in small numbers about the fell-side farms in Westmorland." Diligent inquiry, however, among the sportsmen, game-keepers, woodmen, and farmers on the southern side of the mountains has failed to yield the slightest trace of it.

The foregoing lists follow the order and Latin nomenclature of Dresser's "Birds of Europe," with two exceptions. For the long-tailed and the coal titmice, I have ventured to give the old names, believing with Professor Newton that the slight variations from the continental type which they display entitle them to be classed as local races rather than true species. For the same reason the white-headed long-tailed titmouse, which occupies a place in Mr. Macpherson's "Fauna of Lake-land," is withdrawn. This is my only divergence from his list; and the insertion of the Canada goose still brings the total number of our birds to 262.

THE BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

By CANON CREWDSON

THE varied physical features which characterise the English Lake district have made it the favourite haunt of many species of butterflies and moths, some of which are rarely, if at all, found elsewhere in England. On the other hand, the large extent of comparatively barren upland, the narrowness of the valleys, and the general monotony of the geological formations in the district, all tend to limit the number both of species and individuals. Round the district there runs a band of carboniferous limestone, but this is generally too narrow to make a marked feature in the fauna. The centre of the district is composed of hard intractable volcanic rock, to which its bolder features are due. To the north of this central mass lie the oldest rocks of the district, the Skiddaw slates, scarcely less intractable than the volcanic series. To the south stretches another large area composed of Ordovician and Silurian slates and grits passing under the carboniferous limestone at Kendal, but extending to Tebay and Shap in a more easterly direction. The main masses of limestone are to be found bordering Morecambe Bay by Arnside, Grange, and Whitbarrow; and it is here that such chalk-loving species as are to be found in the district must be looked for. Opening upon Morecambe Bay there are several wide, flat valleys filled with recent deposits, peat, &c., also a favourite haunt of some of the rarer species. Many of the lower elevations and some portions of the valleys are well wooded, being covered with fir, hazel,

birch, and oak, affording good ground for the sugarer and larva hunter; while the heathery heights above will be sought for some of the greatest prizes that the district affords —the mountain insects, some of them doubtless relics of the glacial period which has left such marked traces on the district.

About forty of the British butterflies may be found in various parts of the area we are considering. I have been told that *machaon* has been taken near Windermere, but not within the memory of any living entomologist. *Rhamni* is, of course, common, and *edusa* has frequently been seen, but is irregular in appearance. *Sinapis* used to be seen flitting sylph-like in the woods near Windermere, and, I believe, may still be found in the Morecambe district; but it is not a common insect. *Galatea* is reported to have been taken in former years near Grange, but has not been seen recently. The same be said of *ægeria*, which used to frequent the woods in the Morecambe district. *Semele* is often abundant on the limestones of Kendal Fell and elsewhere, presenting an admirable example of protective colouring, being scarcely visible on a lichen-covered stone. *Tithonus* is singularly rare. Specimens, probably of local origin, exist in old collections; but no definite locality can be given, and it has not been heard of of late. *Davus* is fairly frequent in the lowlands at the head of Morecambe Bay. *Hyperanthus* I have taken very often at Windermere some thirty or forty years ago, but it seems to have disappeared from this section, and only lingers in the Morecambe district. The two *Erebias*, relics of the glacial period, are among the prizes of the district; *blandina* occurring near Kendal, and *epiphron* being still abundant at high elevations almost everywhere in the Lakeland, never being seen below about 2000 feet, where only a stray white or tortoiseshell, or the ubiquitous *pamphilus* keep it company. Above that limit they may be seen in scores; 200 feet lower you may look in vain for a stray specimen. But you must choose your day well, for the dark little fellow delights

in sunshine. You will not find him again between Red Screes and the Alps, where he may be met with at about 4000 to 5000 feet high.

Of the *Vanessidæ*, *cardui*, *io*, *atalanta*, and, of course, *urticæ*, are common. *Polychloros* I have taken more than once near Windermere, and captures have been recorded near Kendal during the past year (1901), but it is rare. Several of the fritillaries are to be met with. *Aglaia*, *selene*, and *euphrosyne* are widely distributed and common. *Adippe* frequents the woods in the Morecambe section. *Aurinia* I have known common, but local. The pretty Duke of Burgundy (*Nemeobius lucina*) may be found in most years; but it too is restricted in its range. Of the *Lycænidæ*, *quercus* is to be found in the Morecambe section, and it is common when it occurs, but is very local; *betulæ* is reported, but has not been taken of late years; *rubi* is fairly common and widely distributed. Of the "blues," *argiolus* may generally be met with, and was particularly abundant last spring; *icarus*, of course, is common; *minima* and *agestis* have been found on the limestones by Morecambe Bay, where *corydon* also used to be taken, but it is doubtful whether this last-named survives. *Tages* and *sylvanus* are the only skippers I have seen, but old records mention *alveolus* and *linea* as found near Silverdale.

Of the *Sphinges*, *ocellatus* and *populi* are fairly common. *Tiliæ* does not seem to extend so far north, though its food-plant is abundant. In some years *atropos* and *convolvuli* have been frequently taken. *Elpenor* is sometimes very common, as is also *porcellus* in some sections; but the former seems to have become scarcer of late. *Stellatarum* is no rarity. *Bombyliformis* frequents the higher pasturages near Windermere; *bembeciformis* occurs among osiers, *tipuliformis* among currants, *sphegiformis* among alders, and *culiciformis* in birch bushes on mossy lands. *Ino statices* is fairly common, chiefly on railway banks. *Geryon* is very local, but abundant where found. *Filipendulæ* is widely distributed and fairly common. This insect is very variable,

often approaching *trifolii* or *loniceræ*, but I do not believe that either of these species is to be found in the Lake district. *Lithosia lurideola* extends as far north as Kendal. *Rubricollis* is scarce, but has several times been taken at Windermere. *Mesomella* occurs on mossy land at the head of Morecambe Bay. *Nemeophila russula* is common (especially the male) in heathy places in the lowlands. *Plantaginis*, untrue to its name of wood tiger, is often to be found at high elevations (as is also observed in S. Europe) in company with the mountain ringlet. *Fuliginosa* is often met with, especially in the caterpillar stage, but it is hard to rear owing to its hybernating habits. *Jacobeæ* I have seen in some years positively swarming, the ragwort flowers being completely covered with the caterpillars; but of late it appears to have become much rarer. All the *Hepialidæ* occur. *Ligniperda* is not infrequent, especially in the caterpillar stage.

Of the *Liparidæ* we have *fascelina*, *pudibunda*, *auriflua*, and *antiqua*, but the two last-named are not nearly so abundant as they are in many parts of England. *Lasiocampa rubi* is very common on heaths in the caterpillar stage; but, like *fuliginosa*, is hard to rear. *Lanestris* is found in the Morecambe section. *Clisiocampa populi* seems irregular in its appearance; in some years it is frequent at light, and then may not be seen for several successive seasons. *Cratægi* has once been taken near Silverdale. *Quercus* is, of course, common, and together with *carpini* may often be seen by day flying wildly over the upland heather. I may mention a curious instance of mistaken instinct which occurred in connection with this latter species. Two caterpillars selected the same twig on which to construct their cocoons; and instead of making two separate cocoons they made one large common one. Each, as usual, made the lobster-pot-like exit for the moth, but each closed up the exit made by the other, so that neither was able to escape.

Drepana falcataria occurs in marshy woods near Win-

dermere. *Cerura furcula* is common on sallow, and *P. palpina*, *N. dictæa* and *dictæoides*, and *N. dromedarius* and *A. flavicornis* may be mentioned as noteworthy residents in the Kendal and Morecambe sections; also *T. batis* and *derasa* (both at Kendal and Windermere). *D. coryli*, which has occurred at Newby Bridge, and *A ligustri* and *menyanthidis*, the latter in upland woods and moors. Besides the commoner *Leucanidæ*, *L. comma* and *conigera* may deserve mention as Lakeland insects. *L. cæspitis* has been taken at Oxenholme. *C. haworthii* should be found on the moors, flying by day, when *A. porphyrea* may also be taken. *A. saucia* and *lucernea*, and *N. glareosa* and *dahlii* may be worth recording, and also *O. suspecta* (Kendal), *X. citrago* (Windermere), *C. xerampelina* (Kendal), *D. templi* (Kendal), *E. nigra* and *viminalis* (Windermere), *H. rectilinea*, occasionally at sugar at Windermere, and *H. pisi*, the latter chiefly for the beauty of the caterpillar, which may often be found feeding on the flowers of the grass of Parnassus. *Cloantha solidaginis* has once been taken at Windermere, but is a great rarity. *C. exoleta* and *vetusta* may be taken at sugar or in meadows, and *A. myrtilli* enlivens the moors.

Three great prizes have recently been taken in *C. asteris*, *H. armigera*, and *H. unca*. Several of the *Plusidæ* are to be found, but none are common except the ubiquitous *gamma*, *iota*, and to a less extent locally, at light or on heathery hills, *interrogationis*. *Bractea* is a great prize, but being a northern insect is commoner than in the south. *S. anomala* is also a great prize; it has been taken on the heathery plateaux near Winster.

None of the *Catocalidæ* are known. *E. ni* is common on the moors, where *glyphica* is also sometimes met with, but is much rarer. *B. parthenias* may be found in the Morecambe section.

Among the *Geometrina*, *O. sambucaria*, said to be unknown in Scotland, is fairly common. *E. fasciaria* has been taken near Grange, and *S. lunaria* at Kendal. *A. Prodromaria*

and *betularia* both occur fairly commonly; the latter generally in the black variety. *Crepuscularia* in several varieties is an ornament of the fir woods. Of the "emeralds," we have—besides *Margaritata cytisaria—papilionaria* and *lactearia*. *H. auroraria*, *V. cambrica*, *C. temerata*, *M. liturata*, and *F. piniaria* (in fir woods) may deserve a notice; while *M. belgiaria* (on the moors) and *A. ulmata* are more particularly northern insects.

All the *Hybernidæ* are to be found, but *Aurantiaria* is rare. *Larentia reticulata* used to be common, but extremely local among *Impatiens noli-me-tangere* near Windermere; but some years ago the food-plants were found cut down, either maliciously or thoughtlessly, and since then the insect has not been seen. *Multistrigaria* has been frequently taken at light. *Cæsiata* is generally common on walls in the centre of the district. *Flavicincta* occurs but rarely on the moors, where also *olivaria* may be still more frequently found. *Emmelesia affinitata*, *alchemillata*, *albulata*, *decolorata*, and *blandiata* are recorded, some being of course very common. *Eupithecia pulchellata*, *centaureata*, and *nanata* may be mentioned among the Pugs, of which there is a considerable variety. *Lobophora lobulata* and *polycommata* are both to be met with, but are good captures. *Melanippe Hastata* and *tristata*, and *C. munitata* occur, but locally. *Scotosia undulata*, *Larentia dotata*, *Ortholitha comitata* (Kendal), *cervinata*, *Anaitis plagiata*, *Chesias spartiata* (on broom, where the caterpillars seem sometimes to imitate the leaf and sometimes the flower), *Ch. obliquaria* (Windermere) and *Scotosia Rhamnata* (Kendal) deserve mention. *Pyrausta ostrinalis* and *purpuralis* are both to be found in stony places, the former on Kendal Fell; the latter sometimes flies by night, and is attracted by light. In similar places *Ennychia cingulalis* may be found, but it is rare. *Octomaculata* is commoner in woods where the protective character of its rather conspicuous colouring is strikingly illustrated. *Nola cristulalis* is recorded from Windermere. *Galleria mellonella* and *Achræa grisella* are both recorded from Kendal. *Cram-*

bus pinetellus, the prettiest of the genus, is sometimes taken. *Pempelia fusca* has occurred on Applethwaite Common.

The rest of the *Micro-lepidoptera* must be dismissed briefly. There are a very large number of species to be found; but the *Tortricina* are generally uninteresting, and the *Tineina*, though possessed of a beauty rarely equalled in other orders, are so small as easily to be overlooked. For their exceptional beauty may be mentioned the *Adelas*, of which there are several in the district, also the *Micropterigeras*, sunning themselves on the rushes in the upland marshes; the *Argyresthidæ*, with their brilliant golden wings; the *Coleophoras*, living in the caterpillar state in tubes like caddis worms; the many-leaf mining species, including the common *Lyonetia clerkella* which, though almost footless, constructs a hammock in the hollow of a leaf in which to pass the pupa stage; and the curious many-plume moths, which are also well represented. Amongst these there is plenty of work still to be done, and it is by no means unlikely that many species have so far escaped notice. In any case the search for them will lead to scenes where there is much to repay the entomologist besides the insects which are the immediate object of pursuit.

THE FLORA

By S. L. PETTY

IN treating of the flora of a large tract of country like the Lake area, which has affinities with both north and south, I have found it necessary to limit the comital census of the species included to forty. To this there are a few exceptions in the case of, say, an English type like *Rhamnus carthartícus*, buckthorn, which becomes rare in the north, especially in Cumberland. I trust no reader will take advantage of my list wilfully to destroy, for the purpose of drying, more than is absolutely wanted of any species: in no circumstances should he take the root. For the protection of a few very rare plants the localities are given in such a way as to be of little use to the beginner.

Strangers are occasionally rather sceptical as to the abundance of our flora, but it will compare favourably with even those of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, which have some 1050 species. What the Lakeland number is there can really be no saying until the Westmorland flora is known: personally I should not put it much below Hampshire.

Most of the aliens are omitted: if any reader is interested in them, I advise him to see the late Mr. Hodgson's "Flora of Cumberland," where will be found all the available information on the subject. The letters C., W., and L. represent the counties, Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire.

Thalictrum alpinum L. (Alpine Meadow Rue). C., Scawfell Pikes, Blacksail Pass, Hanging Knott. W., Striding Edge, Helvellyn.

Thalictrum dunense Dum. L., Walney Island.

Thalictrum calcareum Jord. C., Great End (1800 feet), Wastwater Screes, Honister Crag, Piers Ghyll, Scawfell. W., Scout Scar near Kendal, Whitbarrow, Catchidecam, High Street, above Blea Water.

Thalictrum flexuosum Bernh (Meadow Rue). C., shore of Ullswater, Derwentwater, Bassenthwaite. W., south shore of Ullswater, and in Patterdale, Brathay. L., shore of Windermere and Coniston.

Ranunculus pseudo-reptans Syme. C., Derwentwater, Buttermere, Ullswater. W., Rydal. L., Coniston Lake.

Helleborus viridis L. (Green Hellebore). C., Duddon Woods. W., Arnside. L., Grange-over-Sands.

Actæa spicata L. (Bane-Berry). Is still to be found in Westmorland.

Mecanopsis cambrica Vig. (Welsh Poppy). C., Head of Buttermere, away from houses; although an alien here it is so thoroughly naturalised about Windermere Lake and Esthwaite Water as to be considered native by some.

Cheiranthus cheiri L. (Wallflower). C., on the ruins of Calder Abbey, and on Millom Castle. W., rocks at Arnside.

Cardamine impatiens L. (Impatient Lady's Smock). C., recorded from Ennerdale. W., Middlebarrow Wood, Arnside, Witherslack Woods, near Kendal.

Draba incana L. (Twisted Podded Witlow Grass). C., Cross Fell. W., Force Beck near Shap.

Cochlearia alpina Wats. C., Great Gable, Blacksail, Skiddaw, and on both Cumberland and Westmorland sides of Helvellyn. L., Coniston Old Man.

Subularia aquatica L. (Awlwort). C., Flouten Tarn, Borrowdale, and Derwentwater. W., Red Tarn, Helvellyn (800 yards).

Brassica monensis Huds. (Isle of Man Cabbage). Scattered along the coast to Silloth in North Cumberland.

Thlaspi alpestre L. (Penny Cress). W., Helvellyn,

east face. C., rather out of our limits, at Alston about the lead mines.

Crambe maritima L. (Seakale). A disappearing species, very thinly scattered along the coast from Walney Island northwards.

Raphnus maritimus Sm. (Seaside Radish). C., one locality near Workington. L., one locality near Barrow.

Helianthemum marifolium Mill. (Dwarf Rock Rose). W., Witherslack, Whitbarrow, Scout Scar near Kendal. L., Humphrey Head.

Viola lutea Huds. (Yellow Mountain Pansy). C., abundant round Ullswater, Skiddaw, and other hills around Keswick. W., Rydal Head, Fairfield.

Viola Curtisii Forst. L., Walney Island.

Polygala oxyptera Reichb. (Milkwort). W., Whitbarrow.

Silene acaulis L. (Moss Campion). C., Mickledore, Scawfell, Great End. W., Helvellyn, near Grisedale Tarn, Langdale.

Lychnis alpina L. C., Hobcarten Crags. L., Coniston Old Man (R. Potter).

Cerastium alpinum L. (Alpine Mouse-ear). On both the county faces of Helvellyn. W., Fairfield, Langdale.

Arenaria verna L. C., Helvellyn. W., Arnside, Witherslack, Fairfield. L., Hampsfell.

Erodium moschatum L'Herit. (Musky Storksbill). L., Walney Island (Henry, 1897).

Impatiens noli-tangere L. (Wild Balsam). On both the Cumberland and Lancashire side of the river at Duddon Bridge near Broughton-in-Furness. W., banks of Windermere since the time of Ray.

Rhamnus cartharticus (Buckthorn) and *Acer campestre* (Small Plane). The former very rare, and the latter always planted in Cumberland.

Astragalus danicus Retz (Milk Vetch). C., Catlands Fell.

Vicia orobus D.C. (Wood Bitter Vetch). C., Gamblesby near Penrith since the time of Ray, Eskdale above Boot.

Prunus cerasus L. (Dwarf Cherry). C., between Crofton and Curthwaite. W., Spital Wood near Kendal. L., very rare in Furness (Miss Hodgson). I have never met with it in Furness or Cartmel.

Spiræa filipendula L. (Dropwort). No satisfactory records from Cumberland. W., Cunswick Scar, Barrowfield Wood, Arnside. L., Humphrey Head, Park Head.

Rubus chamæmorus L. (Cloudberry). C., Legberthwaite Fells, bogs at head of Croglin Water, Knoutberry Fell over Kent Head down to 650 yards (Baker), Cross Fell. W., High Street, Goat Scar, and Long Sleddale.

Dryas octopetala L. (Mountain Avens). W., on Helvellyn over Kepple Cove Tarn (Backhouse).

Potentilla verna L. W., Whitbarrow (Clowes). L., near Grange (Rev. H. H. Higgin).

Potentilla rubens Vill. W., was found by H. C. Watson on Grange Fell, in the ascent from Vale of Newlands.

Potentilla fruticosa L. (Shrubby Cinquefoil). C., Wastwater Screes. W., rocks over Kepple Cove Tarn, Helvellyn (Backhouse).

Alchemilla alpina L. (Alpine Lady's Mantle). C., Scawfell, Lingmell, Great Gable, Honister Crag, and around Keswick, &c. W., Helvellyn, Fairfield, High Street, &c. "Entirely confined to the slate hills" (J. G. Baker).

Rosa arvensis Huds. (York Rose). A local plant in Cumberland; not seen about Penrith, Ullswater, Keswick, Shap, or Ambleside (J. G. Baker). W., abundant in the Witherslack valley and about Arnside. L., Grange.

Saxifraga oppositifolia L. (Purple Saxifrage). C., Wastwater Screes, Great End, Helvellyn, Glaramara. W., Striding Edge, Harrison Stickle.

Saxifraga nivalis L. (Snow Saxifrage). Helvellyn.

Saxifraga stellaris L. (Star Saxifrage). C., Scawfell Pike, Helvellyn, Honister, Skiddaw, Saddleback. W., High Street, Kirkstone Pass, Long Sleddle. L., Coniston Old Man, Walna Scar.

Saxifraga aizoides L. (Yellow Mountain Saxifrage). C., Scawfell Pikes, Great End, Great Gable in quantity. W., Langdale Pikes, Helvellyn, Fairfield, High Street. L., Coniston Old Man abundant, Cockley Beck Fell.

Saxifraga hypnoides L. (Mossy Saxifrage). C., Wasdale Screes, Borrowdale, Islands of Ullswater, Honister. W., Helvellyn, Fairfield, High Street, Kirkstone Pass. L., Coniston Old Man.

Sedum roseum Scop. (Rose-root). C., Wastwater Screes, Honister Crag, Helvellyn. W., Fairfield, Striding Edge, Mardale. L., Coniston Old Man.

Sedum villosum L. (Wolly Stonecrop). C., Mosedale ravine, Croglin Fell, Cross Fell. W., Swinedale and hillsides above slate quarries in West Sleddale (Watson).

Epilobium alsinefolium Vill. (Mountain Willow Herb). C., Great Gable, Great Dodd, Helvellyn, on both sides of the county boundary. W., Shap, Long Sleddale, High Street.

Epilobium alpinum L. (Alpine Willow Herb). C., east end of Cross Fell.

Circæa alpina L. (Alpine Enchanter's Nightshade). C., shore of Ullswater, Castlehead Wood, Ashness Gill, and other localities about Derwentwater; Ennerdale, Buttermere. W., shores of Windermere, Dungeon Gill, Bowness. L., shore of Coniston, and roadsides.

Crithmum maritimum L. (Samphire). C. Mr. Hodgson, A.L.S., in his "Flora of Cumberland," gives no station; perhaps gone now. W., used to grow about Arnside, and is still to be found in one N. Lancashire locality.

Meum athamanticum Jacq. (Bald-Money). C. is chronicled from a field near Keswick: probably gone. How the case stands with the Westmorland records I do not know, but there is no confirmation of the N. Lancashire station, "Furness Fells."

Galium boreale L. C., Piers Ghyll, Scawfell, shores of Ullswater, on Catbells (500–550 yards), Watson; shore of Derwentwater. W., High Street over Blea Water, and on both W. and L. shores of Windermere; Helvellyn. L., Coniston.

Galium sylvestre Poll. C., on the limestone cliffs from Lower Nent Force to 550 yards over Tynehead (Mr. Baker in Hodgson's Flora). W., Shap Common, Whitbarrow, Farleton Knott, Arnside Knott. L., Humphrey Head, Hampsfell.

Asperula cynanchica L. (Quinancy-Wort). No record for C. W., Cunswick Scar, Whitbarrow, Hutton-Roof to Arnside Knott. L., Hampsfell, Humphrey Head, Copsehead, and other localities on the limestone.

Saussurea alpina DC. (Alpine Saw-wort). W., Striding Edge, rocks over Kepple Cove Tarn.

Crepis succisæfolia Tausch. W., near Appleby.

Hieracium holosericeum Backh. C., head of Piers Ghyll, Scawfell, Helvellyn (Balfour).

H. microcephalum Backh. C., near summit of Glaramara (Backhouse). W., Striding Edge Cliffs, High Street.

H. cumbriense F. J. Hanb. C., Dollywaggon Pike.

H. anglicum Fr. C., Great Gable, over Styhead Pass. W., Stock Ghyll, High Street, over Blea Water, Fairfield, and Helvellyn.

H. Schmidtii Tausch. C., Castle Crag and others in Borrowdale, Great Gable, Ennerdale. W., Stock Ghyll, Rydal Falls, Dungeon Ghyll, Helvellyn, and Fairfield, Whitbarrow. L., Humphrey Head.

H. argenteum Fr. Borrowdale, Great End, Melbeck

Crags, Crummock. W., High Street. L., Coniston Old Man.

H. hypochæroides Gibs. W., Scout Scar, Kirkby Stephen.

H. britannicum F. J. Hanb. W., High Cup Nick (J. G. Baker).

H. micracladium Dahlst. W., High Cup Nick (Baker).

H. cæsium Fr. C., common on limestone to 1600 feet over Alston (Baker), Piers Ghyll. W., Walls of Shap Abbey, Rossgill Bridge over Haweswater Beck, Dollywaggon Pike.

H. maculatum (Sm.?). L. (1800 feet), Coniston Old Man.

H. gothicum (Fr.), Back. C., Piers Ghyll, Scawfell, Ghylls of Green Crag, side of Derwentwater below Lodore. W., Rocks, Easdale Tarn; near Mardale Green, Haweswater.

H. sparsifolium Lindb. W., High Cup Nick (Martindale).

H. tridentatum (Fr.) W., bank of stream near Windermere village (Baker).

H. strictum Fr. C., Vale of Lorton (Oliver); on both banks, lower reach, Ulleswater. W., Patterdale, bank of stream near Rossgill Bridge.

H. corymbosum Fr., var. *salicifolium*, Linab. L., shore of Coniston Lake (H. T. Merwell).

H. crocatum Fr. C., near King's Head Inn, over Thirlmere (Baker). W., Great Langdale; Roadside, Haweswater. L., Tongue How, Seathwaite.

Lobelia dortmanna L. In all the larger lakes and many of the tarns.

Jasione montana L. So much in evidence as to be almost common in the Lake area.

Campanula latifolia L. (Great Bellflower). Occasionally in profusion, as about the Troutbeck Valley, and Keswick and Ullswater.

Vaccinium uliginosum L. A few records. C., Scaleby Moss (Friend). W., High Street range (Backhouse).

Arcstostaphylos uva-ursi Spreng. (Bearberry). C., on Grassmoor, towards Crummock (Watson); Higher Ennerdale Fells (Chambers). W., Maze Beck (J. A. Martindale); in Martindale.

Andromeda polifolia L. C., on all the northern mosses (W. Hodgson); very fine near Kirkbride (Friend). W., Brigstear Moss, Kendal; mosses at Ulpha and Witherslack (Ley). L., on all (?) the low-lying mosses, certainly on most.

Pyrola media Sw. (Wintergreen). C., below the precipitous part of Walla Crag (Woods and Dickinson). W., Stock Ghyll.

Pyrola secunda L. (Lesser Wintergreen). C., with the last species, Walla Crag (Woods and Mathews), in a ravine between Great Dodd and Helvellyn (Woods, Watson, Ley). W., found in Westmorland by Mr. Waterfall (5th Rep., Wats. Ex. Club).

Primula farinosa L. (Mealy Primrose). C., on the hilly ground over the highway leading from Tallentire and Gilcrux to Bothel and Ireby (W. Hodgson). W., plentiful about Kendal, Shap, and Kirkby Lonsdale, Vale of St. John, Windermere, Arnside. Does not occur to my knowledge in Lake Lancashire.

Trientalis europæa L. C., found in Upper Eskdale, 1898 (Miss Pearson, in Hodgson's "Flora of Cumberland, 381).

Erythræa littoralis Fr. C., between Seascale and Gosforth. W., Ulpha Moss and Arnside (Bailey). L., Plumpton Saltmarshes, and shore near Humphrey Head.

Erthræa pulchella Fr. W., with the former at Ulpha and Arnside (C. Bailey). L., Greenhills, near Plumpton (Miss Hodgson).

Gentiana pneumonanthe L. Probably extinct in the old localities; but one is known to me from Lancashire.

Gentiana verna L. Mr. J. A. Martindale tells me of a locality in Tees basin of Westmorland.

Polemonium cæruleum L. (Jacob's Ladder). Considered by

Mr. J. G. Baker to be truly wild in the Westmorland portion of Teesdale. It was reported by Willisel to Ray from, possibly, Teesdale, and Ray writes that he could not find it.

Symphytum tuberosum L. A denizen which is occasionally met with. C., Furness railway banks near Whitehaven, Padshaw near Cockermouth. W., on the banks of the Rothay, between Ambleside and Rydal. L., shore of Coniston Lake, 1887.

Pneumaria maritima Hill (Oyster Plant). C., between Maryport and Workington. L., Walney Island, where it was first gathered early in the seventeenth century by Hesketh.

Atropa belladonna L. This species is only mentioned here on account of name given to the Furness Abbey valley, "Vale of Deadly Nightshade," a poetical designation founded on no one knows what. So far as the present writer can see, the most likely reason for the plant being there at all, is that it is a remnant of the monastic physic garden. On the Abbey ruins—red sandstone—it grows amongst débris, and is most carefully preserved. Further away and on the limestone it is locally abundant, if allowed to live; but naturally parents, especially working-men and women parents, prefer to know that the species is destroyed before fruiting. And so, by persistent cutting down, it is no doubt a disappearing plant.

Verbascum virgatum Stokes. Was found many years ago at Roosebeck, near Barrow. Has not been refound. I know the discoverer. Destroyed by the activity of specimen—"hortus-siccus"—hunters.

Linaria repens Mill. An introduction in Cumberland. W., Winster Valley; shore near Arnside, from whence (?) it has travelled along the shore over the West Lancashire boundary. L., found by Borrer about Nibthwaite and Newby Bridge.

Limosella aquatica L. (Mudwort). C., found by Mr.

Duckworth about Newby and Thurstonfield Lough, near Carlisle. The only record so far as I know.

Veronica humifusa Dicks. C., slate cliffs of Helvellyn, 800–900 yards, 1853 (Balfour).

Veronica hybrida L. W., rocks, Arnside. L., Humphrey Head.

Bartsia alpina L. W., still to be found in Ray's locality between Orton and Crosby Ravensworth, and recently by the Messrs. Martindale on the banks of the Lyvennet (Eden basin).

Utricularia intermedia Hayne (Bladderwort). C., boggy ground at the head of Ennerdale Lake (Adair and Ley). L., between Brathay and Hawkshead, Warton Tarn, Coniston (Beever).

Galeopsis Ladanum L. (Red Hemp Nettle). C., Culderton, St. Bees, Silloth. W., Scout Scar, Arnside Knott.

Ajuga pyrimidalis L. C., "very fine on precipitous rocks of Hill Bell (J. Backhouse)."

Atriplex littoralis L. C., has been found at Parton, and other localities on the ballast heaps.

Atriplex laciniata L. C., Flimby, Allonby, St. Bees. L., Walney Island, Rampside.

Polygonum Raii Bab. Found in many localities on the Cumberland coast.

Polygonum vivaparum L. C., I have a specimen gathered by Mr. W. Duckworth at Alston. W., cliffs on east face of Helvellyn, 800–900 yards (Balfour).

Oxyria digyna Hill (Mountain Sorrel). C., Piers Ghyll, Mickledore, Great End, Wastwater Screes, Sprinkling Tarn, Styhead Tarn. W., Eagle Crag in Grisedale, Striding Edge, Easdale Tarn, Dungeon Ghyll, cliffs of High Street. L., Tilberthwaite, Coniston (W. Duckworth).

Rumex maritimus L. L., Walney Island (Henry, 1897).

Assarum europæum L. (Asarabacca). C., is recorded from Hutton Wood by M. C. Cooke; and W., near

Kirkby Lonsdale (Dr. Bath), and Dalehead in Martindale, by Rev W. Richardson. Possibly gone now.

Daphne mezereum L. (Mezereon). C., is on record from a wood at Wigton. W., Windermere and Whitbarrow (F. Clowes). L., a friend of mine had a specimen said to have been found by woodcutters in a wood at Satterthwaite. Perhaps all bird-sown.

Euphorbia paralias L. (Sea Spurge). C., Millom, Culderton. L., reported in *old* lists for both Furness and Cartmel shores.

Euphorbia portlandica L. (Portland Spurge). C., shore between Braystones and Culderton, sparingly (W. Hodgson). L., Walney Island (Henry, 1897).

Salix phylicifolia L. (Tea-leaved Willow). C., shore of Ullswater at Waterfoot, "the commonest willow of the stream sides in the Alston district from Ashgill and Nenthead downwards (400–500 yards) in a great variety of forms" (J. G. Baker). W., by the Red Tarn Brook on Helvellyn, 1600 feet (Hodgson); Rocks of Dollywaggon Pike, 2500 feet (Ley); river side near Kirkby Lonsdale Bridge.

Salix nigricans Sm. (Dark Broad-leaved Willow). C., in the moss at Newton Regny near Penrith (Baker and Hodgson). W., banks of the Leith between Common Holme Bridge and Cliburn; in swamp by roadside south of Witherslack Hall (Baker).

Salix lapponum L. W., on the cliffs of Catchidecam, Helvellyn (Backhouse).

Salix herbacea L. (Dwarf Willow). Helvellyn, Glaramara, Saddleback, Skiddaw, Grassmoor, Hobcarten Fell, Grisedale Pike, Red Pike, Scawfell Pike, Kidsey Pike. Mr. J. G. Baker says that this and *Carex rigida* are the two most Arctic plants of the Lake flora; its lowest limit seems to be 2500–2600 feet.

Juniperus nana Willd. (Dwarf Juniper). C., Wasdale Screes, Helvellyn; "clothes the top ridge of White-

side Mountain like a carpet" (Adair). W., Whitbarrow, Farleton Knott, Hutton Roof.

Malaxis paludosa Sw. (Bog Orchis). C., bog at the foot of Grassmoor (W. B. Waterfall). W., Swindale Moor over Haweswater (Watson); swamp between Silver How and Easdale (F. C. Roper). The only North Lancashire locality on record is over one hundred years old.

Neottia nidus-avis Rich. (Bird's-nest Orchis). C., Walla Crag Wood (Watson and Mathews), Woodhall, Cockermouth. W., Cunswick Wood, and other places near Kendal. Mr. F. Clowes said it was rare at Windermere. L., the Roudsea Wood locality of Miss Hodgson is the most recent (1874) of any; still there.

Listera cordata R. Br. (Mountain Twayblade). I can find no very recent records, but Dickinson chronicles it from Castlerigg Fell, Keswick; Wilson Robinson from Mellbeck, over Cummock; Rooke drew it at Ravenglass, and Woods states it was in his day to be found in "Fisher Ghyll Place, above the ravine where *Pyrola secunda* grows." Wilson found it on Cockley Fell, Long Sleddale, and Gough on the moors near Kendal. In North Lancashire I have seen a drawing from a specimen gathered some three or four years ago in Furness by Miss L. Burton.

Epipactis palustris Crantz. C., in the moss at Newton Regny (W. Hodgson). W., Cunswick Tarn and other marshes near Kendal (Wilson and Gough), Whitbarrow (Foggit). L., Grange (Foggitt, confirming Hindson).

Epipactis atro-rubens Schultz. W., Cunswick Scar; Witherslack.

Goodyera repens R. Br. C., in a fir plantation at Armathwaite (F. A. Lees).

Cephalanthera ensifolia Rich. C., drawn by Rooke from Workington Hall Park. W., Barrowfield Wood,

near Kendal (Gough); Whitbarrow (Clowes). L., Yewbarrow, Grange (Sidebotham).

Orchis pyrimidalis L. C., Gosforth Bottoms (Robson), not seen there since. W., found by Mr. G. E. Martindale. L., near Cark (W. Duckworth).

Orchis ustulata L. (Dwarf Dark-Winged Orchis). C., pastures on Tallentire Hill, Cockermouth; on both sides of the Raugh, or Roe rivulet in "Fletcher Guards" below Raughton Head (W. Hodgson); banks of the Eden, near Carlisle (W. Duckworth). W., Arnside Knott.

Orchis latifolia L. (Broad-leaved Orchis). C., according to Mr. Adair it "is not uncommon all through West Cumberland in damp places." Mr. Hodgson records it from the lower extremities of Ulleswater and Overwater lakes; pastures, Watermillock; side of railway near Nethertown; Muncaster (Grimshaw), swampy wood near Netherby, margin of Thirlmere (Matthews). W., marshy ground in Arnside Woods (Melvill). L., meadows, Cark and Cartmel (Bailey).

Ophrys muscifera Huds. (Fly Orchis). W., Middlebarrow Wood, Arnside (Melvill). Arnside Knott (Gissing). L., Grange, Roudsea Wood (Miss Hodgson).

Narcissus pseudo-narcissus L. The local abundance of the daffodil in the Lake district has been remarked by many writers besides Dorothy Wordsworth and her brother. Acres upon acres, if the tenants would allow, could be walked over in both Cumberland and North Lancashire. Some of the coppice woods and fields are a perfect blaze of yellow with the daffodils and primroses; the wild anemones serving as a foil.

Polygonatum multiflorum All. C., Castlehead Wood, Keswick, and near Grange-in-Borrowdale (H. C. Watson); St. John's Great Wood, Keswick (Nixon), roadside near Borrans Hill, Sebergham (Hodgson).

W., Rydal Park, Lowther Park. L., Braithwaite Woods, Windermere, and wood at Bigland Hall.

Polygonatum officinale All. W., Barrowfield Wood, near Kendal; in the crevices of limestone, Farleton Knott (J. G. Baker); fissures in limestone, Hutton Roof (Playfair in Rep. 16 of Watson Ex. Club).

Allium scorodoprasum L. (Sand Garlick). Hedge bank on the Cockermouth road, near Brigham, and in an adjoining meadow, nearly opposite the "Bread and Beer" house (W. Hodgson); near Beckermet (Adair); banks of the Eden between Egremont and Low Hill (Pratten and Adair); meadows by the Eden, Aspatria to Bullgill, common and luxuriant (Hodgson). W., still in Gough's locality, "near Mints Bridge, Kendal." L., still in Mr. Jackson's locality at Pool Bridge, Rusland; banks of the Lickle, between the high road and its joining the Duddon.

Allium schænoprasum L. (Chives). C., near Gilsland, on the Roman Wall (Miss Hinde). W., wet limestone rocks above Ruswittle in Lyth, Milnthorpe (Gough). L., on the banks of Chivey Syke, on Cartmel Fell.

Gagea fascicularis Salisb. (Yellow Star of Bethlehem). C., boggy slope behind Redhills limestone quarry, Penrith (Mrs. F. King). W., near Kendal. L., Grange (H. H. Higgins).

Colchicum autumnale L. W., near Tirrill, on the Eamont. L., recorded long ago by Jos. Woods near Newby Bridge, but no recent confirmation.

Juncus filiformis L. (Least Rush). C., margins of Bassenthwaite, Loweswater, Derwentwater, and before the Manchester Waterworks scheme, Thirlmere (Hodgson). W., Windermere, at Bowness. L., head of Coniston Lake.

Juncus triglumis L. (Three-Flowered Rush). C., on Hanging Knott (Oliver), Fisher Place Ghyll (Woods), half-way up west side of Helvellyn (Watson), on

Saddleback (Bicheno). W., Striding Edge Cliffs (Bicheno). Fairfield, Mardale.

Luzula spicata D. C. (Spiked Wood Rush). C., Blake Fell (Dickinson, W. Hodgson), Helvellyn (Sidebotham), W. Fairfield (Woods).

Potamogeton polygonifolius Pour., var. *pseudo fluitans*, Syme. C., Buttermere (Hort and Oliver), Stony Tarn, near Wastwater (Ley).

Potamogeton rufescens Schrad. C., Derwentwater (C. Bailey), in the mill-dam, Dubmill, Allonby (Hodgson).

Potamogeton obtusifolius M. and K., var. *fluvialis* M. W., Grasmere (C. Waterfall).

Ruppia rostellata Koch (Tassel Pond Weed). C., in the "Wath" creek, margin of Skinburness Marsh (Miss E. J. Glaister). W., shore ditches just outside Arnside towards Milnthorpe (J. G. Baker).

Scirpus caricis Retz. W., "By a stream, by roadside a little out of Shap village, to the west" (J. G. Baker, H. C. Watson), banks of the Leith before Clibburn Bridge (Baker).

Cladium jamaicense Crantz. (Great Sedge). C., Newton Regny Moss (W. Hodgson). W., Cunswick Tarn, near Kendal.

Kobresia caricina Willd. W., Maze Beck (Martindale).

Carex atrata L. C. and W., High Street and Helvellyn (Backhouse).

Carex rigida Good. C., near top of Cross Fell (Friend). Helvellyn, Great Gable, Scawfell Pike, Grisedale Pike, Saddleback, &c.

Carex aquatilis Wahl. L., edge of Blelham Beck, Windermere (R. L. Praeger). See "Naturalist," 1897, p. 77.

Carex limosa L. C., Moss at Newton Regny and on Cross Fell (Friend); W., Woodside Moss, junction of Eden and Eamont rivers (J. C. Smith), near

Skeggles Water, Kentmere, Long Sleddale (G. E. Martindale).

Carex irrigua Hoppe. W., Maze Beck (J. A. Martindale).

Carex digitata L. W., Hutton Roof.

Carex ornithopoda Willd. W., Scout Scar, Whitbarrow.

Carex capillaris L. W., Maze Beck (J. A. Martindale).

Carex filiformis L. C., Newton Regny Moss (Hodgson). W., Clibburn Moss, Kirkby Lonsdale.

Calamagrostis lanceolata Roth. L., edge of Blelham Beck, Windermere (R. L. Praeger), see above, *C., aquatilis.*

Sesleria cærulea Ard. Mr. Hodgson, A.L.S., gives no localised record for Cumberland in his "Flora," contenting himself by saying it is to be found on hilly pastures, especially on the limestone. Mr. J. G. Baker, in his "Flora of the Lake District," writes: "The commonest grass all over the limestone pavement of Shap Common, Whitbarrow, Farleton Knott, Hutton Roof, and Arnside Knott, down to the shore level, by the Milnthorpe estuary. Plentiful about Grange-over-Sands and Humphrey Head." It is plentiful in the adjoining Silverdale area of West Lancs.

Melica nutans L. (Mountain Melic Grass). C., in Hagg Wood, Gowbarrow Hall, Ulleswater (Hodgson), Barrow Woods near Keswick. W., near the Waterfall, Scale How (Hodgson). In some of the woods round Windermere (Clowes), Mardale, 300 yards (H. C. Watson). It is found in the Silverdale area, W. Lancs.

Poa Balfourii Parn. C., gathered on Helvellyn, 1853 (Balfour). W., Dollywaggon Pike, and on north face of Fairfield (A. Ley).

Poa alpina L. (Alpine Meadow Grass). C., cliffs on the

east face of Helvellyn, 800-900 yards (Balfour), Skiddaw (W. Duckworth), Dollywaggon Pike (A. Ley).

Poa compressa L., (Flat Stalked Meadow Grass). C., walls of Penrith Castle (J. G. Baker). W., rocks at Colwith Force, var. *polynoda*, Parn (W. Borrer). L., walls at Grange-over-Sands, and on the railway bank near Cark Station (Baker).

Poa pratensis L., var. *subcærulea* Sm. Mentioned by Sir J. E. Smith as a plant of Cumberland and Westmoreland; has been seen on wall tops and dry banks about Workington, St. Bees, Siddick, Maryport, Egremont, Cockermouth, &c. (Hodgson). L., walls by the shore at Flookborough (Baker).

Festuca rigida Kunth. C., Nethertown, St. Bees (G. Chambers), Silloth. W., walls round Windermere, in several places (W. Foggitt). L., Grange-over-Sands (T. J. Foggitt).

Festuca sylvatica Vill. (Wood Fescue-Grass). C., by waterfall, Walla Crag Wood, Keswick (Baker), Moist Wood by the R. Ehen at Frizington (Hodgson), Scale Force Wood over Crummock (Miss E. J. Glaister). W., Mardale (Watson), about Stock Ghyll Force, and the lower fall at Rydal (Baker).

Asplenium lanceolatum Huds. C., has been found on the Cumbrian side of the Duddon estuary near Millom, by the Rev. W. T. Baker.

Asplenium viride Huds. (Green Spleenwort). C., Carrock Fell, Wastwater Screes, Honister, Cross Fell. W., Arnside Knott, Whitbarrow, Farleton Knott. L., Coniston Old Man.

Asplenium germanicum Weiss. C. and W., is on record for both counties, but not recently. Probably extinct.

Asplenium septentrionale Hull. Like the last species it is on record, but not recently, from the Vale of Newlands, Wastwater Screes, Honister Crag, and over Crummock Lake.

Ceterach officinarum Willd (Scale Fern). C., Mr. Hodgson, in his "Flora of Cumberland," appears to consider the species almost extinct in his county. We both knew of one locality, and it is probably there yet. W., on record for the limestone country generally, from Kendal by way of Whitbarrow to Arnside Knott. L., gone in many, if not all, its recorded localities in N. Lancashire; but there are one or two places which have never got into print, and so far safe. I refound it last year in West Lancs.

Woodsia ilvensis R. Br. C., was gathered some years ago by Huddart, the guide, and Mr. F. Clowes on Scawfell and Helvellyn. W., Ill Bell Range, by Backhouse; it is on record from Dove Crag, Fairfield, Hart Crag, Scandale Fell, Red Screes, Head of Riggindale, Mardale.

Cystoperis montana Bernh. W., rocks above Red Tarn, Helvellyn (King); reported from Langdale and Brothers Water.

Lastræa rigida Presl. W., crevices of limestone, Whitbarrow, Farleton Knott, Hutton Roof, Arnside. L., Anthony Mason found it at Grange; it occurs also on the limestones of W. Lancs.

Lastræ æumula Brack (Hay Scented Fern). C., Mr. Hodgson saw fronds gathered at St. Bees, but was never so fortunate as to discover the plants. W., a few places about Windermere (F. Clowes). L., Coniston (Beever), Kirkby Moor Ghylls (Miss Hodgson), Dale Park (J. Coward).

Phegopteris calcarea Fée (Limestone Polypody). C., limestone pavement near Gilcrux (Hamilton). W., Whitbarrow, Hutton Roof, Farleton Knott, Arnside. L., Hampsfell (Miss Hodgson).

Osmunda regalis L. (Royal Fern). Occurs in all the Lake counties, but, like *ceterach*, is getting much scarcer. Dealers' collectors are not all to blame for this;

visitors, who cannot grow it, persist in trying to do so, and the fern is dying out.

Lycopodium annotinum L. W., Bow Fell.

Isoetes lacustris L. (Quill Wort). Wastwater, Ennerdale, Crummock, Derwentwater, Ullswater, Hawes Water, Rydal Water, Windermere; ascends to Stickle Tarn 500 yards (J. C. Melvill).

THE GEOLOGY

By Professor EDWARD HULL, LL.D.

PHYSICALLY and geologically the Lake district is an isolated reproduction of North Wales, separated therefrom by a wide expanse of sea, the floor of which is underlaid by strata of more recent age than those of which the two mountainous groups are composed. The group of heights culminating in Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Scaw-

a SKIDDAW SLATE b VOLCANIC SERIES C1.C2.C3 UPPER SILURIAN SERIES L SCAR LIMESTONE F FELSTONE G. GRANITE

fell, formed of very ancient rocks, are fringed by a less elevated band of Carboniferous strata, except on the south-west side between St. Bees Head and Morecambe Bay, where the St. Bees sandstone of Triassic age forms the fringe along the coast of the Irish Sea. The geological structure of the mountain group is, in a broad view, sufficiently simple, though exceedingly complicated in detail. The oldest rocks are found at the north; stretching from Caldbeck Fells by Skiddaw across Bassenthwaite Water and Ennerdale to Egremont. These are succeeded by a

great central volcanic series stretching in a broad mountainous band from Hawes Water on the east to Wast Water on the west, and giving rise to the grandest scenery of the Lake district; and these in turn pass below still more recent strata, chiefly of Upper Silurian age, forming the less elevated ridges stretching from Tebay Fells by Windermere and Coniston Lakes to Ulverston and Duddon Sands at the extreme south-west of the district, and giving place in turn to Carboniferous strata characterised by tabular heights breaking off in sharp cliffs and scars of limestone.[1]

The following is the general succession of the formation as determined by the Geological Survey (see Section):—

SUCCESSION OF GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS

Division		Formation
Triassic, or New Red Sandstone		St. Bees Sandstone
Permian		Magnesian Limestone Breccia
Carboniferous (in part)		Scar Limestone
Devonian or Old Red Sandstone		,, ,,
Silurian	Upper	Bannisdal Series Coniston Beds Stockdale Shales
	Lower	Coniston Limestone Series Volcanic Series Skiddaw Slates

Igneous and Volcanic Rocks.—Granite, Syenite, Felstone, Diorite, Dolerite, Basalt, Diabase, of various geological ages.

[1] The geological structure and formations of the Lake District were originally determined by Mr. J. Otley of Keswick; followed and developed by the Rev. Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge. Numerous subsequent authors have added to our knowledge, amongst whom are Professor Harkness, Professor John Phillips of Oxford, Mr. E. W. Binney, Mr. J. C. Ward of the Geological Survey, and Mr. Ruthven of Kendal, who constructed the first geological map, published in 1855.

A brief description of these formations may now be given in ascending order.

Skiddaw Slates.—Though we have recognised in the Lake District a recurrence of the rocks of North Wales, yet there occurs in the latter region a great group of strata, namely the Cambrian, entirely unrepresented in the former. Whether Cambrian beds lie below the Skiddaw series or not we do not know, but, at any rate, they do not appear at the surface, and the succession of beds in the region here under consideration commences with strata which in Wales are known as "The Arenig Beds," lying above the whole of the Cambrian series. The Skiddaw series consists of fine-grained black and grey slates, traversed by cleavage planes, and containing bands of flagstone. The thickness of the group is about 7000 feet, and it reposes on the porphyritic rocks of Udale. The few fossils are chiefly Graptolites.

Volcanic Series.—This great group is, as its name implies, of volcanic origin, and consists of beds of ash or tuff, and breccia, with interstratified bands of lava, in the form of felstone and dolerite. It yields in some places excellent roofing slate of a green colour, and is traversed by dykes of diorite and dolerite of later date; as well as by faults, and mineral veins of lead, copper, barytes, &c. The series is of great thickness, and may be regarded as having been erupted over the floor of the sea from volcanic vents, at one time vomiting forth showers of ashes, at another streams of molten lava. Subsequent elevation, accompanied and followed by denudation, has eroded the deep valleys and sculptured the peaks, escarpments, and lake basins by which this region is especially characterised. It is this region from which the lofty heights of Scawfell, Bowfell, Helvellyn and the Langdale Pikes dominate the surrounding country, lending the charm of grandeur and beauty to the landscape.

Coniston Limestone Series.—This group forms the uppermost portion of the Lower Silurian series, and ranges in

a narrow, slightly curved band from Wasdale Pike to Duddon Sands. To the north of Coniston Water, it is dislocated by a large fault which enters the head of the lake, and probably runs under its waters for their whole length. The group consists at the base of conglomerate, followed by concretionary limestone, then by sandstones and shales, and is about 1500 feet in thickness. The formation is of marine origin, and is characterised by corals, cephalopods, and other forms of mollusca, often in great number.

The Upper Silurian Series.—The whole of this series, under its several divisions as given above, consists of an alternating series of grits, flagstones, and slates, forming a broad band lying paralliel to that of the Coniston limestone, and crossed transversely by the long submerged valley of Windermere. The general dip of the strata is towards the S.E. at usually high angles; but several synclinal and anticlinal folds occur amongst the Bannisdale series, the axes of which lie in N.E. and S.W. directions; the fossils are marine, and not numerous. The Bannisdale beds constitute the uppermost division of the Silurian series in the Lake district.

Devonian or Old Red Sandstone.—The representatives of this formation consist of conglomerates, in isolated and limited masses, formed of pebbles derived from the disintegration of the Silurian rocks. They are unconformable to these latter, and were evidently formed from the waste of the Silurian lands, elevated and subjected to erosion at the close of the Silurian period. The Old Red conglomerates are, in fact, shingle beaches, the pebbles of which have been tossed about and rounded by waves and currents along the borders of the adjoining lands. The best sections are to be found at Ullswater and south of the village of Shap.

Carboniferous Limestone.—This formation has received the name of "Scar Limestone" in the Lake district, from the remarkable manner in which the nearly horizontal beds

in the Kirkby Lonsdale district break off in a succession of mural cliffs or "scars," by a natural process of disintegration. The beds of limestone are grey in colour—solid and fossiliferous—and are sometimes capped by outliers of millstone grit, as at Bowfell and Wharnside.

The formation has been a source of enormous wealth to the Lake district, owing to the deposits of hæmatite iron ore which it contains, and which are smelted at several large furnaces. The ore is extremely uncertain in its distribution, being found in large caverns formed in the mass of the limestone itself; caverns which were, doubtless, formed by underground streams dissolving out the rock and leaving hollows which were afterwards filled in with iron in solution. The process of formation of these deposits of hæmatite has not been very clearly explained, nor has the source from which the iron was originally derived been identified with certainty.

The Permian and Triassic Series.—Properly, these formations do not enter into the structure of the Lake district, but only constitute the framework in which the mountain group is set; they need not therefore detain us. Their principal development is to be found in the wide and beautiful vale of the Eden on the one side, and along the coast of the Irish Sea, from St. Bees Head southwards, on the other. The strata, chiefly formed of red sandstone, with a band of magnesian limestone and marl of Permian age, offer a strong contrast, both in composition and colour, to all the rocks of the included mountainous region.

Granitic and other Igneous Rocks.—These rocks are exceedingly numerous, especially amongst the central mountains. They occur not only as sheets of felspathic lava, but as enormous protruded masses and dykes traversing the rocks in various directions. Large masses of granite are developed amongst the mountains, both to the north and south of the valley of the Esk; while syenite is predominant amongst the heights lying between Crummock Water and Wastdale. But of all the igneous masses of

the Lake district, that which is most generally known is the "Shap granite," in the neighbourhood of Penrith, which for some years past has been largely worked for building and ornamental purposes. It is quarried from the side of Wastdale Crag, often in large blocks, and consists of a rich chocolate-coloured felspathic base, enclosing large flesh-coloured crystals of orthoclase, sometimes as twins. The felspathic base is itself composed of orthoclase, oligoclase quartz and black mica, so that the rock contains all the constituents of a true granite. Boulders of Shap granite, carried either by ancient glaciers or by floating ice, have been found distributed for long distances eastward from their source. Their rounded forms, strewn over the hillside, can be easily recognised by travellers from the railway carriage on approaching Shap station from either direction.

Glacial Phenomena.—That the Lake district was once the centre for the dispersion of glaciers can admit of no doubt, owing to the abundant evidence it affords in the form of erratic blocks, moraines, and *roches moutonnées*, polished and striated in a manner similar to that of ice-worn rocks in Norway, Switzerland, and other glacier regions. In the summer of 1864 the author investigated the glacial phenomena of the Lake district, and published the results of his observations in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.[1] They are in all respects similar to those so lucidly described by Sir A. C. Ramsay for North Wales. The valleys descending from the central heights were the channels of considerable glaciers, the upper limits of which can be clearly defined from the abraded surfaces of the rocks along the sides of the valleys themselves; while boulders and moraines, both terminal and lateral, may be observed at intervals. The axis, or centre of dispersion, existed amongst the mountain heights extending from Scawfell to

[1] Vol. xi. This was the first distinct recognition of glacial phenomena in the North of England. Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," notes the fact, and reproduces the drawing of the well-known *Roche moutonnée* at Ambleside Church.

High Street; and from this axis the glaciers descended towards Ullswater northwards, and towards Windermere in the opposite direction. High up amongst the mountain tarns we find hummocky moraines blocking their outlet; and numerous instances of ice-worn rocks, polished and striated by glacial erosion, are visible on many sides of the valleys, amongst which the most perfect in form, as showing "crag and tail," is that in the churchyard of Ambleside. These Arctic conditions are referable to the epoch known as Post-Pliocene, or Glacial—an epoch during which the highlands of the British Islands were covered by perennial snows, and gave origin to glaciers which have left their footmarks deeply engraven on the solid rocks that came within their reach. Towards the close of this epoch, as the climate became more temperate, owing to physical changes, the glaciers retreated up the valleys, the snows melted away, and the face of the landscape assumed its present aspect.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE FELLS

By the Rev. E. M. REYNOLDS, M.F.H.

MANY people, some of them no doubt sportsmen, visit the Lakes without a thought of their chance of seeing a fox-hunt. They take it for granted that there is no hunting here. But, in fact, in the mountain district there are five regular packs; of which two—the Ullswater and the Coniston—have their headquarters in Westmorland. Their meets are advertised in the local papers, especially in the *Westmorland Gazette;* but near the high fells these fixtures are always subject to the condition "weather permitting," and some little inquiry is often necessary to avoid disappointment.

The chance is well worth the trouble. Fox-hunting on the fells is a very exciting sport, and not a bit like fox-hunting in the shires. There is no riding, for if

> "He who gallops his horse on Blackstone Edge
> May chance to find a fall,"

on Striding Edge or Cofa Pike there would be no chance in the matter.

Those who would follow on the fells must be prepared for a little hard work; not much running, but a good many hours of climbing and scrambling over very rough ground. Stout boots, warm clothes, and something to eat are essential to the comfort of the day. For the fells reach the height of 3000 feet, and the fell fox is almost sure to lie high, commonly but little less than 2000 feet above the sea. Here he seeks a snug place among the savins, or the

great stones of a borran, or in the face of a sunny crag. On a rough high fell he may lie almost anywhere, and is only to be found by dragging. Hounds, consequently, have to turn out in the early morning, as in the good old days of "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky."

Packs, as a rule, are small, but hounds rather over the average size. The ideal form differs little from that of the Midlands; but "a good fore-end" goes for more among the fells than over the flat, and of colours white should prevail, as easy to make out in the distance.

The huntsman is a wiry fellow, the only redcoat in the field. Many and many a mile he may have to cover ere dark; and as a rule he looks like doing it, and will get everything back into kennel by night. The sun is the worst enemy of the night scent, so he must be at work by daybreak, and, if he has any distance to go, must start as soon as he can see to count his hounds.

If the fox has been down to feed, hounds will not go far along the fellside without striking the line of his retreat; they will, indeed, wind it at a considerable distance. Then follows some marvellous cold hunting. The fox has been gone for hours—how many no one can say. But, quickly or slowly, hounds will make good each yard of his line, past crag and ghyll and tarn, up to his kennel among the stones of some rough borran on the higher fell. An active man can keep tolerably near to this part of the hunt; the work of every hound is observed, and becomes known to sportsmen all over the district. These are chiefly farmers and shepherds, for fox-hunting here is a poor man's sport, the early hours and hard work being too much for all but a few of the gentry. With these sheep-farming people, especially about lambing time, the first desire is for a kill. Master and huntsman and field would rather have a good kill than the most sporting run without its proper ending. But a kill is not to be managed every day on the high fells; and, if you are to have good sport as well, you must have a good find, a good start, good scent, and good luck.

Difficulties begin at once with the drag. Fell hounds are wonderfully good at dragging, but after all it is an uncertain process. If more than one fox has been about, the search will be full of doubt. Hounds may, besides, take the line the wrong way from the first, and follow it miles before a footing in the moss or on the snow shows that they have all the while been running heel. There are, people say, hounds that will never run heel: useful hounds these, if one knew how to come by them. But in practice mistakes are not infrequent, and old and clever hounds will run a fox the wrong way even when the line of his footings is clearly marked against them in the snow. Nor is the judgment of man any safer as to the right or wrong way of a drag than the instinct of the hound. Usually it is presumed that the fox has gone up towards the high fell, but the rule has its exceptions. The Coniston once took a drag low down in Rydal, following it over High Pike down into Scandale, then out over Kirkstone Screes, and again down to Kirkstone Pass. Near the road the fox had put his foot on a soft place, and the sharp-eyed huntsman saw the mark and stopped the hounds, to the great disappointment of the field, who had no suspicion that such a line could be wrong. It was a long way to go for nothing; but even when hounds are the right way on, it often takes some time to find. Once the same pack took a line by Rydal Park wall and carried it over High Pike up to Hart Crag and down the ridge on the other side into Hartsop, unkennelling in Low Wood on the hillside above Brothers' Water. Another time they found a drag in Skelghyll Wood above Dove's Nest, persevering with it up the whole length of the Troutbeck valley and out at the top over Thresthwaite Mouth. About a mile on the other side of the wall the fox got up, escaping after a short but very exciting chase into the fastness of Broad How. The distance covered by hounds in this drag must be little less than ten miles, enough, perhaps, to constitute a record. True, longer drags have been known, but in these there has commonly

been some sign of a change of foxes, or hounds have had to give it up without a find. Where there is no find it may be that there has been no real drag, but that the fox has been on foot all the time, keeping moving at an easy pace a long way in front of the hounds. The Ullswater once struck a line near their own kennels in Patterdale and brought it over the fells almost to the Coniston kennels at Ambleside, then back to Patterdale, and again nearly to Ambleside, crossing the high ridge of Fairfield thrice without losing their line. But they did not unkennel, and the fox was probably on foot all day. This was certainly the case with the Coniston when, after long rounds in Threddale and Greenburn, the line led for the third time past a well-marked outcrop of quartz on Wetherlam. Poor Dickinson's face on getting to the place the last time was a study in expression, and he relieved his feelings, as best he might, by whipping off the hounds.

Long days of this sort are most likely to occur in spring, when foxes are making their family arrangements. In general, after going three or four miles up the fell, hounds come to some rough ground, where a fox may jump up at any moment. Excitement is now intense. But the "varmint" does not often wait to be viewed away; he is gone as soon as he hears the hounds. Delays are dangerous; and if the hounds get off close to his brush, luck only, or a near stronghold, can bring him out of the scrape. We did once see a fox get up in the middle of the pack and come safely away through them all, but he never got far, and was accounted for after a short run. Usually the sly one will give himself good law; and it is well if he does not begin his course by going up or down some precipitous crag where hounds cannot follow him. All the world knows how from Ambleside the top of Fairfield appears as an unbroken, nearly level surface. But on the other side lies Deepdale Head, which is all scree and crag; and here it is next to impossible for hounds to get a fair start, especially from Greenhow End. If you are on the top, you will probably

see the fox coming up all alone. After much delay and plenty of tallyhoing a single hound struggles up by a round-about path. Hours, you think, elapse ere two or three more appear, and long before all have got up you are off to see where the leaders are gone: a wretched start; but with luck and a good scent all may yet be well. Greenhow End is dangerous as well as difficult, but there are several places with a worse record. Such are Pavey Ark and the Sugar Loaf in Langdale, Raven Crag on Holme Fell, the ghyll on Dove Crag, and many others. Only last year five hounds were killed on Pavey Ark, and Holme Fell and Dove Crag have both been scenes of disaster. In appearance the worst place of all is the crag above Goats' Water behind Coniston Old Man.

The fox, happily, does not always lie in these terrible places, but he has a strong liking for rough ground, which serves him well in the chase. For over screes or borrans he is quicker than the fastest hound, and with a fair start will soon open out a lead. On the grass there comes a change; it is a good scenting country, and hounds get up a great pace. There is no keeping near them now, even for the most active young fellows, and all that can be done is to follow on, guided by the distant music, by the shouting of stray wallers or shepherds, by the movements of sheep upon the hillside, or by footings in the mosses or the snow. It looks like never seeing them again, and so it sometimes turns out; but, in general, perseverance will bring you in with them after a time, as the fox does not often go right away from his own range of fells. If he be hard pressed he will be inclined to seek refuge in one of the strongholds with which the country abounds. To the number of these there seems to be no limit. Many of the most frequented are well known to the followers of the hunt, but new ones are discovered every season, some of them as strong as the best. If the fox hole, the huntsman will contrive to be on the spot in a wonderfully short time, and with him four or five hardy little

terriers. These are quickly loosed, and some anxious moments follow their loosing. If the place be very deep and wide they may never find the fox, and if they do find him there may be no getting at him. Sometimes he will be so far down that he will never come out of himself, or be got out without long working and the aid of mell and gavelock. If the terriers can reach him there will be a terrible battle, the chances of victory being doubtful, as the better position of the fox will often make up for his inferiority in force. It is a sad day at the kennels when, as sometimes happens, a terrier has to be left in the hole, having got so far down that he cannot get back. Mining is then resorted to, and carried on with a will, yet not always with success, owing to the difficulty of knowing which way to work.

Much more lively is the prospect when the barking shifts its place, and hounds begin to rush about the borran. The fox is then on the move, and will be gone ere you are aware, bolting sometimes from a place many yards from where he went in. Such is his smartness among the stones that he is nearly sure to get clear away though hounds may be all round him. But his chances are worse than at the beginning of the day, and he will hardly now escape unless he find near at hand another and a stronger hold.

In this country hounds do not break up their fox, nor is he deprived of his brush; but he is taken home and weighed, and his skin preserved. Some years ago, when the greyhound fox was still found in the district, it was common for foxes to run up to eighteen pounds, and cases of twenty and even twenty-one pounds have been recorded; but now there are more foxes under than over sixteen pounds. The greyhound fox was certainly a distinct variety, as represented in Bewick. He was taller, and lighter both in form and colour, his forelegs being grey or sometimes white. He was also more of a wild animal in his habits, and very shy in approaching the habitations of men. He may still be seen—under a glass case—in many houses on

the countryside; for a stuffed fox was not long ago a prime necessity in farmhouse decoration, and every fox killed was worth something like a sovereign.

Though smaller than they were, foxes can still run fast and far, being kept in hard condition by their long nightly wanderings, extending on an average, if I may hazard the conjecture, something over twenty miles. The longest runs are those in which the fox gets a good start, and the scent is rather permanent than strong. The chase may then last a whole winter's day, for, at his own pace, the fox seems able to go on for ever. After dark he cannot be killed, and the huntsman will be fortunate if he be near enough to stop his hounds. If these run on all night after the different foxes that are then upon the move, they will turn up at kennels after a day or two in a sorry plight.

Were killing as common on the fells as in the shires, not a fox would be left at the end of the season. Here it takes half-a-day's good hunting to find; the fox is strong, he is a master in working the wall-tops, he has plenty of runnels to wash in, which often saves his brush, and plenty of sheep to obscure the line, and of cur dogs to get before the hounds. In bad winters he is for weeks together saved from all pursuit by thick mist, by the violent winds of the fells, or by deep snow and continued frost rendering the steeper slopes dangerous alike to hunters and to hounds.

All these things are against killing, but not against sport. The difficulty is part of the pleasure. If you do not always find, you always have a hunt; you see the work of each hound, and admire that union of fire and patience which is necessary to follow a long and twisting drag to an unkennel among the crags. Merely to see the country brings many people to the Lakes, but few save the hunter and the shepherd ever know its full beauty. In autumn and in spring hounds are out very early—especially in spring, when, if there has been any mischief among the lambs, they are often sent for after the close of the regular season.

No one who has not been with them on these occasions can have any conception of the beauty and freshness of the summer morning on the fells. The chances of sport are hardly so good as usual; for, the death of the marauder being the one thing desired, he will not be allowed much chance of escape if found in a hole. Still, good runs do happen; but they must be brought off before breakfast time, or the sun will be apt to put an end to the scent, and you will have to return home dusty and hot and unsuccessful.

Colder weather gives better sport, and in the late autumn you must be unlucky indeed, if you go out often without coming in for something to remember for many a day; for when things go right, as sometimes they do, there is nothing like fell hunting. Good weather, a good drag, a good start and a good place to see it, luck in getting to hounds, and a true hunting finish make up as good sport as any to be found—dare one say it?—in all the world.

MOUNTAINEERING

By W. P. HASKETT SMITH

FROM a mountaineering point of view the main features of the hill system of Cumberland are not really difficult to understand. The northern part of the county may for our purpose be left on one side, for though it contains many charming bits of scenery and fine stretches of wild upland walking it is in every way outclassed by the district which begins just north of Keswick and stretches away thence for many miles to southward. Here are clustered the most beautiful lakes and the grandest mountain forms in England, and though the area which contains all these beauties is so small that strong walkers have been known to reach all the chief summits in the course of one day, and the number of visitors attracted by them is great, there is no difficulty in finding places where almost undisturbed seclusion may be enjoyed. To the town dweller there are no greater luxuries than plain fare rendered delicious by open-air exercise and liberty to go about in the oldest coat he has in the world. This part of the county consists in effect of a series of deep valleys radiating from a point somewhere about Sty Head between two of the highest hills, Scawfell Pikes and Great Gable, and, roughly speaking, nine miles south and three miles west of Keswick. It follows that the best opportunities for studying the geography of the district are to be found round about this central point. It is the hub of the wheel, and the nearer to it that the explorer can plant himself the greater the number of ridges and valleys that he will

command. Haunters of hills may be divided into three classes, amblers, ramblers, and scramblers, known by their respective preferences for roads, paths, and the trackless wilderness. The amblers are very happy at the level of the larger lakes, the ramblers are usually to be found further up the valleys, while the scramblers push right up as near to the head of the dales as accommodation can be found.

Leaving out Langdale, which runs down into Westmorland, there are five purely Cumbrian dales, and each is of importance to the climber. Borrowdale, the largest and in some respects the most beautiful, runs northward to Derwentwater and on past Keswick to Bassenthwaite Water. The beauty of the scenery, and still more the ease of access afforded by the railway, make this the most frequented line of approach. Rosthwaite is a comfortable centre and used to be a great haunt of climbers, but of late years there has been a tendency to save walking by going higher up the valley to the farmhouses at Seatoller or Seathwaite. This is the handiest place for the Gable and Great End climbs, while the Pillar and the Buttermere Hills on the east and Pavey Ark on the west are quite within reach.

Buttermere is a charming spot, especially in spring, but rather far from the best climbs; the Pillar and Great Gable are the best things within reach, and both are equally well to be got at from Seathwaite, and would be more easily reached from Ennerdale if that fine wild valley were available as a base, but it has practically no accommodation.

Further south again lies Wastdale, the most central station of all for earnest climbers. It lies in the midst of four of the finest climbing-grounds in England, the Pillar, Gable, Mickledoor, and the Wastwater Screes, and every one of them can be reached by one or two hours of walking. It has the disadvantage of not being very accessible, lying a dozen miles from a station on a line

which is not very rapid or convenient, and in spite of this it is unpleasantly crowded at all busy times of the year. Lastly, it is not quite the place which can be recommended to a beginner. Climbing is there the one and only topic of conversation; and a new comer, while he might, if lucky, gather much useful information, might also get very false impressions from the loose talk of experts and would-be-experts, and perhaps be led into making highly injudicious experiments. Moreover, the popular climbs are very popular indeed, not to say crowded, and it is by no means an unknown thing for several parties to be seen at the foot of some fashionable gully or pinnacle waiting their turn to advance. Nothing is more unpleasant for the beginner than to know that his unskilled efforts are being watched by a censorious crowd who are not only delayed by his slowness but run considerable risk of being injured by the stones which his clumsiness is pretty certain to dislodge. A party of novices will accordingly be well advised if they serve an apprenticeship elsewhere.

There remains but one valley to be mentioned—Eskdale. Having no lake and lying on the edge of the good climbing, it is less frequented than it deserves, though it has the convenience of a railway, good farmhouse lodgings, and plenty of second-rate climbing, in addition to the first-rate work on Scawfell and the Screes. The best known inn is the little "Woolpack," about a mile beyond the terminus of the railway at Boot. The head of Eskdale is very wild and has rocks which are well worth exploring.

Suppose, then, that our novices have selected their starting-point, say at Buttermere or in Borrowdale, their first object will be to get into condition, to gain endurance of wind and limb, a steady head, a sure foot, and the power of finding the way about in defiance of mist and storm. For this the only outfit required consists of energy, old clothes, stout boots (well nailed, especially round the edge), and a fellpole five or six feet long and furnished with a sharp spike. Such a pole is carried by hillmen all over the

world, and greatly increases the safety and rapidity with which a rugged steep can be descended. Except in a high wind the ridges offer the pleasantest and most instructive rambles.

After two or three days of this our party will be in good going order and eager to taste the joys of rock-climbing. For this a good rope should be provided; sixty feet of it is sufficient for a party of three. The proper way of tying and using should be studied beforehand in Dr. Claude Wilson's admirable little book "Mountaineering" in Bell's "All England" series, which contains invaluable hints by that experienced mountaineer on all the details of the craft. Preparations being completed, a suitable gully is readily found. The salient feature of Cumberland climbing is found in the excellence and variety of its gullies. From vertical chinks, so narrow as barely to admit the knee or arm, up to vast ravines like Piers Gill, Deep Gill, and the huge chasms of the Screes, gullies of every sort abound and give splendid sport, but those which are most uniformly satisfactory are of such moderate width that both walls are within, or almost within, reach at the same time. These are usually very safe. On the north-east face of Great End, at the head of Borrowdale, there are several capital specimens, and a splendid variety, for the most part longer and stiffer, about Mickledoor. On the north face of Gable some excellent climbs of this character occur. Indeed, few places can teach one as much about "chimney sweeping" in a month as Cumberland can in a week. The great secret is to make pressure against the side walls supply the want of hand-holds. When a change is wanted the Pillar in Ennerdale may be attacked, the Scawfell Pillar and the Napes Needle on Gable; all these present climbs more of the pinnacle kind, and should not be approached without much preparation and practice.

It is here assumed that the whole party is equally new to the district and equally inexperienced. In point of fact,

it rarely happens that men take to climbing entirely of their own accord. They are, as a rule, led into it by others, and so begin with the advantage of some practical instruction and local guidance. It is the quickest way to learn, but with steady practice much may be acquired from books. A general description of all the best climbs will be found in a little book by the present writer, "Climbing in the British Isles" (Longmans), and a more detailed account in a larger work by the late Mr. O. G. Jones, admirably illustrated by photographs; the Journal of the Climbers' Club and that of the Scottish Mountaineering Club contain many useful notes, while two articles which appeared some years ago in *All the Year Round* probably did more than anything to bring a larger public under the spell of Cumberland climbing.

No book is so instructive as a good map. There should be one carried among the party on every expedition unless the ground is perfectly familiar, and each member also should carry a compass. In Cumberland mists come on very suddenly and with great frequency, and even furious rain by itself will often blot out the features of the landscape quite as effectively as any mist. A compass is then a necessity, and it should not be left behind merely because the weather on a particular day may have a thoroughly settled appearance. It is, however, a bad habit and weakening to the judgment to consult map and compass at every other step. The map should be well studied before starting and again when a halt is made for refreshment, and the relative position of the landmarks impressed upon the memory. The compass may be consulted more frequently, but it is a useful habit to look at the instrument only after an attempt has been made to judge the bearing without the aid of it. In this way you are less helpless if at any moment map or compass should happen to be out of reach. The clearest map is that of the New Ordnance Survey, contoured and unshaded, on the scale of one inch to the mile. The older map on the same scale gives a better general idea to a

stranger, but the heavy shading renders it almost illegible in a bad light, that is to say whenever it is really wanted.

If it be asked at what time of year a visit to Cumberland with the object of mountaineering may be best made, the answer must be that there is no time of the year when a ramble on the fells is not enjoyable, but the difficult climbs give far greater pleasure when the days are long and the weather reasonably warm. It has become the fashion of late years for groups of enthusiasts to frequent the hills when they are covered with snow, and so present some of the appearance and a little of the danger of the Alps. In favourable conditions — that is to say, after a heavy fall of snow has had time to consolidate itself—it is exhilarating and even to a certain extent instructive to ply the axe in one of the large north-facing ravines or to speed along the ridges on a fine frosty day ; but difficult rocks are best left alone. It is generally far too cold for standing about among the icy rocks, and when it comes to remaining motionless for many minutes at a time, supported by the toes of one benumbed foot on one small and slippery projection, the novice begins to wonder where the fun comes in. It certainly is not worth the risk of frost-bite. If there is a high wind, so much the worse. In the teeth of it even a low pass may become a serious affair. For rock-climbing, and indeed for all purposes, the best possible time comes in May and June when the days are long, the colouring delicious, and the weather almost invariably better than in July and August. September and October often get some of the most delightful weather of the year, followed by the dullest and slushiest period of all, lasting until the winter snows have come down in earnest. Granted the deduction of the last two months, most climbers will agree with old Christopher North's saying that the best season for visiting the English Lakes is from the first of January to the thirty-first of December.

YACHTING ON WINDERMERE

By ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I., R.W.Y.C.

THERE are four of the English lakes well adapted for boat sailing, and of these Windermere is the best. The others are Coniston Water, Derwentwater, and Ullswater. Windermere is the longest with plenty of sea room at the head; between Lowwood and Wray Castle, the race-course is 18 miles long. It starts from near the Ferry, continues to Lakeside, then back past the ferry, rounding the buoy at head of lake, and finishing up at Henholme Island by Bowness Bay. The wind can be so strong on some of these lakes and the squalls so sudden that a deep boat is preferred to the skimming-dish type. The first class racer is sloop-rigged, with pole-mast, mainsail, topsail, and large jib; the bowsprit has a curious bend towards the water, which is thought to be better in sailing close-hauled, but would not do, of course, in a heavy sea. Roughly speaking, there are three classes of sailing-boats on Windermere—the first class racer, second class racer, and a class of una boats. These last have only been on the lake a few years, and are very serviceable: they do not draw much water, can land at most places, and having only one large mainsail are easily handled. Their hulls are a compromise between the deep and shallow type, with plenty of beam.

First class racer: length on load water-line is 22 feet, length, 32 feet; overhang forward, 4 feet; beam, 6 feet 6 inches; draft, 6 feet 6 inches; length of mast from deck to truck, 26 feet; boom, 22 feet in length; topsail yard about 18 feet; ballast 32 hundredweight, and no ballast inside

yacht; deck round cockpit, 2 feet; the hoist of mainsail shall not exceed 16 feet. The second class racer is the same in rig, only a little smaller. Una boat draws 3 feet 6 inches, beam 6 feet, length 17 feet. The sail must not be too close-hauled beating against light wind, or she may get into "irons."

There are some curious fashions in boat-sailing on Windermere and other lakes. The main-sheet is never let to go in a squall, and luffing quickly or by degrees is only done by easing the large jib, with the tiller of course to help. In squally weather there is always a man ready at the jib-sheet. When one of the first class racers is lying well over the foot of the jib is generally in the water, and this one might suppose must retard the speed; but nobody seems to think so, and nobody minds this strange appearance, so I suppose it will go on. Then in running before the wind they never make any use of these big jibs. There is no booming out—I suppose it would be too much trouble; topsails are nearly always carried—the weather must be very bad indeed when they are not used. They sit remarkably well; I have never seen better anywhere—no jack-yards. In "going about" these first class racers are wonderfully handy, and turn almost in their own length. There is no prettier sight than to drive down the very steep Ferry Hotel Hill, and be just in time to see thirteen or fourteen yachts manœuvring for position three minutes before the gun fires for the start. It is rather a bird's-eye view from this hill, but one is near enough to see every detail; and, when the signal is given, what appeared before to be a crowd of white butterflies playing about in the sun, in a moment becomes orderly, straightens itself into line, and is away to the foot of the lake to round the Stott Park buoy. If one is following in a steam launch, it is time to be off: if not, there are butterflies of all hues on the ferry pier; every one is eager and interested; there are parasols of all shades; a harp, fiddle, and piano, played exceedingly well by musicians who come every season; friends meet friends; everybody is pleased. One last look at a distant speck, which some yachtsman tells us

is the *Sirius* or the *Mimosa* or the *Turtle* trying to "steal an offing" to catch some wind off Grass Holme, and we all gradually stroll up to Ferry Hotel, where Mrs. Logan, the charming hostess, may be seen for a moment straining her eyes to try to find out the leading vessel in a now quite distant fluttering little line of white.

The harpist having played his most charming passages, and the time being one o'clock, and the boats not to be back for an hour and a half, lunch is the order of the day, and we all assemble in the large dining-room of the hotel, from the windows of which there are magnificent views looking towards the head of the lake with Belle Isle or Curwen Island in the foreground. On another island close to the hotel may often be seen delightful little puppies frisking about—they are put there to be well out of mischief—the mamma swimming over from time to time to count them and see that they are all right; they belong to Mr. Bruce Logan's pack of harriers.

As I have said, Windermere is best for sailing purposes, and, like most large lakes, for boat sailing has many advantages over the sea. There is no tide; there are no dangerous seas to knock a boat "out of time"; you are never far away from land, which is made up of splendid hills covered with wood, the higher mountains showing beyond. On a rather calm day to see a group of sailing-boats, their white sails against the dark green woods, and long reflections in the water, is a beautiful sight, which can hardly be seen anywhere to such advantage as on Windermere lake. The view from Lowwood Hotel or a little above looking towards the Langdale Pikes is one of the finest in the world; in its own way it cannot be surpassed. Then the hotels, especially Lowwood and the Ferry, are perfectly situated for boating, and the lake is quite long enough and wide enough to give plenty of variety to the sailer or even the steam launch, of which latter craft there is every kind and every speed.

Any one wishing to do a little yachting on this lake can

hire, or get the right kind of boat built by some of the first-class builders, such as Brockbank or Shaw. George Brockbank has built some of the most recent and successful racers—the *Kestrel*, *Turtle*, *Mimosa*, *Mabel*, and others. Mr. Shaw also has been a very successful builder.

The una boat has been found very serviceable and safe. It draws about 3 feet 6 inches; beam, 6 feet; length, 17 feet; sail area, about 270; lead, 10 hundredweight; no overhang stern allowed; 4 feet counter raking.

There is a convenient and most comfortable yacht club in Bowness Bay, about midway between the head and foot of the lake. It is the Royal Windermere Yacht Club, and was formed on the 16th of January, 1860, under the name of the "Windermere Sailing Club." In 1871 the headquarters were transferred to the Old England Hotel, Bowness Bay. On the 8th July 1887 Queen Victoria graciously granted permission for the use of "Royal" to the club title. The club having increased its membership to about a hundred members, in 1889 a lease of a plot of land adjoining the grounds of the Old England Hotel, on the margin of the lake, was obtained, and a suitable club-house, containing reading-room, billiard-room, and dining-rooms, built: the use of these premises the club still enjoys.

There are also large public steamers on the lake. Some years ago there was a large private steam yacht of most graceful lines, belonging to Mr. Ridehalgh, of Fellfoot; but she was too big and was inconvenient; so it was decided at last to take her off the lake.

Two boats on Windermere were designed by G. L. Watson, and one by W. Fife, jun., and Captain Sycamore of the *Shamrock* came to Windermere to see the Watson boat sail. He expressed his astonishment at all the first class sailing, and said it was the smartest he had ever seen. The Watson boat was left behind in the race.

There are plenty of yacht and boat builders at Bowness Bay, and the cost of a first class racer is about £200, all

complete. July is the month for racing, but there is plenty of sailing all through the summer. The weather upon the whole is very good and well adapted for cruising. There have been some cases of accidents attended with lamentable loss of life, but never, I think, among experienced owners of boats. There are people reckless enough never to think of what may happen, or too stupid to be able to do so; to them I say, do not sail on Windermere or on any of the other English lakes in squally weather. That it can blow pretty hard on Windermere was shown a year or two ago by the sinking of one of the large iron steamers at her moorings near the foot of the lake. It is supposed that the lake rose very quickly, and, her mooring chain being rather short, the waves began to break over her until she sank where she was in quite a narrow part of the lake.

I was glad to see the other day at Euston Station some capital views of Windermere and photographs of yachts sailing; one a very good picture of two vessels lying well over to a strong puff of wind. This gives a very good idea of the kind of thing. Any of my readers inclined to take to sailing had better go and have a look at these admirable photographs. If they approve, the booking-office is close at hand, and nothing is easier than to order a luncheon-basket to be put in at Stafford and to buy a ticket for Windermere.

ANGLING

By ARTHUR SEVERN, Junior

OF the fishing in and about the Lakes a great deal might be written, as the rivers and lakes and mountain tarns are numerous, and in all of them there is fishing of some sort. In all the more important rivers there are salmon, sea trout, and brown trout; in the lakes trout, pike, and perch; and in some of the deeper ones, like Windermere, Coniston, Ullswater, and Wastwater, there are char. In some of the mountain tarns there are char and generally plenty of trout.

The Rivers.—The Eden in Cumberland is a very long river rising in Westmorland and flowing through Carlisle into the Solway Firth. It is a good salmon river with a spring run. The season opens in February; but, if there has been a good flood, March and April are the best months. The ordinary standard pattern of flies are used, but the bull-dog seems to be the most deadly. When the river gets too low and clear for fry, baits in the form of the minnows and spoons are used. The sea-trout fishing is disappointing, but in July the herlings or whitings, as they are locally called, come up, and can be caught on trout tackle. In October the salmon fishing will be good if there is sufficient water. Nearly all the river is private, but at Langwathby there is some public water, and tickets can be had from the Carlisle Angling Association. The trout fishing close to Carlisle is not nearly so good as above Wetheral. The trout-fishing season opens on March 1, but as a rule the fish are hardly in proper condition before April; then the

fishing is often very good, and the trout are of a good average size. The north country hackle flies are by far the best, the most useful perhaps being the dark snipe and purple, light snipe and yellow, woodcock and orange, and waterhen and purple, and these, with a few other hackle flies, are really all that are necessary for trout fishing in any river in the Lake district. Another form of trout fishing on the Eden is with the bustard, which is tied from the wing of an owl or nightjar and has a rough woolly body. June is the best month for this sort of fishing, which is done at night. There is fairly good trout fishing in the tributaries of the Eden, and plenty of open water there, the Brampton Angling Association issuing season tickets for the Irthing at five shillings. In the Eamont and Lowther the trout are rather small, but they are of a much better quality in the Petterill, which rises near Penrith, and runs into the Eden half a mile above Carlisle. The Caldew is another rapid tributary, and has a certain amount of open water, but the trout are small.

The Derwent is a long river, flowing through Derwentwater, Bassenthwaite Lake, and Cockermouth, and then into the sea at Workington. There are salmon, grilse, sea trout, and brown trout in the river. There is no spring run of salmon. August to the middle of November is the best time; but for sea trout, or morts as they are called in the Lake district, July, August, and September. The ordinary salmon flies are used, but the local ones are very successful. Spoon baits are also used a good deal. The grilse come up towards the end of July, and take small salmon flies; and the sea trout will take ordinary trout flies during the day. The brown trout take the hackle flies as well as winged ones, but they are very bad risers. A great part of the Derwent can be fished by taking a rod licence and getting permission, and Cockermouth is a good place to stay at for fishing this river and its tributaries, of which the principal is the Cocker, containing salmon, sea trout, and brown trout. Both the salmon and sea trout

fishing are good from August to November. The trout fishing is not very good. There are some other smaller tributaries in which trout can be caught.

The Duddon contains salmon, sea trout, and brown trout; but is a disappointing river, owing to its fining down so very quickly after a flood. It rises on Wrynose, and is quite a small stream as far as Cockley Beck, but, where Tarn Beck (which flows out of Seathwaite Tarn) joins it, the Duddon becomes a larger river and flows through Ulpha to Broughton, and into the sea near Foxfield. If there is plenty of water, the salmon run from June till November. Local flies are chiefly used, and the best chance is just as the river is beginning to fine down after a spate; but comparatively few fish are caught. The lower reaches near Duddon Hall are the best. The sea trout run at the end of May, but July and August are the best months; the best fly is from the wood-owl's wing—chocolate body and gold tinsel. Night fishing is often very successful. The trout fishing is not very good: on the upper reaches the fish are very small, but lower down are somewhat larger: the March brown is a very good fly, as well as the ordinary hackle flies. Below Duddon Bridge, the Lickle joins the Duddon, and in it there are sea trout and brown trout.

The Crake comes out of Coniston Lake: it is rather a short river, flowing out at Greenodd; the water is extremely clear, and certain parts of it are like a chalk stream, while other parts are very rapid and rocky. It is more a sea trout than a salmon river; the salmon do not seem to remain long in it, but prefer to run through into the lake; still a few are caught with the fly in the river in the autumn. Gaudy salmon flies are almost useless; it is with the sea-trout flies that salmon are usually caught—dark mallard and yellow body, claret and mallard, woodcock and orange, and owls being all that are necessary. The sea-trout fishing, however, is disappointing. Although the river looks perfect, and quantities of sea trout can be seen in certain places, they are bad risers until the evening. The failure, as a rule,

is owing to people using tackle far too coarse and large flies. A single-handed rod, with plenty of line on the reel, fine gut, and rather small flies will succeed in day fishing far better than grilse tackle. Baits do not seem to be used much for salmon or sea trout, the river being too clear for spinning. The best time for the sea trout is from about the end of July until the middle of September, and from the middle of September to the end of the season for salmon. A good deal of the river may be fished by any one who takes out a licence. The trout fishing is best in March and April, and is of little use afterwards except at sunset. The ordinary hackle flies are the best.

The Leven is a larger river than the Crake; it comes out of Windermere, and flows into the sea at Greenodd. It contains salmon, sea trout, and brown trout, all of which are better risers than in the Crake. Most of the fishing is private, except the water above Newby Bridge, and the lower water between Haverthwaite and Greenodd. The salmon run in July, if there is a flood; but most of them are caught in September and October. The ordinary salmon flies are used. The river has some very good salmon pools. The sea trout run in the summer, and a good many are sometimes taken. Useful flies are dark mallard wing, black body with silver twist; claret and mallard, and a few other patterns. The brown-trout fishing is very good in April from Newby Bridge to Haverthwaite; large trout are often caught. The ordinary hackle flies are the best.

Of course, in all these rivers there are quantities of yearling salmon which should be carefully put back when caught. They are to be distinguished from ordinary trout by their single large spot on the gill-cover; trout have a few small spots on the gill-cover. But in all these larger rivers no trout should ever be killed as small as these salmon parr; only in the mountain becks, where very small trout are generally caught.

The Kent is an important river in Westmorland. It starts from Kentmere Tarn, flows through Kendal, and

empties itself into Morecambe Bay. There are salmon, sea trout, and brown trout to be caught in it; but the fishing has fallen off a great deal the last few years, owing to incessant pollution. The salmon begin to run in August, but there are certain obstructions in the river which give the fish some difficulty to pass. Not very many salmon are caught in this river. The sea-trout fishing, however, is much better: these fish begin to run from about the end of June. Good flies are partridge with brown body, or grouse and yellow. Messrs. Hutchinson of Kendal are able to supply the correct pattern of fly for salmon, sea trout, or brown trout for any part of the district. The trout fishing of the Kent is not what it used to be; but the Kent Angling Association has done good work in stocking the river with yearling trout.

The Mint and Sprint are tributaries of the Kent, and trout can be caught in them with hackle flies.

The Bela, near Milnthorpe, is a good trout stream. The fishing opens in February, but the whole of the river is private.

The Winster, which runs between Westmorland and Lancashire, is another early trout river. Sea trout come up, if there is a flood, in July or August. The ordinary hackle flies should be used both for the sea trout and brown trout in this river.

The Lune perhaps should be included in the rivers of the Lake district. It is a fine river, about fifty miles long, flowing through Tebay in Westmorland, and a few miles lower down through Kirkby Lonsdale: it runs out below Lancaster. The salmon fishing has deteriorated, owing to pollution and too much netting in the estuary; but a few fish are still caught in the river towards the end of the season. The ordinary salmon flies are used as well as the local ones. Sea trout come up the Lune, if there are floods in the summer, and often take the ordinary hackle trout flies. The Lune is a capital trout river: up at Tebay the fish are rather small, but larger from Kirkby Lonsdale down towards

Lancaster. Hackle flies are the best. A great deal of the river is private, but there are parts at Tebay and Kirkby Lonsdale which can be fished by ticket.

The trout-fishing season opens on the 1st March on nearly all these rivers, and closes on the 30th September, but as a rule April is soon enough to begin fishing the rivers as well as the lakes.

The Lakes.—There are plenty of trout, pike, and perch in nearly all the lakes; and in most of the tarns there are trout, but owing to the rocky nature of these tarns, and scarcity of food in some, the trout are rather small.

Windermere is the largest lake, and in it are trout and char, and quantities of pike and perch. The trout fishing begins in March, and the fly-fishing is at its best in April and May. The trout are of a very good average size, but not so many are caught here as in some of the smaller lakes.

The best places for fly-fishing are in the shallow bays and round the islands, and where the water suddenly shelves. A good, steady wind is necessary for fly-fishing. Good flies are March brown, zulu, woodcock, and orange, hare's ear, dark snipe, and the green drake in May and June. After June trout rise very badly, and trolling with the natural minnow is the best way to catch them; a boat is rowed slowly about forty yards or more from the shore; two rods are commonly used, and should be fixed firmly in the stern of the boat, with about thirty or forty yards of line, then a fairly fine gut-trace with three swivels, and any sort of spinning flight which will take a natural minnow. Hardy's "crocodile" spinner seems to catch a far larger proportion of runs than other flights. The artificial minnows are not nearly so good as the natural ones. Very large trout are sometimes caught by trolling in Windermere, particularly by night trolling. There is very little science in trolling beyond a knowledge of the various shoals and weed-beds. Fly-fishing, which can be done from a boat, drifting slowly and parallel with the shore, will generally catch more fish, but not such large ones as those got by trolling.

Char are very plentiful in Windermere; the season for char-fishing is from the beginning of April till the end of September. The plumb-line is commonly used for char-fishing in this lake, and, if properly worked, is the most successful method; because char, which like a very deep lake, are sometimes only to be caught deep down, while at other times are caught close to the surface. The plumb-line consists of a leaden plumb, about a pound and a half in weight, attached to a waterproof line about twenty-five yards in length, which is fixed to a short, strong rod stuck out over the stern of the boat; from this other lines are fixed at various distances from each other; they are called droppers, and each has a char-bait attached. These droppers vary in length; about six of them are used; the lowest one, which is close to the plumb, should be about four yards in length, the next above it being a yard longer, so that the upper droppers are always a yard longer than the one below. A char-bait is cut out of tin, about one and a half inches long, with fans at the end to make it spin. It is made in various shapes, and one side should be bright, the other painted vermilion; or the bait may be copper on one side and bright on the other; a treble hook is fixed between the fans. The object of fishing for char in this way is to find the depth at which they are. The boat is rowed slowly and steadily, and should never stop altogether, or the droppers will get entangled. Plumb-line fishing is hard work, as it is very difficult at first to prevent the lines from getting into a bunch. The Windermere char are larger than those in the other lakes.

There are quantities of pike and perch in the lake, but both are of a very small size, although good ones are occasionally caught. The pike can be caught by trolling or any other method. The perch are usually caught with float-tackle and natural minnows.

The principal streams which flow into Windermere are the Rothay and the Brathay, near Ambleside; there are trout in both, but not very many in the Brathay. Troutbeck

and Cunsey Beck also run into Windermere, and are worth trying for trout.

Ullswater is the second largest lake, and contains trout, char, pike, and perch. The char are scarcely worth fishing for, as they are now almost extinct. The trout fishing is moderately good. March brown and Broughton Point, and a few other patterns, are good flies. April, May, and June are the best months. A few becks run into the lake, and the Eamont runs out of it.

Coniston Lake is third largest of the lakes. There are trout, char, pike, and perch in it. The season opens on April 1, and closes on September 30. In the first three months of the season the trout-fishing is sometimes good. The trout rise well to the fly if there is a strong, steady wind, and average about three to the pound. Wading from the shore is more successful than fishing from a boat; but fly-fishing is useless on Coniston unless the wind is sufficiently strong. There are plenty of trout in the lake, and they should be fished for in the shallow water. Trolling for trout with the natural minnow will catch fewer but larger fish.

Char can be caught towards the end of April if the weather is warm, and they are caught by trolling farther out than one would troll for trout, with about forty yards of line, and a char bait or natural minnow. There is no difficulty in this method of fishing. When a char is caught, it is a very good plan to keep trolling about the same part of the lake for a time, as the fish keep in shoals. In any part of the lake char can be caught, but it is very little use trying within sixty yards of the shore.

The plumb-line is very little used on Coniston. When the fish are in the deeper water, a small piece of lead can be put on the gut-trace. On a calm, warm day it can easily be seen whether they are near the surface; if they are, they will be seen to rise very quietly and fairly often all over the lake; then they can be caught close to the surface, and will keep near the surface for perhaps two months. If

they are not noticed rising, they are in deeper water, and lead should be used until their depth is found.

When the char are rising in this water, they seem to be doing so out of curiosity, as they will rise very close to a boat, and apparently be taking nothing. They certainly will not take an artificial fly. These char have a very fine flavour, but are very small—about five or six to the pound; but on a likely, warm, clear day, with a gentle wind, about a dozen or more are often caught by one boat.

Perch are exceedingly plentiful, but small. The pike are of a good average size—about 4 lbs.—but there are not very many in the lake. At one time they were netted to improve trout and char fishing. Each end of the lake is good for pike, as there are plenty of weeds there. Trolling is the usual way, but spinning off the reel will catch more fish. A perch is an excellent bait if one side of it is skinned.

There is no close time for pike and perch on Coniston. The principal streams which run into the lake are Yewdale Beck and Torver Beck, both containing small trout, which will take the ordinary hackle flies. For the lake the best flies are red hackle, zulu, Broughton Point, hare's ear, March brown, and owls all through the season.

Derwentwater contains trout, pike, and perch. The trout fishing in April, May, and June is good, and the fish are of a nice size; the largest fish are caught by trolling. Good flies are woodcock and orange, partridge and the green drake. When the May-fly is up the fishing is sometimes very good, and large trout may be caught. Both pike and perch are larger in this lake than in most, and are caught in the usual way.

Buttermere, Crummock, and Loweswater are small lakes close together; the first two are joined by the River Cocker. Buttermere is a good lake for trout, pike, and perch, and there are a few char in it. The trout fishing is very good in April and May, and again at the end of the season. Good flies are hare's ear, March brown, wood-

cock and orange, red palmer and a few other patterns. Buttermere is a good place to stay at for fishing these lakes.

Crummock Water is a larger lake, and contains trout, char, pike, and perch. The trout are rather larger than in Buttermere, and take the same sorts of flies. Trolling is also a good way to catch trout on warmer summer evenings.

Loweswater is close to Crummock, and is a very good lake for trout, but all private. The trout in this lake seem to be of a better average than the Windermere fish. It is a good lake for the May-fly.

Bassenthwaite Lake contains trout, pike, and perch. Trolling is the best way to catch the trout, as they are such bad risers.

Wastwater is the deepest of all the lakes, and it contains trout and char. In the summer the fishing is at its best, because the trout are only then in proper condition. Wastdale Head is a good place to stay at for fishing.

Ennerdale Water contains only trout and char; the trout are rather small, and the char are occasionally caught with the fly here.

Haweswater is a good lake for trout, and it also contains char, which are small. The lake is private, and belongs to Lord Lonsdale.

Rydal Water and Grasmere are joined by the River Rothay. There are a few trout in each of these lakes, but the pike and perch fishing are both good. Rydal Water is private, and belongs to Mr. Stanley le Fleming, of Rydal Hall, who is very kind in giving permission to fish.

Esthwaite Water lies between Coniston and Windermere. It is a private lake, but by a licence, which costs a shilling a day, one is allowed to fish. There are hardly any trout in this lake, but quantities of small pike and perch.

Thirlmere is now a private lake belonging to Manchester Corporation; it contains trout, pike, and perch.

Elter Water is a small lake containing trout, pike, and

perch. The fishing is fairly good in the early season, but the trout are not very numerous.

Mountain Tarns.—There are plenty of tarns to be fished amongst the mountains, some being well worth trying for trout; others are overstocked and the fish are very small: this is often the case when tarns are remote and are consequently seldom fished.

In most of the tarns the fish take some time coming into proper condition, the month of June often being quite soon enough to try them. Some of the principal tarns are Seathwaite Tarn, Goat's Water, Torver Tarn, Stickle Tarn, Brothers Water, Devoke Water, and Easedale Tarn. There are many other tarns, but these are about the best. Often there are no boats on these tarns, so a fairly long rod is an advantage. Good flies for most of the tarns are red hackle, March brown, zulu, woodcock and orange, dark snipe and purple.

A licence for salmon is ten shillings for the season, and for trout and char half-a-crown, for any district except Windermere, where the trout and char licence is five shillings—but this licence entitles one to fish the other lakes as well. Licences can be obtained in the district at almost any post-office.

SHOOTING

By A. RUSKIN SEVERN

THE country round the lakes is generally considered a rough shooting country, and strictly speaking a bad game country. It chiefly consists of moorland and woods, some of the latter being exceedingly large. The woods are for the most part coppice, though there are several big larch plantations which sadly lack under-cover. No doubt, to have a large head of pheasants on one's estate is chiefly a matter of ground and money, and few places in England are more suitable for high-flying birds than this district, as one gets such capital high woods here and there, and convenient valleys beneath to stand in. The expense of feeding pheasants is of course great, as there is not much for them to find in the woods, excepting acorns and ants' eggs, there being so little arable land. Wild pheasants are pretty regularly scattered throughout the district, but the size of the woods and the innumerable places of refuge enable old cocks to look after themselves rather too well. I should describe the Lake district as a distinctly good woodcock country, and probably more of these birds breed here than in any part of England. I have heard of as many as ten nests in a single wood of no great size. I have on two occasions seen the bird on its nest, and have visited it regularly every day for a time, and am convinced that the cock and hen sit in turns, though I know many far better authorities do not believe this. I think it is pretty certain that woodcocks shift their quarters constantly when they are "in," and, as a rule, move only short

distances. I have generally seen the greatest number about in March and the end of February. The first flight comes in from about the end of October till November 12, but the date of arrival largely depends on the weather.

Most of the rough moors, so characteristic of the district, have a fair number of grouse and black game, and, though the moors look very perfect for grouse, the number of birds always appears to be about the same each season, which is probably due to this: there are not enough to drive except on a very few moors; and consequently the young birds get killed in August, which is fatal to a good stock. Then, again, shepherding is carried on to a large extent, and the moors are seldom burnt systematically. I remember being somewhat surprised to see a moor ablaze on May 8; the fire had got out of control and had to burn itself out. The farmer when asked about it did not treat the matter seriously, but smiled and said they could not put it out: the law as to the dates for burning being seemingly quite a minor consideration. On such moors as Ulpha Fell in the Duddon district, where driving is carried on and the moor properly looked after, good bags are obtained; by which I mean good bags for the district, such as thirty and forty brace. The black game are comparatively few and far between.

There is one free moor which nobody seems to own, Bethiker; and, of course, such numbers of people go there that the sport is practically nil. If a young pheasant or a grey hen is seen on it in August it is immediately shot. This moor lies between the east side of Coniston and Rusland, at an altitude of about 1200 feet. An enterprising party once went up to shoot on August 11; and got about six brace of grouse, but fortunately they were "shadowed" by excise officers and met on their homeward journey.

One finds a fair number of snipe in the likely places, but not so many as one would expect. Of course there are here as elsewhere a few particularly favourite haunts, but

these are on the whole scarce. The jacks are met with very seldom before September 15. Large numbers of teal and duck appear on the lakes and tarns in a hard winter, but are nearly impossible to get at, unless one knows the feeding-grounds. On Esthwaite Lake Colonel Sandys rears wild duck, and the lake is undoubtedly well adapted to it, as there are large reed-beds nearly all round.

One generally sees great numbers of duck in winter sitting happily in the very middle of the lake they happen to be on, and directly one pushes off a boat to get near them they gradually swim away, and then all take flight to some place of safety.

Hares in Lakeland now belong to the past; they used to be fairly numerous. When one asks why there are no hares now, one always gets the same answer, "Oh, the farmers have got them." Rabbits are not particularly plentiful, and are kept down owing to the way they damage young coppice wood; but what few there are afford very pretty shooting amongst the ling and the thick woods. The country is unsuitable for many partridges, but there are generally some large coveys to be found on the fells, and they lie extremely well in the thick ling. A good steady setter is quite necessary if one is to have sport among them.

The shooting rents are low, about threepence an acre being very near the mark. There are few partridges in the open ground, and much of this is a sort of waste land which only carries a few stray snipe. The holdings are mostly small, which cuts up a shooting, and of course lessens its value. Most of the best grouse moors run about £1 per brace on the limit bag, and the smaller moors about half that sum. Strictly speaking the rents are not calculated at so much per acre, but in as small a lump sum as one can bargain for.

CYCLING

By A. W. RUMNEY[1]

THOUGH there can be no doubt that the best way to see the Lake country is by walking through it, there is much really good cycling to be had there, and not one of the Lakes is inaccessible to the cyclist, despite the fact that no practicable road traverses the district from east to west, and only two (over Kirkstone and Dunmail) from south to north. Indeed, if we omit the steep and bouldery road leading over Hardknott and Wrynose between Eskdale and Langdale, there is no road for wheels between east and west, from Keswick in the north to Black Combe in the south. And yet the cyclist can find his way to Wasdale Head, Ennerdale Foot, the two Seathwaites, and even remote Mardale Green. He will find the main roads of Cumberland, Westmorland, and the detached portion of Lancashire all of good surface, those of Westmorland being perhaps the smoothest, owing to the use of granite chippings instead of clay as a binding material. The secondary roads, where the District Councils possess a steam-roller, are also well kept, but otherwise, from lack of traffic, are apt to be rather too loose. The gradients, unfortunately, are not so easily remedied as the surface, and in many places they are quite needlessly severe, though gradually the Councils are reducing the number of these, as also of the sharp corners. The danger and caution boards of the Cyclists' Touring Club

[1] Author of "The Cyclists' Guide to the English Lake District."

protect every risky place, and perhaps a few that in these days of improved brakes are no longer risky.

Guide-posts are now practically at every road junction; for this reason, and also to economise space, I omit most road directions that are to be found on the roads themselves.

The main approach to the district from the south is by Carnforth, Milnthorpe, Levens Bridge, and then either by Kendal to Windermere village, or, across the mosses to Lindale, and so to the foot of Windermere, or, keeping round the Cartmel peninsula, by Grange and Cark, and across the Leven to Ulverston, and so on to Furness Abbey and along the west coast. From the south-east the easiest approach is by Settle, Kirkby Lonsdale, and Kendal, the cyclist taking care to make the last stage by Crooklands, and not by the Old Hutton road. From the east, Penrith is reached by way of Stainmore (1400 feet) and Appleby, or from Newcastle by Alston, and over the finely-graded Hartside (1900 feet) by Melmerby and Edenhall. For travellers from the north, Carlisle forms the usual gate, but an excellent alternative from Dumfries is by way of Annan, and taking train across the Solway viaduct to Kirkbride, thus reaching Keswick by way of Wigton and Bothel (sometimes pronounced "Bo'el").

I. Kendal to Cockermouth.—The chief trunk road of the district; surface good throughout. Kendal—Stavely, 4 m.; Windermere village, 8½ m.; Ambleside, 13 m.; Rydal, 15 m.; Grasmere, 17 m.; Summit of Dunmail Raise, 20 m.; Armboth, 24 m.; Keswick, 30 m.; Portinscale, 31¼ m.; Braithwaite, 32½ m.; Peil Wyke, 37¾ m.; Embleton, 40 m.; Cockermouth, 43 m. Steep climb out of Kendal by House of Correction; descent to Staveley. Hilly to Windermere; long descent to lake shore at Lowwood. Almost level to Grasmere. Stiff climb of Dunmail; easy descent, at foot of which new and better road

turns sharp to left (no signpost). Almost level to the dam, then descending; sharp climb 2 m. before Keswick, and very long and steep descent; at halfway down, safest to keep to right. Almost level to Braithwaite, then undulating to Embleton, whence a long climb, followed by a 2 m. fall into Cockermouth (the old road on the east of Thirlmere is excellent, but hillier, and only ½ m. shorter).

II. Windermere to Furness Abbey.—An excellent road, more especially after Newby Bridge. Windermere —Bowness, 1½ m.; Newby Bridge, 9 m.; Haverthwaite, 11½ m.; Greenodd, 14 m.; Ulverston, 17½ m.; Lindal, 20 m.; Dalton, 22 m.; Furness Abbey, 24 m.; Barrow 26 m. Steep, dangerous descent to Bowness, then undulating by Storrs Hall, and latterly hilly till near foot of lake, then almost level to Ulverston, in which turn sharp to right just before station; sharply undulating thereafter, needing care throughout. In Dalton, turn sharp to left below the church. Long, easy descent into Barrow.

III. Levens Bridge to Newby Bridge.—Very good surface. Levens Bridge—Lindale, 6½ m.; Newton, 8½ m.; Newby Bridge, 12 m. Dead level to Lindale; very steep ascent through village (highly dangerous on reverse); then undulating, but chiefly descending. One mile before reaching Newby Bridge keep to left.

IV. Levens Bridge to Ulverston.—Very good and level to Grange and after Cark; between these fair. Levens Bridge — Lindale, 6½ m.; Grange-over-Sands, 8½ m.; Flookburgh, 11½ m.; Cark, 12 m.; Lowwood, 18 m.; Greenodd, 20½ m.; Ulverston, 24 m. Level to Grange. Stiff climb through Grange village, and also 1 m. further on, followed by very

sharp descent. In Flookburgh keep to right, and in Cark to left. Just before Lowwood keep to left, and join Route II. after climbing a short, very steep hill. [Cark to Cartmel, 2 m., good, and level. Cartmel to Grange, 3 m., half a stiff climb, other half steep, dangerous descent. From Grange to Newby Bridge, take middle road near station, which joins III. *above* Lindale, and by which the worst of the hill is avoided.]

V. Greenodd to Coniston Village.—Good to Lowick, then fair. Greenodd—Lowick, 3 m.; Lake Bank, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Sunny Bank, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Torver, 9 m.; Coniston, $11\frac{1}{2}$ m. The road keeps on the west bank of the Crake, and slightly undulates to Sunny Bank, whence it ascends to Torver, and drops again to Coniston. [This is the best route from Ulverston to Coniston. Coniston to Broughton is fair up to Torver, then a poor road.]

VI. Greenodd to Ambleside by Brantwood and High Cross.—Good surface, a long, stiff climb from Brantwood to High Cross; long descent to Clappersgate. Greenodd—Lowick, 3 m.; High Nibthwaite, 5 m.; Brantwood, 9 m.; High Cross, 11 m.; Barngates, 13 m.; Ambleside, 16 m. Route V. to Lowick, where turn to right across the Crake; nearly level along the lake, but gradually rising to Brantwood, soon after which it steepens. At High Cross keep to left. [On reverse at Clappersgate keep to left, and soon after to right, and at High Cross to left.] From Brantwood to Coniston there is a good, easy road, keeping close round the head of the lake. [Dangerous hill with sharp turns 1 m. N. of Brantwood.]

VII. Coniston to Ambleside by Skelwith Bridge.—Good to fair. Coniston—High Yewdale, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m.;

Summit, 3 m.; Colwith (near), 4 m.; Skelwith, 5 m.; Clappersgate, 7 m.; Ambleside, 8 m. Almost level to Yewdale, then gradual ascent to the summit, and long fall to Skelwith, needing care at places. Colwith Force is a little off the route, on the first road to the left after the descent is begun. On crossing Skelwith Bridge keep to right; excellent running into Ambleside.

VIII. Ambleside to Coniston by Barngates, 8 m.—Route VI. reversed to High Cross, where keep to right down a long winding dangerous hill to the lake shore, whence it is level. This hill can be avoided by continuing along the more gradual descent on Route VI. for another mile, and then turning very sharply to the right; this is much the better route on the reverse journey, and for all but the best brake-equipped on the outward, it adds a mile.

IX. Ambleside to Dungeon Ghyll.—Good to Chapel Stile, then fair to bad. Undulating throughout, but only serious hill at Chapel Stile; the last mile is through fields. Ambleside—Clappersgate, 1 m.; Skelwith, 3 m.; Chapel Stile, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Dungeon Ghyll (New Hotel), $7\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Old Hotel, 8 m. Leave Lake Road opposite the White Lion; in a short half mile turn to right across the Brathay. At Clappersgate and Skelwith avoid crossing the river. [Dungeon Ghyll to Little Langdale by Blea Tarn is an exceedingly bad road in both gradient and surface. Little Langdale to Colwith is very hilly, but fair surfaced. Little Langdale to Coniston direct is very bad as far as Yewdale, best by way of Colwith and Route VII. reversed.]

X. Bowness to Coniston by Hawkshead.—Good road, but very hilly. Bowness—Ferry, 1 m.; Sawrey,

2 m.; Hawkshead, 4 m.; High Cross, 5 m.; Coniston, 7 m. Level to the Ferry (cycle and rider, 6d.). Soon after leaving the west shore a very long and steep hill follows (dangerous on reverse), gradual descent to Sawrey, nearly level to Hawkshead, beyond which turn sharp to left up a stiff hill to High Cross; thence see Route VIII. [Hawkshead to Ambleside by Clappersgate is 4 m. of undulating road. The road round Esthwaite is fair to good, and its continuation to the Rusland Valley, and so to Haverthwaite, fair. The road on the west side of Windermere is poor and hilly, and often out of sight of the lake.]

XI. Windermere to Patterdale by Kirkstone Pass.—As this road attains a height of 1470 feet, it entails some climbing, but is now of good surface. The descent in either direction needs care. Windermere —Crossroads, $\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Troutbeck (church), 3 m.; Queen's Head, 4 m.; Traveller's Rest Inn (summit), 7 m.; Brothers Water (inn), $9\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Patterdale Village, 13 m.; Glenridding (steamer landing), 14 m. Route I. to crossroads, where keep to right, and soon after to left. Rise and fall to Troutbeck Church, then steady rise to summit; descent steep at first. From Brothers Water undulating to Patterdale, then level to Glenridding.

XII. Ambleside to Patterdale by Kirkston Pass.—The direct road to the summit is only 3 miles, but is dreadfully steep, and often loose (highly dangerous on reverse). The better plan is to follow the Windermere road to Troutbeck Bridge (3 m.), and, instead of crossing this, turn to left, and gradually climb through Troutbeck Village, joining Route XI. near the Queen's Head.

XIII. Penrith to Patterdale. — Good. Penrith—Eamont Bridge, 1 m.; Yanwath, 2 m.; Pooley Bridge, 5 m.; Watermillock, 7 m.; Lyulph's Tower (Aira Force), 11 m.; Glenridding, 13 m.; Patterdale, 14 m. Sharp descent to Eamont Bridge, needing care; at far end of village turn sharp to right, slight climb to Yanwath, then undulating to Pooley Bridge, just before which village keep to right (left to Howtown (3 m.) and Martindale, and *no further*, fair, almost level road). Level to undulating along the lake shore. [The fare for a cycle on the lake steamer is 6d. As the east shore gives much the finer views, many cyclists ride to Howtown, and take steamer thence to Patterdale.]

XIV. Patterdale to Keswick.—Good surface, but very hilly. Much the best in this direction. If Ullswater is taken as a day trip from Keswick, it is best to go by Penrith, and return by this road—a total round of 50 m., reducible to 38 m. if train be taken to Penruddock (600 feet higher than Keswick). Patterdale—Park Brow (foot), $2\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Dockray, 5 m.; Troutbeck, 9 m.; Scales, 12 m.; Threlkeld, 14 m.; Keswick, 18 m. Route XIII. reversed to foot of Park Brow (entrance to Aira Force a few yards farther on Penrith road), steep ascent, but greatly improved of late; very undulating to Troutbeck, but chiefly on the descent; then 2 m. more of descent, climb to Scales, descent through Threlkeld, another stiff climb, then easy to Keswick, the last $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. being downhill.

XV. Penrith to Keswick. —Good, but hilly. Penrith—Stainton, $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Penruddock, $6\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Troutbeck, 9 m.; Threlkeld, 14 m.; Keswick, 18 m. Leave town by Castlegate, steep ascent, and keep to left at summit; undulating to Stainton, after which long

ascent and highly undulating to Troutbeck, whence as in Route XIV. [A slightly easier and rather longer ($\frac{1}{2}$ m.) route to Penruddock is by Greystoke (5 m.), in which case turn to right before Penrith Station, cross railway, keep to left, and second turn to right; undulating to Greystoke, then long easy climb and slight fall, joining chief route at 7 m.]

XVI. The Buttermere Round from Keswick.—Fair to Seatoller, bad over the pass, fair to Buttermere and on to Cockermouth; poor by Newlands to Keswick. Keswick—Lodore, 3 m.; Rosthwaite, 6 m.; Seatoller, 7 m.; Summit (Honister), $8\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Gatesgarth, 11 m.; Buttermere, 13 m.; Summit of Pass, $14\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Newlands Inn, 18 m.; Braithwaite, $20\frac{1}{2}$ m.; Keswick, $23\frac{1}{2}$ m. Or, Buttermere, 13 m.; Scale Hill (near), 17 m.; Lorton, 19 m.; Mire End, 21 m.; Embleton Station, 23 m.; Keswick, 33 m. By following this latter route, though much longer, the cyclist avoids the second mountain pass, and travels the full length of Crummock and Bassenthwaite Lakes. Undulating and usually either muddy or dusty to Lodore, then firmer and easier to Seatoller, where keep to right. The ascent of the pass must be nearly all walked, and the first mile of the descent, thence to Buttermere easy enough, but several gates. [The reverse direction of Honister Pass is much more arduous.] The ascent of the Newlands Pass and first portion of the descent must be walked, and at the first farm there is a short but highly dangerous descent. At $\frac{1}{2}$ m. beyond Newlands Inn it is best to keep to left, leaving the coach route, which is much hillier and only 1 m. shorter than the Braithwaite route.

On the alternative route, down the Lorton Valley, there is a bad descent $\frac{1}{2}$ m. after Buttermere, and a stiff climb after leaving Crummock, otherwise easy. At Mire End turn sharp to right (straight on to

Cockermouth), and a narrow winding lane leads to Embleton, where Route I. is joined.

[From Scale Hill a very hilly and rather poor road leads along Loweswater, and by Lamplugh, Kirkland, and Ennerdale Bridge to the foot of Ennerdale Lake, 9 m. The direct route to Scale Hill from Keswick is by Braithwaite, then to left over Whinlatter Pass (stiff climb), and at 1 m. on descent to left, over a poor but descending road. Distance 9 m., or if the main road is followed as far as Lorton, 10 m. with better going.]

XVII. The Coast Road.—Exceedingly variable, much better north of Whitehaven than south. Barrow—Askham, 6 m.; Kirkby, 9 m.; Broughton, 12 m.; Millom, 19 m.; Silecroft, 23 m.; Bootle, 27 m.; Muncaster, 34 m.; Holmrook, 36½ m.; Gosforth, 38 m.; Calder Bridge, 40 m.; Egremont, 44 m.; Whitehaven, 49 m.; Moresby, 51 m.; Distington, 53 m.; Workington, 56 m.; Maryport, 62 m.; Allonby, 67 m.; Silloth, 74 m. Fair and undulating to Kirkby; very hilly to Millom; easier to Bootle; bad surface and hilly to Muncaster; good but undulating to Gosforth; stiff climb and descent to Calder Bridge; undulating, descent to Whitehaven, and long climb out of it; hilly to Workington; level but behind railway and ironworks to Maryport; thence good and almost level unenclosed road close by sea.

Branch roads: 1 m. beyond Broughton, just before crossing the Duddon, a bad hilly lane leads up this valley, towards the head degenerating into a field road.

One mile before Muncaster, and before crossing the Esk, another bad road leads to Eskdale, in which the road improves. On the north side of the Esk a better road leads to the valley, but it is private.

At Muncaster, ½ m. on left, Ravenglass, but no bridge across the Mite. [On reverse, 2 m. before Muncaster, keep sharp to left (no signpost).] The Mite is fordable at low tide.

At Holmrook, on left, fair road to Seascale, 1½ m.; right, 7 m. fair road to Wastwater.

At Gosforth, left, good road to Seascale, 3 m.; right, hilly, but good road to Wastwater, 6 m.; 4 m. of poorer road to Wasdale Head.

At Egremont, on left, poor road to St. Bees; on right, fair road to Ennerdale Bridge, 6 m., pleasanter on the east of the River Ehen than by Cleator Moor.

At Distington, on right, undulating, good road to Cockermouth, 10 m. At Workington, on right, 8 m. of similar road to same place. These two roads meet at Clifton, where there is a steep descent.

XVIII. Penrith to Haweswater.—Good, degenerating to poor in places, hilly. Penrith—Eamont Bridge, 1 m.; Yanwath, 2 m.; Askham, 4 m.; Bampton (near), 8 m.; Mardale Green (Dun Bull Inn), 14 m. Route XIII. to Yanwath, where keep to left on crossing railway. Before Bampton keep to right. [Many maps show a road between Mardale and Sleddale, but it is only a footpath. A bicycle can be got over. It is the half mile at the summit that is bad, though the whole is rough and steep. Haweswater can also be reached from Shap by way of Rosgill and Bampton, a hilly road.]

Other Lakeland Routes.

There is a direct road from Grasmere to Skelwith Bridge, but the ascent of Red Bank is very laborious; the descent to Skelwith is steep in places, but that to Chapel Stile is well graded. The road on the west of Derwentwater is poor and hilly. That on the east of Bassenthwaite is firm

but hillier than that on the west (Route I.). A narrow but fair road runs down the Vale of St. John's uniting the old Thirlmere road with the Penrith-Keswick road at Threlkeld. The road connecting Eskdale and Langdale over the passes of Hardknott and Wrynose is exceedingly bad as well as hilly, the worst carriage road in the district.

Routes not in the Lake District.

The best route from Keswick to Carlisle is by the east of Bassenthwaite to Castle Inn (8 m.), then, ignoring the direction on the right arm of the signpost, keep straight on by an uphill road to Bothel (12 m.) where the main Cockermouth road is joined and followed through Red Dial (Wigton, 1 m. on left) and Thursby to Carlisle (31 m.).

Carlisle to Penrith is 18 m. of excellent, but undulating road; it continues good but rising to Shap (10 m.), whence it deteriorates over the summit of the fells, and then improves again to Kendal. This section is the worst English portion of the Land's End to John O'Groat's route.

Penrith to Appleby (13 m.) is an excellent and easy road; thence to Brough (8 m.) is still firm but hilly; Appleby to Kirby Stephen (12 m.) is also good.

A Round Trip.

A suggested week's tour for a "straightaway" rider from the south would be Levens Hall, Lindale, Newby Bridge, Ulverston, Furness Abbey, Ulverston, Greenodd, Coniston, Skelwith, Dungeon Ghyll, Skelwith, Ambleside, Bowness and back, Grasmere, Keswick, Borrowdale, Buttermere, Crummock, Embleton, Keswick, Penrith, Patterdale, Kirkstone Pass, Troutbeck, Windermere. This omits the western lakes of Wastwater and Ennerdale, and also the somewhat isolated Haweswater, it will be noticed.

Centres.

The best cycling centres are Newby Bridge, Ambleside, Keswick, and Penrith, and, for the western lakes and dales, Seascale. It may be noted that the Furness Railway Company are particularly liberal in their interpretation of a cycle ticket, in that if two journeys are made in one day the two distances are added together, and charged for as one: thus the double journey between Arnside and Grange only costs sixpence.

PART III

A GAZETTEER OF THE LAKE COUNTIES

ABBREVIATIONS USED:—C., Cumberland; L., Lancashire; W., Westmorland.

E., East; N., North; S., South; W., West; m., miles.

Cal., Caledonian Railway; C.K.P.R., Cockermouth, Keswick, and Penrith Railway; F.R., Furness Railway; L.N.W.R., London and North-Western Railway; M.C.R., Maryport and Carlisle Railway; M.R., Midland Railway; N.B.R., North British Railway; N.E.R., North-Eastern Railway.

ABBEY TOWN, C.—The village, formerly market town, at which are the remains of Holme Cultram Abbey (p. 122). North of the Abbey church is a moated mound, probably a burg. Station on the Carlisle and Silloth line (N.B.R.), which is joined by the Brayton and Annan branch (Cal.) at Abbey Junction, ½ m. N.N.E. of the town. Half a mile N. of the junction is Raby Cote farm, the 16th-cent. seat of the Chambers family. *Inns:* Bush, Wheatsheaf.

ADDINGHAM, C.—A parish on the Eden, south of Kirkoswald; no village now of that name. Church between Glassonby and Long Meg, with "spiral" cross in the churchyard, Anglian fragments (7th or 8th cent.) in the porch.

AIKTON, C.—A village 3½ m. E.N.E. of Wigton. Church of St. Andrew, a Norman foundation. At Down Hall a moated mound, probably the burg of the earliest De Morvilles. The parish includes Biglands, Gamblesby (Gamel's-by), Wiggonby, Wampool (Wathen-pool), and Drumleaning. *Inn:* Stingless Cup (temp.).

AINSTABLE, C.—A village 2 m. E. of Armathwaite Station (M.R.), formerly Aynstapellith, where a nunnery was founded under William Rufus, afterwards removed to Staffield. Parish church modern, with tombs of a Denton, 15th cent., and of Aglionbys of Nunnery.

AIREY FORCE, W.—A waterfall 80 ft. high on Airey Beck (*airidh*,

Gaelic, "sheiling or chalet"). Lyulph's Tower, near it, is modern, on site of pele; scene of Wordsworth's "Somnambulist." The fall is reached from Patterdale by boat or road; it is ½ m. above signpost on road.

ALDINGHAM, L.—A scattered parish in Furness. The church, Norman to Perpendicular, with sundial 1753, and tomb of Godith de Scales (13th cent. ?), is 4 m. S. of Ulverston. The Mote-hill is probably the early Norman burg of the Flemings (p. 54), finely placed on the sea-cliff.

ALLEN CRAGS, C.—The central summit, 2572 ft., from which Eskdale, Wastdale, Borrowdale, and Langdale radiate.

ALLERDALE, C.—Valley of the Ellen (Alner-dale). The barony of Allerdale-below-Derwent at first included the country between the Derwent and the Wampool; later it comprised the country bounded by the Waver and Shawk Beck to the N.E. with the valley of the Derwent (except Workington). Allerdale-above-Derwent was the rest of West Cumberland, including Copeland or the district of Egremont, and the land between Esk and Duddon.

ALLHALLOWS, C.—A parish between Aspatria and Wigton named from the church of All Saints, near Mealsgate Station (M.C.R.). Whitehall was the seat of the Salkelds in the 16th and 17th centuries; near it is a mote-hill or burg with base-court. Harby-brow, a 16th-cent. hall with a pele tower, was the seat of the Highmores and later of the Blencowes, who also owned the adjoining manor of Upmanby, anciently Uckman-by, from an early lord.

ALLITHWAITE, L.—A village between Cark and Kent's Bank Stations (F.R.). Waysholme Tower, ½ m. S., is a ruined pele, forfeited by the Harringtons after the battle of Bosworth and granted to the Stanleys, whose crest is on a bit of stained glass preserved at the farm. *Inn:* Royal Oak.

ALLONBY, C.—A manor on the coast between Maryport and the Holme, called Alan-by from the second lord of Allerdale; Capt. Jos. Huddart, F.R.S., lighthouse builder and marine surveyor, born here 1741; d. 1816. Now a seaside resort. *Inn:* Ship.

ALSTON, C.—A mining district in the upper valley of the South Tyne, at the terminus of the Haltwhistle branch (N.E.R.) and 17 m. by road N.E. from Penrith over a pass 1800 ft. Two m. E. of summit the Maiden Way crosses the road. Alston (anciently Aldeneston) is in the diocese of Durham, though in the county of Cumberland, because in the 12th cent. it was more convenient to pay the king's dues on the mines to Carlisle than to Newcastle. The lead and silver mines were worked about 1350 by Tillmann, a German from Cologne;

for a century before 1715 the Ratcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater, owned them; after the Jacobite rising, in which the last Earl was implicated, they were given to Greenwich Hospital. Later the London Lead Co., in the hands of Quakers, worked the Garrigill and Nenthead mines with philanthropy and profit until 1882, when they were sold to the Nenthead and Tynedale Lead and Zinc Co. Alston is an old market town; church of St. Augustine built 1769. *Inn* Blue Bell. Garrigill (Gerard's-gill) is a chapelry 4 m. up the Tyne valley, with a camp said to be Roman in a field called Chesters, S. of the river. Nenthead is a village and chapelry 5 m. from Alston up the Nent.

Ambleside, W.—A town $4\frac{3}{4}$ m. N.N.W. of Windermere Station (L.N.W.R.). One m. N. of the Waterhead terminus of the Windermere steam yachts (F.R.). A market town in 1650, with market-cross, restored. On the Kirkstone road is the old church of St. Anne, rebuilt 1812; in the valley is the church of St. Mary with conspicuous spire, built 1854. Stock-gill Force, 120 ft. high, is a series of cascades $\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. from the White Lion Hotel. Signposts show the way up Wansfell, 1581 ft. with fine views. The Knoll, home of Harriet Martineau, is on the left of the Rydal road; on the opposite side of the valley, by footpath and across Miller Bridge, then to right, are Fox How, the house of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and Fox Gill, house of W. E. Forster, M.P., under Loughrigg Fell (pron. Luffrigg, 1101 ft.), which can be climbed by a path from Miller Bridge, or from Clappersgate $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. of Rothay Bridge; good panorama from the summit and easy descent N.W. to the Redbank road overlooking Grasmere, or by the Grasmere and Skelwith road to Loughrigg Tarn and Langdale. Pretty walks to Rydal; by Sweden Bridges N. of the town, up Scandale to Little Hart Crag and by Caiston to Patterdale; and up the Stock Gill valley to Kirkstone Pass. Roman camp between Waterhead Hotel and mouth of the Brathay, in the football field. Dove Nest, for a short time occupied by Mrs. Hemans the poet, is $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.S.E. to left of the Windermere road, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. before Lowwood Hotel (steamer pier, view of Langdale Pikes, Bowfell, and Scafell). Coaches to Grasmere and Keswick, Kirkstone Pass and Patterdale, the Langdales and Dungeon Gill, Coniston and Windermere Station. Boats for hire at Waterhead. Local newspaper, *Ambleside Herald*. *Chief Hotels:* Queen's, Salutation, White Lion, Royal Oak, and Lake Road Temperance. Near the steamer landing, Waterhead, County Temp.

Angle Tarn, C.—The source of Langstrath Beck, under Bowfell,

1760 ft. above sea, on the path from Langdale by Rossett Gill to Styhead.

Angle Tarn, W.—On the ridge between Patterdale and Bannerdale, 1572 ft. above sea.

Angling Crag, C.—A steep rock of syenite, rising 450 ft. above Ennerdale Lake on the S.W. side.

Annaside, C.—A hamlet S.W. of Bootle (formerly Anderset), near which was a megalithic circle, now destroyed.

Anthorn, C.—A village on the N. bank of the Wampool estuary. To the S.W. is a rude ancient cross, locally said to mark the site of a battle with the Scots.

Appleby, W.—County town of Westmorland, with stations M.R. and N.E.R. The castle, seat of Lord Hothfield, is of Norman origin (see p. 191), restored by the Countess of Pembroke, 1651, containing among other treasures a celebrated tapestry of about 1490. Church of St. Laurence, Norman and 13th cent., restored by the Countess of Pembroke, 1665, contains her tomb and that of her mother, the Countess of Cumberland, d. 1616. Church of St. Michael, Bongate, has on the S. side a Norman (?) horse-shoe arch with pre-Norman hog-back as lintel; modern mural paintings. Town-hall in the middle of the main street; market-house or cloister at the foot of Borough-gate, built 1811; Low Cross near it and High Cross at the upper end, restored 1817-18. Grammar school existed in the Middle Ages, re-founded by Queen Elizabeth 1574, reorganised 1891. *Chief Hotels:* King's Head, Midland, Bridge End, Tufton Arms, Temperance.

Appletwaite, C.—A village N. of Keswick under Skiddaw where Sir G. H. Beaumont (1753-1827), the celebrated amateur artist (who asked "Where do you put your brown tree?"—Ruskin, "Modern Painters," vol. i. preface), and donor of pictures to the National Gallery, proposed to settle Wordsworth in 1804; whence the sonnet—

> "Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear
> A seemly cottage in this sunny Dell,
> On favoured ground, thy gift."

Appletwaite, W.—The township in which is the lake of Windermere. It includes *Calgarth*, which see.

Arlecdon, C.—A village 6 m. E. of Whitehaven in the coal, iron, and limestone district.

Armathwaite, C.—In the 12th century written Ermite-thwait, *i.e.* hermit's field, a chapelry on the Eden, with a station (M.R.). The castle (modernised) was the seat of the

Skeltons, 1461-1712. The church was built 1688. Near it is fine river scenery, and the site of Castle Ewain and Tarn Wadling (p. 137). *Hotel:* Red Lion.

ARMATHWAITE, C.—At the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake; the hall was formerly the seat of the Vanes. *Inn:* Castle.

ARMBOTH, C.—A farm on the W. side of Thirlmere (p. 168).

ARNSIDE, W.—A modern seaside resort at the mouth of the Kent. Ruined pele; pretty rock, wood, and water. Station (F.R.) and junction for loop line to Oxenholme. *Hotels:* Crown, Albion.

ARTHURET, C.—The Ardderyd of early British history (p. 148), 1 m. S. of Longtown. Church built 1609, with cross, near which it is said lies buried Archie Armstrong, jester to Charles I. See Shelley's "Charles the First," scene ii.

ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE, W.—At Eamont Bridge; an oval trench enclosing a platform 78 by 72 ft. The trench is surrounded with an embankment 7 ft. high at the highest part. To S.E. is a gangway to the platform; another used to be opposite, but is now shaved off by the road. It was formerly used for games; origin unknown. Pennant's plan (1769) shows a second ring embankment to the S. called the Little Round Table. See also *Mayburgh.*

ASBY, W.—A scattered parish S. of Appleby, anciently written Askeby. Great Asby contains Asby Cotesforth or Cotsford, from the family which held it from the 12th century till late in the 15th, and Asby Winderwath (Wynanderwath) from a family owning it in the 14th century. Near the parish church is St. Helen's well, said to be medicinal. The rectory is built round a small mediæval pele. Old hall with arms of the Musgraves over the door, and date 1694. Asby Grange belonged to Byland Abbey (Yorks), and Shap Abbey had three houses in the parish. Garthorn Hall was seat of the Bellinghams from James I. to Charles II. "British settlements" $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. and $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. of the church. *Inn:* Three Greyhounds.

Little Asby, said to be the older site, is 2 m. S.S.E. of the church; it had anciently a chapel of St. Leonard. Near it is a unique earthwork, a flat platform or court, 80 by 26 yards in area, surrounded on three sides by artificial banks rising to 15 ft. Toward the S. end of the platform is a mound, E. of which a spring supplies a drain leading to another well at the N. end.

ASHNESS, C.—A farm S.E. of Derwentwater; fine view from Ashness Bridge leading up to it from Barrow House.

ASKAM-IN-FURNESS, L.—A small modern town with ironworks on the Duddon estuary. Station, F.R. *Inn:* Ship.

Askerton, C.—A castle of the Dacres, 16th cent., now a farm, 6 m. N. of Naworth station (N.E.R).

Askham, W.—A village on the Lowther, 3 m. S. of Eamont Bridge. Hall, close to the river (here very beautiful) was seat of the Sandfords from Edward III. until 1680, including an Early English chapel of which arches are inserted in the gateway. The 15th-cent. pele adjoins a late 17th-cent. wing, opposite to which are Elizabethan buildings around the gateway. The hall contains an oak staircase of Charles II.'s time and heraldic shields. On the W. bank of the Lowther, at Setterah Park, is a camp, where Roman relics have been found. *Inns:* Punch Bowl, Queen's Head.

Aspatria, C.—An ancient parish, formerly Aspatrick; occupied with coal-mining, farming, and the Agricultural College. Church of St. Kentigern (1846-48) on pre-Norman site with 10th or 11th-century churchyard cross (S. of the church), and early sculptures built into the vestry within and without. Pre-Norman hogback now placed in the Musgrave chapel; curious mediæval font and fragments of the Norman church. Mediæval grave-slabs in the churchyard wall, E. side. Copy of the Gosforth cross by the late vicar, W. S. Calverley, F.S.A., author of "Early Sculptured Crosses in the Diocese of Carlisle," and C. Dickinson; copy of the Dearham cross as Mr. Calverley's tombstone (in churchyard, E. of the church). Aspatria Castle has now disappeared; Hayton Castle, seat of the Musgraves from the early 15th century, now a farm, is said to have stood a siege by the Parliamentarians in the Civil Wars. At Beacon Hill, N. of the town, a celebrated tumulus was opened in 1789 and found to contain a skeleton 7 ft. long with arms of the Viking age. In this parish are Allerby (Aylward's-by) and Oughterside (Uchtersat or Uchtred's Seat, see the gravestone of Bartholomeus de Uchtersat in Aspatria churchyard), where the colliery was worked before 1681. Aspatria is a station, M.C.R. *Hotels:* Grapes, Station, Waverley Temp.

Aughertree, C.—A village 1 m. N.N.E. of Uldale. On the fell are three British "camps" or ring-embankments surrounded by ditches, each about 85 yards diameter, somewhat like the British settlements at Hugill, &c.; near them is a tumulus in which were found twelve British burial-urns.

Backbarrow, L.—A village on the Leven with ancient iron-works. See p. 31.

Baisbrown, C.—The mountain (2120 ft.) between Styhead Pass and Gillercombe, also written Basebrown.

Baisbrown, W.—A farm in Great Langdale (anciently Basebrun) under Lingmoor.

Bampton, W.—A parish in the valley of the Lowther. Bampton Patrick was so called after Patricius de Culwen, ancestor of the Curwens, not from the church and well, of which the dedication to St. Patrick is probably more recent. Bampton Cundale or Carhullen is in the valley of the Cowdale, Cordale, or Cundale beck. The parish was famous for its Grammar School, founded 1623, which educated Dr. Mill, editor of the New Testament, Bishop Gibson, translator of Camden, and other celebrities; the most famous master was the Rev. J. Bowstead (1776–1832). It is now an elementary school, as are Roughill School, founded 1663, and Measand School, 1711. A free library was established in 1710. Abp. Curwen (d. 1568) was a native. At Thornthwaite Hall (Elizabethan) "Belted Will" is said to have died. A cross once on Knipe Common is at the school. On Knipe Scar, 1 m. N.E. of the church, are two pairs of concentric stone circles, in which burnt matter was found. At Burnbanks, ½ m. E. of the foot of Haweswater, close to the road, are the Giants' Graves. One m. W. of these are two Standing Stones, old road and enclosure; and 1 m. N. of the Standing Stones is Towtop Kirk, an ancient homestead. (See Miss Noble's "History of Bampton":—T. Wilson, Kendal, 1901.) *Hotel:* Crown.

Band, W.—The spur of Bowfell dividing Mickleden from Oxendale. *Band* in the dialect means "boundary," and is often used of ridges dividing valleys.

Bannerdale, C.—A dell under crags between Scales and Bowscale Tarns.

Bannerdale, W.—A valley in Martindale between Angle Tarn and Rampsgill.

Bannisdale, W.—The upper valley of the Mint; hence the name of a series in the Upper Silurian slates resembling the Wenlock and Lower Ludlow shales.

Barbon, W.— A chapelry E. of Lune, through which passes the Maiden Way; in Domesday written Berebrune. On the E. Barbon beck comes down a deep valley from Lord's Seat (over 2000 ft.). *Inn:* Station.

Bardsea, L.—A village on the coast, 2½ m. S.S.W. of Ulverston; in Domesday Berretseige. In the 12th century there was a Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem here, which was given to Conishead Priory. The ancient hall is now seat of the Gales. See Sunbrick.

Barf, C.—A mountain (1536 ft.) W. of the head of Bassenthwaite lake, with a white rock called the Bishop. Behind Barf

is Lord's Seat (1811 ft.), pretty ascent up the gill from the Swan Inn.

Barnscar, C.—The Borran-scar or ridge of ruins on Birkby Fell, 1 m. W.S.W. of Devoke Water. British settlement and cairns in which Bronze Age burial urns have been found. It is not, as commonly said, a "Danish city."

Barrow, C.—A house on the E. side of Derwentwater, above Barrow Bay (boat-landing), with a waterfall (over 100 ft. high in two cascades) in private grounds: apply at the lodge for permission to view.

Barrow-in-Furness, L.—A modern town which has rapidly sprung up during the last half of the 19th century, with iron and steel works and shipbuilding. In front of the Town hall is a statue of Lord Frederick Cavendish by Bruce Joy, and opposite the P.O. one of the late H. W. Schneider, iron-master. In Ramsden Square, a statue of Sir James Ramsden, one of the makers of Barrow. At the old station, St. George's Square, is the Museum of the Barrow Naturalists' Field Club. Public library and newsroom adjoining Town-hall in Cornwallis Street. At Messrs. Vickers, Son, & Maxim's works *The Powerful*, *Mikasa*, *King Alfred*, and other great ships have been built. At Hindpool (N. end of town) are iron and steel works. Local newspapers: *Barrow News*, *Barrow Herald*. From the Central Station (F.R.) train to the docks, for boats to Belfast, and in summer to Douglas, I.O.M. Trams and train to Furness Abbey, ferry to Walney, train to Piel Pier for Piel Castle. *Restaurant:* Criterion (Cornwallis Street). *Chief Hotels:* Imperial, Duke of Edinburgh, Burlington, Trevelyan, Mason's Arms, Waverley. Furness Abbey Hotel (first class) is within 2 m. from Central Station.

Barton, W.—A parish with church 3 m. S.W. of Eamont Bridge, originally consisting of a little Norman chancel, to which a later tower was added, perhaps as a pele, and then a nave, approached from the chancel by a small archway under the tower. Subsequently a S. aisle was built nearly the whole length of the church, and a N. aisle to the nave. In the 16th century a N. aisle was built to the chancel; in the 17th the porch was added. About 1860 the church was restored and the interior disguised in plaster; another restoration is intended. Brass of W. Lancaster, 1575. Near it is the Vicarage house of Dr. Lancelot Dawes, 1637; and Barton Kirke, an Elizabethan hall with fine plaster ceiling to the drawing-room, site probably of an early fortified house once in a swamp and approached by a causeway.

Bassenthwaite, C.—A parish between Skiddaw and the lake of Bassenthwaite. The old church of St. Bridget is between Mirehouse and Bowness; the new church of St. John is $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. to the N. on the Chapel beck. On the Dash beck is the village of Hawes or Hause, 2 m. N.E. of which is Overwater (which see). N. of the lake, where the road to Bewaldeth and Caermote (which see) is crossed by that from Uldale to Armathwaite Hall, is the Castle Inn. The river Derwent flows from the lake at the N.W. beneath Ouse bridge (Norse, *óss*, "outlet"), 1 m. S. of which by road is Bassenthwaite Lake Station (C.K.P.R.), and $\frac{1}{4}$ m. S. of the station is the Pheasant Inn, Peel Wyke (*i.e.* bay of the castle), where boats can be hired. Between the inn and the lake is an ancient fort on a wooded rocky hill with triple ramparts and flat green summit overlooking the lake. The west side of the lake is steep and rocky with fine views of Skiddaw from Wythop Fell and Barf (1536 ft.), under which is the Swan Inn, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.W. of Braithwaite Station (C.K.P.R.). Good road all round the lake from Keswick, about 18 m. The lake is $3\frac{3}{4}$ m. long, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. broad, 223 ft. above sea, and 70 ft. deep half-way along its length, near the W. shore.

Beacons.—Many Beacon hills exist in the Lake Counties for ancient signalling purposes. In Cumberland were Aspatria (which see), Barrock fell, Bewcastle (N. of the church), and Gillilees Beacon (S. of the church), Blackcombe (which seems to be the Beacon of Bootle), Bothel (*i.e.* the earthwork above Caermote), Brampton Motehill, Carlisle Castle, Hardknott, Haresceugh (Daffenside Beacon), Ivegill or Raughton Beacon hill, Kirkoswald (Beacon hill above Parks), Lingy close, Moota, Ravenglass or Muncaster (Newton Knott), St. Bees Head, Sandale top, Skiddaw (probably not much used), Workington (St. Michael's Mount). In Westmorland, Barbon, Farleton, Helton, Orton Scar, Stainmoor, Whinfell. In Lancashire North-of-the-Sands, Mr. H. S. Cowper names Blawith Beacon, a hill (835 ft.), W. of the foot of Coniston lake with a tarn, Cartmel Beacon (1 m. E. of the Priory), Coniston Old Man, Furness Abbey, Gleaston, High Haume (above Ireleth), Lowick, Piel Castle, Rampside, Walney Island (the Brow). Various "Watch hills," not included in these, were rather look-out stations than signals.

Beaumont, C.—A parish on the Eden (pron. Beemunt) $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. E. of Burgh. The church is on an early mediæval burg, which was built out of a mile-castle on the Roman wall. Here was a ford often used by Scots raiders to avoid Carlisle.

A great hoard of English, Scotch, and foreign coins (Henry III. to Edward III.) was found here in 1884.

Beckermet, C.—A village with station on the Egremont branch (L.N.W.R.). St. John's Church has many interesting pre-Norman stones. St. Bridget's Church (1 m. to the S.) is of the 13th century, now used as a mortuary chapel. In the churchyard are two pre-Norman crosses, one with the celebrated inscription (p. 99). Carnarvon Castle or Coney-garth Cop, mote-hill of the Flemings in the 12th century, is 1 m. N.N.E. of St. John's. At Ehenside, in Gibb Tarn, prehistoric implements were found, of which casts are in Tullie House, Carlisle. *Inn:* Royal Oak.

Beetham, W.—A village on the Beetha or Bela, 2 m. from Burton and Holme or Milnthorpe stations (L.N.W.R.). Norman church and mediæval hall or castle. *Inn:* Wheatsheaf.

Berrier, C.—A village in Greystoke parish, E. of Southerfell. On Berrier hill, 1¼ m. E.N.E., are remains of a "camp." Murrah is a hamlet 1½ m. N.W. of Berrier.

Bewcastle, C.—A scattered parish, northernmost in Cumberland, taking its name from the ruined castle founded by Bueth, a 12th-century lord, near the Roman camp on which is the church of St. Cuthbert (early English and lately restored), with the famous cross of Alchfrith (p. 146), and armorial headstones with quaint epitaphs. At Peelo-hill is a pele and a tumulus; at Border-riggs, Low-grains, and elsewhere are ancient houses. On Barnspike, 2 m. E. of the church, is a tumulus and a Runic inscription, probably spurious. At Hazel gill, ½ m. N. of Barnspike, is another Runic inscription, also believed to be forged as a practical joke on the late rector, the Rev. J. Maughan, a student of Runes, who first gave a good reading of the Cross. *Inn:* Shop Ford.

Bewley Castle, W.—See *Bolton*.

Birdoswald, C.—A farm 2¾ m. W. of Gilsland Station (N.E.R.) on the site of Amboglanna, the largest camp on the Roman wall, having two gates on both the E. and W. sides. The turf wall crossed the site of the camp; the Vallum avoided it to the S.; the wall ran along its N. side, coinciding with modern road. From the N. gate a Roman road (miscalled the Maiden Way) ran to Bewcastle, possibly beyond. The antiquities found here are now in Tullie House, Carlisle.

Birkby, C.—A village near Crosscanonby; also a township S. of Muncaster, anciently Bretby or Brattaby, in which is Barnscar (which see).

Black Combe, C.—The southernmost of the mountains (1969 ft.)

of the Skiddaw slate, with two cairns, easily climbed from Bootle, Monk Foss, or Whicham in about 1 hour.

Blackford, C.—A parish N. of Carlisle. North of this in old times was the Border, from which the burghers of Carlisle were not allowed to take wives or apprentices.

Black Sail, C.—The pass from Wastdale-head to Ennerdale (1750 ft.), by an easy bridle-path.

Blake Fell, C.—The highest summit (1878 ft.) of the Skiddaw-slate hills between Ennerdale and Lowes-water.

Blawith, L.—A parish in the Crake valley. The Knott (812 ft.) is $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. E. of the church; to the N. of it is White Borran, a cairn; to the S. is the Giant's Grave, where an interment was found; and on the ridge between this and High Heathwaite, 1 m. S.S.W., are many cairns and ancient enclosures; also on the road to Burney farm, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of the Giant's Grave.

Blea Tarn, C.—A lakelet (*i.e.* Blue tarn) on the moor between Borrowdale and Wythburn (1562 ft.). Also a place on the Roman Wall where ancient quarries form a pond near an artificial mound, not ancient.

Blea Tarn, W.—A lakelet between Dungeon Gill and Fell Foot, scene of Wordsworth's "Excursion" (see p. 45).

Blea-water, W.—A tarn under the precipitous crags of High Street, at the head of Mardale.

Blelham Tarn, L.—A small lake between Brathay and Hawks-head, with remains of a bloomery (iron smelting) on the N. side; the name anciently written Blaylolme.

Blencarn, C.—A village under Crossfell.

Blencathara, C.—Ancient name for Saddleback.

Blencogo, C.—A village near Bromfield, written in the 13th century Blencoggen. The hall was seat of the Thomlinsons in the 17th and 18th centuries. The Rev. Jonathan Boucher, antiquary and author of a great part of Hutchinson's "Cumberland," was born here 1737; died 1804. *New Inn.*

Blencow, C.—The village of Great Blencow is in Dacre parish; Little Blencow in Greystoke. The hall consists of a pele, 15th century (the N. tower), and remains of a chapel about that date; to which Sir Henry Blencowe added, about 1590, two wings and the S. tower, now ruined. Blencow Station (C.K.P.R.) is 2 m. S. of the village. Grammar School founded 1578. *Inn.*

Blennerhasset, C.—A village near Aspatria with market cross.

Blindcrake, C.—Properly Blencraik, a village near Isel.

Boardale, W.—A valley between Patterdale and Howtown on Ullswater, otherwise Boredale. From the Hause (1260 ft.)

there are fine views of the craggy side of the Helvellyn and Fairfield range.

Bolton, C.—A parish between Torpenhow and Caldbeck (p. 121). Near Weary Hall, the seat of the Porters in the 17th century, is a moated enclosure, perhaps site of early hall. *Inn:* Oddfellows' Arms.

Bolton, W.—A village on the Eden, 4 m. N.W. of Appleby. Norman church with curious door and carvings at the back of the church of two knights tilting and an unreadable inscription; also 14th-century effigy. Bridge over the Eden built 1816. *Inn:* Old Crown. Bewley or Builly Castle, 1½ m. to S.S.W., is the ruin of one of the Bishop's residences, later than the De Builli family, which died out in 1213.

Bongate, W.—A suburb of Appleby, "vetus Apelbi ubi Villani (Bondmen) manent." See Appleby.

Boot, C.—A village in Eskdale, terminus of the Ravenglass and Boot Railway. Hence a path leads up the Whillan Beck to the megalithic circles on Burnmoor, the Tarn, Scafell, the Screes, and Wastdale-head. *Inn:* Mason's Arms, and 1 m. E. Woolpack.

Bootle, C.—Ancient market town since 1347; 1½ m. S.E. of Bootle Station (F.R.). In the church is an ancient font and the brass of Sir Hugh Askew, 1562. Up the road to the fell on the E. are many cairns and two ancient homesteads. At Seaton Hall, 1 m. N., are ruins (chiefly the traceried E. window) of Seaton or Lekely Nunnery, an early 13th century Benedictine House. At Annaside, Gutterby, and Hall Foss were megalithic circles, now destroyed. The name Bothill means beacon-hill, perhaps referring to Black Combe (see Beacons). *Inn:* King's Head.

Borrowdale, C.—The upper valley of the Derwent (p. 116). At Grange was a farm of Furness Abbey, in the records of which the valley is named Borcheredale, *i.e.* valley of the fort, perhaps implying Castle Crag, on which remains of various ancient periods have been found; it was probably a stronghold from early times, used as a refuge down to the 17th century. South of the slate quarries and above the road is the Bowder Stone, a poised block 36 ft. high by 62 ft. long, and reckoned to weigh 1970 tons. Two m. above Grange is Rosthwaite, from which a path leads E. to Watendlath. At the church the valley forks, divided by Glaramara (2560 ft.), and its buttresses: to the left is Stonethwaite hamlet, beyond which the valley of Greenup-gill goes up under Ullscarth (2370 ft.). One m. above Stonethwaite the path turns to right up Langstrath, a wild and lonely valley between Eagle Crag and Glaramara, with

a bridle path leading over the Stake Pass to Dungeon Gill, 3½ hours from Rosthwaite. From the church to right the main road leads to Seatoller and Honister Hause for Buttermere (7½ m. from Rosthwaite). The main valley of the Derwent continues S.W. and across the bridge to Seathwaite (1¼ m. from Seatoller). To reach the Borrowdale Yews (three remaining) and the Plumbago Mine, keep straight on without crossing the bridge. One m. above Seathwaite is Stockley Bridge, crossing which, to the left, up Grains Gill, a track leads past Sprinkling Tarn to Esk Hause (2490 ft.), the pass into Upper Eskdale; path from the summit of the pass to Scafell Pikes. From Stockley Bridge to right the bridle-path leads up past Taylor's-gill Force to Styhead Tarn and the Great Gable (2949 ft.), or by Styhead Pass to Wastdale-head, an easy three hours from Seathwaite. Sourmilk Gill, and the wild dell of Gillercombe, between Baisbrown (2120 ft.) and Brandreth (2344 ft.), can be reached by crossing the valley from Seathwaite, or by keeping the path past the Yews and Plumbago Mine. At the head of Gillercombe and over the Green Gable the Great Gable can be easily climbed, descending to Styhead. *Hotels:* At the head of Derwent Water, the Lodore, and ½ m. higher up the main road, the Borrowdale; at Rosthwaite, the Scawfell and Royal Oak.

Borrowdale, W.—A branch of the Lune valley from the Roman camp at Low Borrowbridge. *Inn:* Halfway between Low-gill and Tebay stations (L.N.W.R.). At High Borrow-bridge the old turnpike from Kendal to Shap crosses the valley (p. 22).

Bothel, C.—A village 3 m. S.W. of Aspatria; the name Bot-hill signifying the beacon on the hill 1 m. S.W., sometimes pronounced Bo'el.

Bowderdale, W.—A small, lonely valley running S. from the Upper Lune between Kelleth and Ravenstonedale up to Yarlside (2097 ft.).

Bowfell, C. and W.—A mountain (2960 ft.) in the volcanic ash formation, between Langdale and Upper Eskdale. From Dungeon Gill it is climbed by the Band or the right edge of Hell Gill. From Little Langdale by the Three Shires Stone over the tops of Crinkle and Shelter Crags and past the Three tarns. From Eskdale taking the valley to the east at Esk Falls, and then up the middle one of the three gills that join about half way up. From Styhead, by Esk Hause, or from Angle Tarn. Pronounce Bō-fell.

Bowness-on-Solway, C.—A village on the bow-shaped promontory (ancient name Bogge-nes), W. of the last ford of

Solway. Roman camp to N. of church, which is partly built of Roman stones, and contains an ancient font. A little W. of this the Roman wall ran down to the water's edge and so terminated. An altar is built into a wall a little E. of the King's Arms Inn.

Bowness-on-Windermere, W.—A modern tourist resort, once the village at the parish church of Windermere. In the church is a fine old east window brought from Cartmel Priory (not Furness) before 1523 (restored 1871) with the Crucifixion, the B.V.M., SS. John, George, Barbara, and Catherine, and fragments of archbishops in the lower lights; and above them the Resurrection, Virgin and Child, and entry into Jerusalem, with local heraldry. In the church are also 16th century mural inscriptions discovered under whitewash in 1864, consisting of quotations from Coverdale's Bible (1535) and an early Catechism, also Latin verses on Gunpowder Plot. Rising behind Bowness (pronounce Bó-ness) is Biskey How (300 ft.), an easily accessible point of view; and to S.E. past the Schoolhouse is Brant Fell (380 ft.), with a good panorama of lake and mountains. Golf links. At the bay are boats on hire; steamers (F.R.) to Lakeside, Ferry, Lowwood, Ambleside; and steam yacht *Esperance* to Ferry Hotel. On the Claife heights behind the Ferry Hotel are the "Station" and Summerhouse, favourite points of view. To reach the Ferry on foot take the first turn to right going S. from Bowness Bay, past the Cemetery, to Ferry Nab, where the steam ferry-boat plies every quarter of an hour. Omnibuses go from Bowness Bay and the hotels to meet trains at Windermere Station 1½ m. to N. Coaches run daily in summer to Ambleside, Grasmere and Keswick, Troutbeck and Patterdale, Hawkshead and Coniston. The larger hotels are Old England, Belsfield, Crown, Royal, and the Hydropathic: Ferry, across the Lake; Storrs, 2 m. S. of Bowness. Among smaller hotels are Albert, Stag's Head (Bowness), and Beech Hill, 3 m. S. on the Lake shore.

Bowscale Tarn, C.—A lake 2 m. N. of Scales Tarn between Saddleback and Carrock Fell, which was said to contain two "undying fish" (Wordsworth, "Song at the feast of Brougham Castle"). Bp. Nicolson, however, wrote in 1703, "So cold, yt nothing lives in it. Fish have been put in: But they presently dy."

Braithwaite, C.—A village with station (C.K.P.R.), formerly seat of woollen industry, &c., at the mouth of Coledale, a valley running up towards Eel Crag (2649 ft.) and Grasmoor (2791 ft.). From Braithwaite the Whinlatter Pass goes over to Lorton. *Inn.*

Brampton, C.—A town of 2300 inhabitants, 1½ m. from Brampton Station (N.E.R.), omnibuses meet trains. Mote-hill 150 ft. high at E. end of the town, probably seat of an early lord, afterwards used for a beacon; now bears a bronze statue of the 7th Earl of Carlisle, erected in 1870. The old church of St. Martin 1¼ m. W. of town, now mortuary chapel, was mentioned 1169; oldest part is of Roman stones, with a lancet window; tombs of various ages. To the south of the old church are ancient earthworks, at Hawkcrest, marked Aballaba in the ordnance map but not Roman; dug by the Cumbd. Excavation Committee in 1898. The modern church of St. Martin in the town has fine windows by Burne-Jones and Morris. In the market-place (charter about 1250) is the octagonal Moot Hall built 1817, old stocks and bull-ring; market on Wednesdays. (See "Guide to Brampton and District," by H. Penfold, 1901.) *Chief Hotels:* Howard Arms (temp.), White Lion, Scotch Arms, Old Temperance Hotel, George; also Shepherd Coffee Tavern.

Brandreth, C.—A mountain (2344 ft.) between Honister and the Gable, so called from having three spurs—a "brandreth" in dialect (as in Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic) being a tripod on three legs to support the girdle, a plate on which cakes are baked; hence any stone at the meeting of three boundaries is called a brandreth-stone. The Three Shires stone is so called, also an old stone marked with a cross at Tebay (now built into a stile S. of Castle How farm).

Branthwaite, C.—A village with station on the Cleator branch (L.N.W.R.). The hall, now a farm, bears date 1604. Calva Hall is also ancient.

Brathay, W. & L.—The river which, rising in Wrynose, passes through Elterwater and falls into Windermere, forming the boundary between Westmorland and Lancashire; the Scandinavian Breidh-á, broad-water. Also name of parish with modern church. Brathay bridge, Clappersgate, was built about 1681; since widened. Brathay Hall was built about 1800.

Brayton, C.—A manor in the township of Aspatria. The hall was purchased early in the 18th century by the Lawsons of Isel and rebuilt; now the seat of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart. In the park fish-pond a silver fibula with interlaced ornament was found some time before 1790. Station, M.C.R.

Bretherdale, W.—A valley running West from Tebay, with Castle How, site of an ancient fort, at its mouth.

Bridekirk, C.—A village 2½ m. N. of Cockermouth, with ruins

of old church of St. Bridget in the churchyard of the modern church; mediæval and pre-Norman grave-monuments. Norman tympanum, with rude figure of Christ in blessing, over the S. door of new church, and inside is a celebrated font (p. 117).

BRIGHAM, C.—A village with station (C.K.P.R.). Ancient church of St. Bridget, with pre-Norman and mediæval monuments; old vicarage, with pointed-arch windows, near the station.

BRIGSTEER, W.—A village 3 m. S.W. of Kendal on the W. slope of the limestone scar. Pretty cottages and woods. Church of St. John, Helsington, built 1726.

BROMFIELD, C.—A scattered parish between Aspatria and Holme Cultram, with station on the Brayton and Annan branch (Cal.). Norman church of St. Mungo or Kentigern, containing pre-Norman and mediæval monuments; in the churchyard is the base of a cross, from which in the 18th century notices were cried. St. Mungo's Well, N. of the church, lately cleansed and covered by the Rev. R. Taylor. The Gill, near High Scales, is said to have been given by William the Lion, 1210, to the ancestor of the Rays or Reays, a family which produced among other worthies, John Ray, the naturalist. *Inn:* Greyhound.

BROTHERS-WATER, W.—A tarn in Patterdale, said to have got its name from the drowning of two brothers. Anciently, however, it was called Broader, or Broad Water, possibly from a Norse word meaning the lake by the road, as an ancient way led past it. *Hotel:* Brothers-water.

BROUGHAM, W.—A parish S. of Eamont Bridge, anciently Burgham, pron. Broom. The castle is at the site of the Roman camp, supposed to be Brocavum, where the "Second Iter" was met by the road from Windermere over High Street; altars and coins have been found. The ruins of the castle, N. of the camp and close to the river, are in an irregular moated enceinte, and form a small court with late Norman Keep, to which was added a gatehouse on the N. with doorway inscribed "Thys made Roger" (de Clifford, late 13th century), who also raised the Keep higher and built the hall on the S.E. side. James I. is said to have spent three days here in 1617; the castle was restored by the Countess of Pembroke in the 17th century. St. Ninian's or Ninekirk, 1½ m. N.E., has mediæval grave-slabs in the chancel (covered). Brougham Hall, ¾ m. from Eamont Bridge, is a castellated mansion containing ancient armour and furniture with the ivory Horn of Brougham. The Broughams are said to have held the place, with

a short interval, since Edward the Confessor. Henry Brougham, the famous lawyer and statesman, was raised to the peerage in 1830 as Lord Brougham and Vaux. Near the Hall is the Norman Church of St. Wilfrid, rebuilt 1659, containing some old glass, and St. Wilfrid's well, which formerly filled the font.

Broughton, Great and Little, C.—Villages near Broughton Cross Station (C.K.P.R.). Modern church at Great Broughton: site of mediæval chapel of St. Lawrence near the Mill. Quakers' meeting-house built 1659; Baptist chapel 1672. The colliery was developed in the 18th century by John Christian Curwen, M.P., who drove a level from Ewanrigg to the main seam at Broughton, which, with branches, was nearly 2 m. long, and made a wooden tramway to the harbour at Maryport.

Broughton-in-Furness, L.—An old market-town with station (F.R.), 1¼ m. from Foxfield Junction. Market-place and cross. Church with Norman door. Broughton Tower is a mansion built round a pele and surrounded with early earthworks. Pronounced Brawton, but sometimes Browton. *Inns:* Old King's Head, New King's Head.

Brough-under-Stainmoor, W.—A town 2 m. E. of Crosby Garrett station (M.R.), anciently Burg, pron. Bruff. The Roman road from Stainmoor to Cumberland, "Second Iter," passed through, and ½ m. S. was the camp Verteræ, where many coins, fibulæ, and stones have been found, among them the inscription in Greek to Hermes of Commagene, discovered 1879, and at first supposed to be Runic. The castle was built on the site of the camp, and burnt by Scots 1174; accidentally burnt in 1521, and rebuilt by the Countess of Pembroke, 1661; demolished by the Earl of Thanet 1695. The ruins consist of a late Norman keep and gatehouse near the centre of the S. side of the castle; Norman walls restored in the decorated style; hall with decorated windows and Tudor fireplace; Clifford's Tower, the round bastion at the S.E. corner, of Decorated and Tudor periods. The church of St. Michael to S. has an early Norman S. door and sloping floor. Hilbeck Hall was seat of the Helbecks from Henry II. to Edward II., passing by marriage to the Blenkinsops, sequestrated under Cromwell. Augill Castle was built 1841. *Hotel:* Castle.

Buckbarrow, C.—A range of rocks above Bootle, of wild and curious forms. Also crags N. of the foot of Wastwater.

Burgh-by-Sands, C.—A village with station on the Carlisle and Silloth branch (N.B.R.). The Roman Wall ran just N. of the turnpike road: the camp was on the site of the church

which was built partly of Roman stones, 12th century, with later pele tower. Over the iron door between the church and the tower is an early tympanum or lintel, inner side grotesquely carved. John Stagg the poet was a native of Burgh (pron. Bruff). No traces remain of the de Morville's castle at Handwalls. Long Burgh, Thurstonfield, and Moorhouse are villages in the parish. 1½ m. N. is the modern monument marking the spot where Edward I. died, 1307. At Watch Hill was a small Roman fort. *Inn:* Lowther Arms.

Burnbank, W.—At the foot of Hawes Water, with moated mounds called Giants' Graves N. of the roadside.

Burneside. W.—A village with paper mills; station on the Windermere branch (L.N.W.R.), anciently Bronolfs-head, pronounced Burnie-side. Ruins of the 15th century hall of the Bellinghams, a pele, hall, and barnekin or outer wall and gatehouse, adjoining a farmhouse. Tolson Hall, 17th century, now a private residence. Godmond Hall, ancient farmhouse. Potter Fell, N. of the village (900 ft.), with tarn, fine panorama. *Inn:* Angler's Arms.

Burnmoor, C.—The "moor of the borrans" or stone heaps, between Boot and Wastdale-head; with two megalithic circles, tarn, and Maiden Castle, an ancient enclosure N. of the tarn.

Burton-in-Kendal, W.—An old market town, Bortun in Domesday, ¾ m. from Burton and Holme Station (L.N.W.R.). Market cross; pre-Norman fragments in the church (p. 7). *Inns:* Royal, Green Dragon, Station, King's Arms.

Buttermere, C.—A lake 1¼ m. long, ⅓ m. broad, 329 ft. above sea, 94 ft. deep, with char and trout. By road to Keswick *via* Newlands, 9 m.; *via* Honister Hause to Seatoller, 6 m. By bridle path *via* Scarth Gap and Black Sail to Wastdale-head, about 3½ hours. The Buttermere green slate is quarried at Honister Crag at the head of the valley. Mary, the Beauty of Buttermere, was first brought into public notice by Budworth, author of "A Fortnight's Ramble to the Lakes" (1792), as the charming daughter of the Robinsons at the Fish Inn. John Hatfield, under the name of the Hon. Col. Hope, a bigamist and forger, married her; he was hung at Carlisle September 3, 1803. Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth (Prelude, bk. vii.) and the public in general took much interest in the case; chap-books circulated the story, and it was put upon the stage. Mary afterwards married a farmer, and died many years after at Caldbeck. The chapel at Buttermere used to be known as one of the smallest and poorest in the diocese. *Hotels:* Fish, Victoria, Buttermere, Temperance.

CAERMOTE, C.—An ancient "camp" on the left of the road from the Castle Inn, Bassenthwaite, to Torpenhow. Above it is Bothel Beacon.

CAERTHANOC, C.—Or Maidencastle, 1½ m. W. of Pooley Bridge, a ring embankment in which was formerly the foundation of a rectangular building.

CAIRN, C.—A river running past Cumrew and Carlatton to join the Eden at Warwick.

CAISTON BECK.—A stream joining the Kirkstone beck in Patterdale ½ m. S. of Brothers-water. Up the valley of the Caiston beck and S. of Little Hart Crag (2091 ft.) is a pass into Scandale, and by Sweden Bridges to Ambleside.

CALDBECK, C.—A parish on the N. slope of the Skiddaw group of mountains. The village is 8 m. S.E. of Wigton; said to have grown up round a hospital or hospice built by Carlisle Priory for travellers through Inglewood. The Rectory hall is said to be the hall of this hospice, which was dissolved under King John. The Norman church of St. Mungo has a rude dial on the priest's doorway, and St. Mungo's Well behind, on the bank of the Caldbeck. In the churchyard are buried John Peel and Mary of Buttermere. ½ m. W. of the church is a waterfall with natural bridge and cave called Fairykirk. *Inn:* Oddfellows' Arms, with portrait of John Peel.

Caldbeck fells are celebrated for lead and copper mining. The Brandygill, Roughtengill, and Silvergill mines were worked by Lord Wharton in the 16th century; Driggeth mine was opened 1790. At Whelpo the Quakers' meeting-house was built 1698, and one at Mosedale 1702. George Fox used to stay with the Bewleys of Caldbeck at Woodhall. Brownrigg was seat of the Vaux family.

CALDER ABBEY, C.—See p. 97. The Abbey (open 10 to 4 Fridays only) is ¾ m. E.N.E. of Calder Bridge, a village 2½ m. from Sellafield Station (F.R.), and 4 m. from Seascale. The name is from the river Calder which rises near Ennerdale lake and joins the Eden at its mouth. Chief *Inn:* Stanley Arms.

CALDEW, C.—A river rising in Skiddaw, running round Carrock Fell, past Sebergham and Rose Castle, and joining the Eden at Carlisle.

CALGARTH, W.—Near the mouth of the Troutbeck, Windermere, is Calgarth (anciently Calvgarth) Hall, the Elizabethan house of the Philipsons; bought by Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (b. Heversham 1737, d. here 1816). See p. 34. *Hotel:* Sun (Troutbeck Bridge).

CALTHWAITE, C.—A village on the Petterill; station L.N.W.R.

Cambeck, C. —A stream rising near Gillilees Beacon, passing Kirkcambeck and Walton House (Castlesteads) to join the Irthing at Irthington Mill.

Camerton, C.—A parish on the Derwent; station C.K.P.R. Ancient church, restored, with effigy of Black Tom Curwen, 1510.

Cam Spout, C.—A waterfall E. of Mickledore on Scafell.

Cardew, C. —A manor between Dalston and Thursby. The Hall was seat of the Dentons, of whom John Denton (d. 1617) is the father of Cumberland antiquaries; his "Accompt of the most considerable Estates and Families in the County," was written in prison in the Tower of London, 1610.

Cardunneth, C. —A hill above Cumrew, with tumulus and pit dwellings.

Cardurnock, C.—A village N. of Moricambe, called Caer-durnok, by John Denton, which he explains as "town of thorns," from an ancient thorn-wood there.

Cargo, C.—A village on the Eden below Carlisle; anciently Carghow.

Cark, L.—A village in Cartmel; station F.R. The Hall has a 17th cent. interior, with 18th cent. front; home of Christopher Rawlinson, Anglo-Saxon scholar, d. 1733. *Hotel:* Station.

Carlatton, C.—A hamlet between Cumrew and Cumwhitton.

Carleton, C.—Several places of this name; one near Carlisle; one near Penrith, seat of the Carletons from the 12th century to 1707; another near Drigg.

Carlisle, C.—Cathedral city, county town of Cumberland, and parliamentary borough (represented at present by the Speaker of the House of Commons). For early history see p. 130. The Castle is said to have been founded by William Rufus, 1092. On the west of the entrance, in the spur of wall formerly connecting the castle with the west walls of the city, is the Tile tower, on a Norman base, said to have been completed by Richard III., when as Duke of Gloucester he was governor of Carlisle. There is a small tower of original Norman work farther north on the same side, seen from the walk outside the walls (entered by an iron gate from Finkle Street). Crossing the moat by a bridge, which replaces the drawbridge, you enter by William de Ireby's tower to the castle green, now gravelled and nearly surrounded with barrack buildings. To the right is the Inner Ward with the ancient gatehouse; the buttresses of the gatehouse may be Norman, but under Henry VIII. the place was remodelled to carry cannon. Passing through the archway, with portcullis and holes in the roof by which an enemy could be assailed in the

act of entering, you find to the right the Keep, Norman, though externally altered, with Edwardian portcullised entrance, vaulted chambers on the ground floor with stone seats and corkscrew stairs. By an external stair the higher floor is reached, where there is the prison of Major Macdonald (the real Fergus MacIvor of "Waverley"), with carvings by prisoners, and a table shown as Queen Mary's. The Queen of Scots was lodged in a tower at the other corner of the Inner Ward which, with the old hall, was pulled down 1824–35. The well in N. side of Keep is said to be Roman, 78 feet deep. The external staircase gives access to the ramparts with view of the Eden and Stanwix. (See for further detail "Official Guide to Carlisle," by the late Chancellor Ferguson, F.S.A., Thurnam, Carlisle, 1896.)

The Cathedral is a fragment of the Priory Church, founded about 1123; entrance in Castle Street, second iron gate on the left. Near the S. door to left, behind glass, is the Runic stone (p. 134). The Norman church was gradually enlarged; as at Furness Abbey, the building was divided by a screen, and the public admitted only to the W. end, which became the parish church, while the choir was the canons' church and cathedral. This division lasted until modern times; Sir Walter Scott was married in the nave-part, while it was still a parish church, 1797. In 1870–71 St. Mary's (to S.) was built, and the whole of the Priory church became the cathedral. In 1292 a fire destroyed the choir, which was gradually rebuilt on a grand scale, with fine east window, of which the upper part, representing Christ in judgment, is original glass. The capitals of the arches dividing aisles from choir have carvings, time of Edward III., representing the months. Another fire in 1392 made it necessary to rebuild the N. transept, and the sinking of masonry supporting the tower, about 1400, has left marks, though the tower was renewed. It is said the bells have never rung since 1745 when they welcomed Prince Charlie. The stalls are 15th century, with 46 grotesque subjects beneath the seats. Prior Thomas Gondibour (1484) put in the wooden screen enclosing St. Catherine's Chapel (S. of choir), and the curious old paintings at the back of the choir-stalls, of which 22 represent scenes in the life of St. Augustine, 17 are scenes in St. Anthony's life, 17 of St. Cuthbert, and 12 Apostles. In the N. aisle is the effigy of Bp. Irton (1292), in the S. aisle effigy of Bp. Barrow (1429), and in the floor a brass to Bp. Bell (1496). Modern effigies of Bp. Waldegrave by Acton Adams, Bp. Goodwin by Hamo Thornycroft, and Dean Close by Armistead. (See p. 134, and for further details

the little guide by the Misses Henderson of the deanery, sold in the cathedral.)

St. Cuthbert's Church was built 1778 on an old site. When, under Elizabeth, the Tower was rebuilt, a hoard of Northumbrian stycas (pre-Norman farthings) was found there.

Tullie House (entrance to left of Castle Street between cathedral and castle) was built 1699 by one of the Tullies (p. 160), purchased in 1890 by subscription and given to the corporation as a Public Library, Newsroom, Museum, and School of Art and Science, opened 1894. In the entrance hall is a large model of Palestine; monument (cast) to Dr. Archibald Cameron the Jacobite, by Musgrave Watson, a local sculptor; portrait of the late Chancellor Ferguson, to whom the existence of the institution is chiefly due; and other exhibits. To right is the Bibliotheca Jacksoniana, a collection of books, &c., relating to the Lake Counties (apply to the Librarian). To left is the Newsroom, and in front the Reference and Lending Libraries. The Museum is entered from the garden in which are casts of pre-Norman stones, the Bagpiper (formerly thought a Roman monument), old stocks and pillory, &c. On the lower floor of the Museum is the collection of minerals, and one of birds formed by the late J. W. Harris of Cockermouth, and the late Rev. H. A. Macpherson, author of "The Fauna of Lakeland," &c., mounted by Mr. Linnæus Hope, the curator—after the bird collections at Cromwell Road, London, and Newcastle, the finest in the kingdom. Also a large series of Roman and prehistoric antiquities of great interest, and a replica of Sir E. Burne-Jones' and Sir E. Boehm's coloured bas-relief of Flodden. Upstairs are prehistoric and mediæval collections, views of old Carlisle and the Roman Wall, &c. In the Art Gallery the Cumberland and Westmorland Society of Arts and Crafts holds its exhibitions (September); the building includes rooms for art and science classes under Dr. Newman. There is also a large modern Grammar School in Carlisle. Local newspapers: *Carlisle Patriot*, *Carlisle Journal*.

The Town Hall was built 1717; the Market Cross, 1682; Edwardian Guildhall in the Green Market, and another Edwardian house in King's Arms Lane. The round Court Houses (near the Station) were built by Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., early 19th century, on the site of the ancient citadels. The statue of William, Earl of Lonsdale (d. 1842), is by Musgrave Watson. Robert Smirke also designed the Eden Bridges, completed 1815, leading to Stanwix, where the churchyard is on the site of a Roman camp; in it is the grave of Chancellor Ferguson (1837–1900), the antiquary

and historian of Cumberland. *Chief Hotels:* County, Central, Viaduct Temp., Red Lion, Bush, City, Lowther Temp.

Carl Lofts, W.—See Shap.

Carnarvon Castle, C.—See Beckermet.

Carnforth, L.—Junction of M.R. and F.R. with main line (L.N.W.R.). At this busy junction it is wise to look after your luggage when changing. *Hotels.*

Carrock Fell, C.—A mountain (2174 ft.) forming the N.E. buttress of the Skiddaw group. On the top is an oval enclosure with cairn, supposed by some to be an ancient hill-fort.

Carrs, L.—The crest of Coniston fells running towards Wrynose, with crags at the head of Greenburn dale.

Cartmel, L.—A parish and old market town 2 m. from Cark Station (F.R.), and 2½ m. from Grange-over-Sands. For history and description of Priory and old halls see p. 55. The 17th century Grammar School is worked under a new scheme for boys and girls. *Hotels:* Cavendish Arms, Royal Oak.

Cartmel Fell, L.—A chapelry in the northern and hilly part of the district of Cartmel between Windermere and the Winster, bounded to N. by the Black Beck of Storrs. Highest point Gummer's How (1054 ft.), climbed from Lakeside Station by taking boat across to private landing (by permission), or by Newby Bridge up the Kendal road. The church of St. Anthony, Cartmel Fell, has ancient glass, plate, and woodwork: picturesque site. Hodge Hill is an old house with outside gallery and interior kept up in the old style. Quakers' meeting-house at The Height, dated on porch 1677. Refreshments at Strawberry Bank Inn.

Cascadale, C.—A branch of the Newlands valley leading over Buttermere Hause to Buttermere; *alias* Keskadale, corrupted from Gatesgarthdale.

Casterton, W.—A parish E. of Lune. At "Standing Stone" in the Ordnance map, ½ m. W. of Whelprigg, close above the road and railway, is an ancient cross. At Chapel house is St. John's Well. Charlotte Brontë's school was at Cowan Bridge, where the road, ¾ m. S.E. of Kirkby Lonsdale Station, crosses the Leck. At Overburrow, 2 m. S. of Kirkby Lonsdale bridge, was a great Roman camp on the Maiden Way, which runs N. and S., crossing the railway at Kirkby Lonsdale Station. *Inn:* George and Dragon.

Castle Carrock, C.—A parish 3 m. S. of Brampton Station (N.E.R.), in Geltsdale. Near the church were two entrenchments, now disappeared. See also Waitby.

Castle Crag.—See Borrowdale, Shoulthwaite, Mardale.

Castle Ewain, C.—N.E. of Tarn Wadling (drained) is the site of an early fortress connected in romances and ballads with King Arthur, who there fought a giant and was overcome.

Castle Head, C.—A hill (529 ft.) of basalt—stump of ancient volcano—formerly fortified; ½ m. S. of Keswick; panorama.

Castle Head, L.—See Grange.

Castle How, C.—The ancient fort at Peelwyke, near Bassenthwaite Lake Station. Another near Castle Sowerby was a palisaded retreat from raiders.

Castle How, W.—See Tebay.

Castle Rock, C.—In St. John's Vale. See p. 169.

Castle Sowerby, C.—A parish in Inglewood, with church of St. Kentigern, 8 m. N. of Troutbeck Station, C.K.P.R.; 9 m. W. of Plumpton Station, L.N.W.R. Ancient forts at How Hill ¾ m. E. of the church, at Castle How and Knights' Hill, Southernby.

Castle Steads, C.—Roman camp near Walton on the Wall. Also a circular enclosure near Eaglesfield.

Castle Steads, W.—An ancient fort 1½ m. S.E. of Watercrook Roman camp, Kendal. Also a "British settlement" 2 m. S. of Eamont Bridge.

Catbells, C.—A range of hills (1482 ft.) W. of Derwentwater.

Catstycam, C. (or Catchidecam).—A spur of Helvellyn, N. of Red Tarn, called by Camden, Casticand.

Catterlen, C.—A village 1 m. N. of Newton Reigny, anciently Kaderlenge. The hall was seat of the Vaux family from about 1160; their pele was enlarged (1577) by Rowland Vaux into a mansion, which came by marriage to the Richmonds, who made additions dated 1657.

Caudale, W.—A little valley running E. from Patterdale up to Caudale Moor (2214 ft.). The name a corruption from Calf-dale.

Causey Pike, C.—A mountain (2000 ft.) E. of Newlands, ascended from Stair; fine views.

Chapel Island, L.—An island in the estuary of the Leven, with ruins of a chapel, p. 54.

Claife, L.—A township W. of Windermere in which are the Claife Heights (750 ft.) above Longholme (Belle Isle). The name from Norse *Kleif*, cliff. The legend of the Crier of Claife is to the effect that in the Reformation period the ferryman at Ferry Nab heard a cry on a stormy night and set out, but returned dumb with fear, and soon after died. Terrible cries were heard on the lake until a monk from Lady Holme laid the ghost at a quarry in Heald Wood near Belle Grange.

CLAPPERSGATE, W.—A hamlet on the Brathay under Loughrigg, 1 m. S.W. of Ambleside.

CLEATOR, C.—A mining district on the limestone between the Whitehaven coal-measures and the Skiddaw slate of the fells (see p. 105). Cleator St. Leonard's and Cleator Moor are two parishes with stations at Moor Row and Cleator Moor on a branch from Whitehaven, L.N.W.R. *Hotel* at Cleator Moor, Railway.

CLIBURN, W.—A village 1 m. S. of Station on the Eden valley railway, N.E.R. Church of St. Cuthbert with Norman door and rude dial; Roman stones in porch, one with inscription about rebuilding a bath; churchyard cross, restored. Old Hall, built by Richard Cleburn, 1577. *Inn:* Railway.

CLIFTON, C.—The church is between Great and Little Clifton, 3 m. E. of Workington, near Bridgefoot Station, Cleator branch (L.N.W.R.). In the church is a fine pre-Norman interlaced monument discovered 1900.

CLIFTON, W.—A village near Lowther, 1 m. N. of station L.N.W.R. Old Church of St. Cuthbert, partly rebuilt. The Hall (near the church and close to the railway on the right going N.), is a small late 15th century pele with 16th century chimneys and battlements; built by the Wyberghs, who held the place from Edward III. till the 19th century. On the moor, where now the railway runs from Clifton Station to the Hall, was fought the last battle in England, December 18, 1745, in which the Duke of Cumberland, with Lord Cobham's, Lord Mark Kerr's, and General Bland's dragoons, overtook the Highlanders under Lord George Murray and drove them off the ground, but night coming on they failed to follow up the success. *Inn:* Duke of Cumberland.

COCKERMOUTH, C.—A market town from 1226; Parliamentary borough in 1295, regular representation from 1640. The Castle and Barony are described (p. 114). All Saints' Church, built 1852. W. Wordsworth was born 1770 at a house in Main Street, N. side of lower end. An old house near the castle has an Elizabethan plaster ceiling, with arms of Percies and Lucies on the fireplace. At Fitz Wood is an ancient Fort, with oval rampart and ditch. At Cockermouth are old established mills of Messrs. Harris, now chiefly known for "art-linen." Station on the C.K.P.R. *Chief Hotels:* Globe, Sun, Appletree, Tolson's Temp.

COCKLEY BECK, L.—A farm at the bend of the Duddon where the road over the Hardknott to Eskdale leaves the road from Wrynose down the river. Refreshments and lodgings. *Nearest Inns:* Woolpack in Eskdale, and Traveller's Rest, Ulpha.

Codale, W.—A moorland valley above Easedale, 1½–2 hours from Grasmere, with tarn 1523 ft. above sea; hence 1 m. W.N.W. High White Stones, summit of moor (2500 ft.), from which an extensive panorama of mountain-tops.

Coledale, C.—A valley S.W. from Braithwaite.

Colton, L.—A parish, with church, 2½ m. from Greenodd or Haverthwaite stations (see p. 52). Colton Old Hall is ½ m. S.E. of church, near the village of Bouth; it was seat of the Sandys family in the 17th century. One m. S. of Colton church is the old Baptist chapel of Tottlebank, founded 1669. Near Oxenpark is a cockpit.

Colwith, W.—A hamlet in Little Langdale, with waterfall on the Brathay, 45 ft. high.

Coneybeds, W.—Ancient fort on Hay Fell, 2 m. E. of Kendal.

Coneygarth Cop, C.—Another name for Carnarvon Castle, Beckermet, 12th century mote-hill of the Flemings.

Conishead Priory, L.—Hydro., 2 m. S.E. of Ulverston, formerly mansion of the Doddings and Braddyls, on site of a 12th century priory of Augustinian canons, previously a leper hospital.

Coniston, L.—A village at the head of Coniston Lake; terminus of a branch from Foxfield Junction, F.R. From the steamer pier, 1 m. from the station, the steam gondola plies in connection with coach to Greenodd Station (F.R.) during the summer until Michaelmas; and coaches run to Windermere, Ambleside, and Grasmere from the hotels. The church, built 1586, now restored, contains a brass of the Flemings; John Ruskin's grave in the churchyard. Behind the Institute (news-room, &c.; Annual Exhibition in summer) is the Ruskin Museum, with pictures, relics, &c. Brantwood, home of John Ruskin from 1871 to 1900, is 3 m. by road from the village, or 1 m. by boat from the landing at the foot of the Station road. Tent Lodge, on the E. shore of the lake, opposite the Waterhead Hotel, was inhabited by Tennyson in 1848. Coniston Hall, 1 m. S.S.E. of the church, opposite Brantwood, 15th-century seat of the Flemings, now a farm-house. The lake is 5¼ m. long, ½ m. broad, 143 ft. above sea; the northern basin is 150 ft. deep a little S. of Brantwood; the Southern basin is 184 ft. deep between Fir Island and Oxenhouse at the mouth of Torver Beck. Opposite the latter is Peel Island (p. 68). At the foot of this lake is Lake Bank, steamer pier and inn, good view. Coniston Old Man (2633 ft.) is the highest point of the Coniston Fells, easily climbed in 2 hours by road past the Post-Office and Sun to Gillhead Bridge over the waterfall of the Church Beck; through gate to left (path marked with coloured

stripes), past quarries and Low-Water, a tarn in a combe (786 ft.). The cart-road from Gillhead Bridge leads to the copper-mines, worked under Queen Elizabeth by German miners, and still working; thence to Levers Water (1350 ft.), whence the Old Man can be ascended, or Levers Hause (2300 ft.) to Seathwaite Tarn and the Duddon Valley. The road past the Station, to right, leads to Banniside Moor, ring-embankment to left of path, and ancient enclosure above quarry on Torver Beck; thence to right, before crossing the old bridge, a track leads towards Gaits-Water (1646 ft.) under Dow Crags (2555 ft.). Over the bridge a cart-track crosses Walna Scar (2085 ft.) to Seathwaite in the Duddon Valley, 5 m. Past the Institute the road goes N. through Yewdale; under Raven Crag the main road to right crosses Oxenfell to Colwith and Skelwith; the road to left enters Tilberthwaite. Before crossing the bridge, a path to left leads to the wooden foot-bridges and galleries in the ravine of Tilberthwaite Gill, from the head of which Wetherlam (2500 ft.) may be climbed. From the Oxenfell road, a gate to right past the Yew Tree Farm, with outside gallery (the ancient yew lies uprooted behind the farm) leads to a foot-path up Tom Gill (Glen Mary waterfall) and Monk Coniston Tarns; thence roads lead down to Coniston Waterhead, or to Hawkhead and Ambleside. (For further details see "The Book of Coniston," by W. G. Collingwood; T. Wilson, Kendal.) *Hotels:* Waterhead, Crown, Black Bull, Fairfield Temperance, Sun.

Coome Crags, C.—Rocks on N. bank of Irthing, ancient quarries, with Roman inscriptions, SECVRVS, IVSTVS, MATHRIANVS, and at the foot of the cliff, FAVST. ET RVF. COS. Faustinus and Rufus were consuls in A.D. 210. Permission to view is asked at the lodge on the main road, half way (2½ m.) between Lanercost and Birdoswald.

Copeland, C.—The ancient name of the district between Ennerdale and Eskdale.

Corby Castle, C.—A mansion 1 m. from Wetheral Station (N.E.R.), by the railway viaduct footpath, or by ferry across the Eden below Wetheral Church. The house was rebuilt, 1812, around a pele; contains fine portraits and relics; not shown to visitors, but the famous walks are open Wednesday afternoons.

Corney, C.—A parish on the South Cumberland Coast, between Bootle and Eskmeals stations (F.R.). *Inn:* Brown Cow.

Cotehill, C.—Or Coathill, a village 6 m. S.E. of Carlisle, with alabaster quarries.

Crackenthorpe, W.—A village 2 m. N.W. of Appleby. The

Roman road ran N.E. of railway; at Redlands, opposite Powis House, 1½ m. N.W. of the village, is a camp, "Maiden Hold." At Chapel Hill, E. of village, ruins of a chapel of St. Giles. Crackenthorpe Hall was the seat of the Machells, descended from Maelchael in the 11th century; Henry VI. is said to have taken refuge there after the Battle of Hexham.

Crinkle Crags, C. and W.—The southern continuation of Bow Fell, rising to 2816 ft., with great cliffs over Oxendale.

Croglin, C.—A parish on the side of the Pennines in the valley of the Croglin. The church of St. John the Baptist has some interesting mediæval tombstones. *Inn:* Robin Hood.

Crook, W.—A small village, with mills, on the moor 4 m. N.W. of Kendal. Of the 17th-century church of St Catherine, 1 m. W., the tower alone is left. The Hall near it, formerly called Thwatterden Hall, was the seat of the Philipsons in the 17th century.

Crookdake, C.—The Hall, 1 m. S. of Leegate Station (M.C.R.), was the seat of the Musgraves from the 15th century. The pigeon-house was built, 1686, by Sir John Ballantyne, who married the Musgrave heiress; it was the schoolhouse of Pedlar Tommy when George Moore was his scholar. At High Aketon, 1 m. E.S.E., a pre-Norman wheel-cross is built into the farm building.

Crosby Garrett, W. (*i.e.* Crosby of Gerard, an early owner).—A village with a station, M.R., between Warcop and Kirkby Stephen. Old parish church 1 m. N. of station.

Crosby-on-Eden, C.—A parish with church at the village of Low Crosby, 5 m. N.E. of Carlisle; High Crosby is ½ m. farther. The Roman wall and vallum pass ¾ m. N. The Baron's Dyke, an ancient boundary, crosses the wall ¼ m. W. of Bleatarn, which see. Three small inns.

Crosby Ravensworth, W.—A village 4 m. E. of Shap and 5 m. S.W. of Appleby. Church of St. Lawrence contains tomb of Sir Lancelot Threlkeld (*d.* before 1492), who saved the young Cliffords in the Wars of the Roses—see Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle." The Hall has over the main entrance shields of the Threlkelds and Pickerings. One m. S.S.E. is a British settlement, and 1 m. beyond it are tumuli and circle at Penhurrock, N.E. of Blasterfield. At Black Dub, source of the Lyvennet, 1½ m. S.W. of Blasterfield, is a monument recording the fact that Charles II. regaled his army here on the march from Scotland, August 8, 1651. Other "settlements" are 1 to 1½ m. N. of this, and to W. is the Maiden Way, running for 2 m. a little W. of S. To W.

of the S. end of this piece of road, on Coalpit Hill (1315 ft.), is a tumulus, and 1 m. N. of Coalpit Hill are a circle and tumulus, S. of Oddendale. N. of Oddendale 1 m. is another circle, and ½ m. N. of this circle is a British camp, 1½ m. W.N.W. of Crosby Ravensworth. *Hotel:* Sun.

Crosscanonby, C.—A village 3 miles N.E. of Maryport, with ancient church finely overlooking the Solway. In the porch and against the S. wall are several curious pre-Norman sculptures. The church was built about 1100, partly of Roman stones; the aisle added 13th century; restored 1880. Crosby and Kirkby are villages in the parish, which was given by Alan, second Lord of Allerdale, to Carlisle Priory, and served by the canons, whence the name Crosscanonby.

Crosscrake, W.—A parish in the Kent valley, including Sedgwick and Stainton. By the latter flows St. Sunday Beck, up which is Bleaze Hall, a 16th-century house, with great oak table dated 1631, and the "Dobbie" or "flaying-stone"—a prehistoric stone axe hung by a chain from a rafter—an ancient charm against evil spirits.

Cross Fell, C.—The highest point (2930 ft.) in the Pennine Chain, from which the Helm Wind blows—*i.e.* a local easterly wind, raw and violent, accompanied with a peculiar cloud-cap on the mountain.

Crosthwaite, C.—See Keswick.

Crosthwaite, W.—A village on the Gilpin, 6 m. W. of Kendal. An ancient chapelry with modern church; several old houses near; see pp. 14, 30.

Crummock Beck, C.—A stream rising near Mealsgate, and joining the Waver near Abbey Town.

Crummock Lake, C.—Anciently Cromack Water; fed from Buttermere and Lowes-water, and drained by the Cocker. The lake is 2½ m. long, ½ m. broad, 321 ft. above sea, and 144 feet deep. On its S.W. side is Scale Force (which see); at Peel, N.W. end, is an ancient moat, perhaps site of the Lindsays' 12th-century manor-house. *Hotels:* see Buttermere; also at foot, Scale Hill hotel and inn at Lowes-water village.

Culgaith, C.—A village on Eden, station, M.R. *Inn:* Black Swan.

Cumdivock, C.—A village on the Shawk Beck; at Cunning-garth is said to be an ancient earthwork.

Cumrew, C.—A village on the side of the Pennines, E. of Eden. Site of Dunwalloght Castle is ½ m. E.S.E., and on Cardunneth Pike above is a tumulus in which an interment was found; also pit-dwellings. *Inns:* Sun, Seven Stars.

Cumwhinton, C.—A village 2 m. S.W. of Wetheral.

Cumwhitton, C.—A village 2 m. S. of Headsnook Station, N.E.R. Old church and ancient cross-head. Ancient fort 1 m. S.W. on the Eden. On King Harry Moor, 3 m. S.E., is site of great megalithic circle called Grey Yauds, now destroyed.

Cunning-garth, C.—A farm near the Roman camp S. of Wigton. See also *Cumdivock*.

Cunsey, L.—A hamlet on Cunsey Beck, which drains Esthwaite Water into Windermere. Ancient ironworks, modern electrical works.

Cunswick, W.—Anciently Conneyswick; the Hall was seat of the Layburnes from the 14th century until the Jacobite rising in 1715; 3 m. W. of Kendal.

Dacre, C.—A village in the valley of the Eamont, 5 m. W.S.W. of Penrith; anciently Dacor. The castle (p. 180) was the seat of the Dacres, who took their name from the place, until 1715, when it became the property of the Hasells, who had bought Dalemain in 1665. In the churchyard are the Dacre Bears (p. 181), and inside the church is a pre-Norman cross-shaft, with figures of Adam and Eve, &c. *Inn.*

Dalegarth, C.—A farm in Eskdale, old manor-house of the Stanleys; near Beckfoot Station (Ravenglass and Boot Railway). On the hill above it is Dalegarth Force, or Stanley Gill Fall (60 ft.). Key to the gate kept at the Hall. *Hotel:* Stanley Arms (Beckfoot).

Dalehead, C.—On Thirlmere; the Hall formerly seat of the Leathes family, whence the old name Leatheswater for the lake (p. 168).

Dalepark, L.—A valley between Rusland and Esthwaite; made into a deer-park by Abbot Bankes of Furness, 1516.

Dalston, C.—A village with station, M.C.R. The Hall built round a pele was seat of the Dalstons; now enlarged into a mansion. To N. and W. of it is an ancient rampart and ditch known as the Bishop's Dyke. *Inn:* King's Arms.

Dalton-in-Furness, L.—Daltune in Domesday, an ancient market-town, with castle (p. 66). *Hotel:* Wellington.

Dean, C.—A village 1 m. E. of Branthwaite Station, Cleator Branch, L.N.W.R. On Dean Moor, at Studfoldgate, 3 m. W.S.W. of Ullock Station, are remains of a megalithic circle.

Dearham, C.—A coal-mining village with stations, M.C.R. and Derwent branch, M.C.R. Church with Norman door and rude dials; fortified tower of about 1300; fine pre-Norman cross now placed inside the church. The so-called "Kenneth" cross-shaft and head, from the figure supposed to represent St. Kenneth as a baby carried off by a bird, and as a monk

with a bell; the "Adam" grave-slab with Runes undecipherable. Dearham Hall, E. of the church, ancient seat of the Dearhams. Ewanrigg or Unerigg, in the Middle Ages a castle, was from 1838 the seat of the Christians, connected with the Isle of Man. *Inn.*

DEEPDALE, W.—A wild valley under St. Sunday Crag, Patterdale.

DENDRON, L.—A village in Furness.

DENTON, C.—Over Denton, 1½ m. W.S.W. of Gilsland station, N.E.R., has an ancient church built of Roman stones from the wall; chancel measuring 11 by 12 ft.; 12th-century chancel arch; tomb of Margaret Teasdale of Mumps Hall, 1777 (the inn where Capt. Brown met Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering"). The old vicarage is now a cow-byre. N. of the church is a mote-hill and basecourt. At High Mains, W. of the church, is the so-called Saxon village. Nether Denton church is 1½ m. N.E. of Low Row station, N.E.R. Denton Hall was seat of the Dentons until Henry VII. Near it is another moated mound with basecourt.

DERWENTWATER, C.—Formed by the River Derwent which rises in Sprinkling Tarn, flows through Borrowdale, Derwentwater, and Bassenthwaite, past Isel and Cockermouth, and enters the sea at Workington after a course of about 30 m. The lake is 3 m. long, 1¼ m. broad, 244 ft. above sea; greatest depth 72 ft. It lies in two main basins, one off Brandelhow, and the other between Barrow and Rampsholme. The whole area of the lake is crossed by the remains of two parallel N. & S. ridges; the eastern ridge rising to its greatest height in Lord's Island (remains of the Ratcliffes' house), and in Rampsholme; the western ridge forms the Derwent and St. Herbert's islands. On the latter, the hermit Herebert is said to have died, 19 20 March, 687, on the same day with his friend St. Cuthbert. His cult was revived 1374; the ruins of a cell then erected may be traced. Derwent Island was site of the German miners' houses in the 16th century (p. 159). The copper mines of Brandelhow on the west side of the lake are modern; the estate of Brandelhow has been lately bought (1901) for the National Trust with subscriptions collected by Canon Rawnsley, vicar of Crosthwaite. Above is the range of Catbells (1482 ft.), with old road running along its breast. To the N. the ground sinks to a hause above Derwent Bay, behind which lie Gutherscale and Swinside. Under the hill of Swinside (803 ft.) is Fawe Park, N. of which are the Nichol End boat-landings. Hence Finkle Street leads to Portinscale, past Mossrigg, where the hoard of Neolithic celts and crucifix-mould (p. 153) were found in 1901. Opposite is the

bathing place, approached by a footpath from the lake road which leads from Keswick to the boat-landings and Friar's Crag, on which is a monument to John Ruskin (p. 149). Rising behind is Castle Head or Castlet (529 ft.), a good point of view. Behind Castle Head, the hill of Castlerigg gradually rises and aproaches the lake southward until at Wallacrag it reaches 1234 ft., wooded beneath and craggy above, with a narrow gully called the Lady's Rake (p. 160). South of Catgill the rock is called Falcon Crag (1050 ft.), beyond which Barrow Beck descends from High Seat (1996 ft.) past Ashness Bridge (point of view), making waterfalls (110 ft.) in the grounds of Barrow House (apply at lodge for permission to view). South of Ashness Fell, Watendlath Beck, between Gowder and Shepherd's Crags, forms the falls of Lodore (100 ft.). In the bay off Lodore the water-plants in the shallow lake accumulate to a thick peaty carpet, which is sometimes lifted by gas forming from decomposition; this is the celebrated Floating Island. See also Borrowdale, Keswick.

Devoke-water, C.—A large tarn $\frac{3}{4}$ m. long, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. broad, 766 ft. above sea, on Birker Moor; 4 m. N.W. of the Traveller's Rest, in the Duddon valley; 2 m. S.S.W. of Dalegarth Force, Eskdale. Prehistoric settlements on its N. side.

Distington, C.—A village $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.W. of Whitehaven. The church (rebuilt) has some pre-Norman cross-heads, and two mediæval bells. Near Castle Mill, foundations and moat of Hayes Castle. The Distington Museum of Mr. Wallace is now dispersed.

Dockray, C. (or Dockwray).—A village 4 m. S. of Troutbeck Station, C.K.P.R., and 1 m. N. of Airey Force. *Inn:* Royal.

Dollywaggon Pike, C.—A summit (2810 ft.) of the Helvellyn range (p. 176).

Dove Cottage, W.—Wordsworth's house. See Grasmere.

Dovedale, W.—A rocky dell running W. from Brothers-water Inn, up to Dove Crag (2600 ft.) and Hart Crag (2698 ft.).

Dovenby, C.—A village with station on the Derwent branch M.C.R., anciently Dolfinby, from the owner under Henry I. Hall built round a pele, seat of the Lamplughs, Henry IV. to Elizabeth, now of the Dykes family. In the park are the old Thorn Cross and prehistoric earthworks. *Inn.*

Dow Crags, L.—A precipice over Gaits-water, W. of Coniston Old Man (p. 75).

Drigg, C.—A village on the coast with station, F.R. *Hotel:* Victoria.

Drumburgh, C. (pron. Drumbruff).—A hamlet on the Solway with station on the Carlisle and Silloth railway. Small Roman camp

on the hill N.W. of houses (p. 128). The castle (house with steps in front) built 16th century by Lord Dacre with stones from the Roman wall, which ran between it and Solway. *Inn.*

Duddon, dividing C. from L.—A river rising near the Three Shires Stone, flowing W. 2 m. through a desolate valley. At Cockley Beck (refreshments and lodgings) a road goes W. over Hardknott Pass to Eskdale; the river turns S. between Harter Fell (2140 ft.) and Greyfriar (2537 ft.) to Birks Bridge (1½ m.) and Stepping Stones (1½ m.), by which Grass-gars and pass to Eskdale can be reached. The river then runs through a ravine for 1 m. to an open valley, at the head of which is Seathwaite (which see), where the Walna Scar road from Coniston comes down into the valley. One mile below is Hall Dunnerdale and bridge, 1½ m. farther down is the Traveller's Rest Inn, from which a road leads N.W. up Crosby Gill to Devoke Water (4 m.). The Kirk of Ulpha (Wordsworth's Duddon Sonnets) is ¼ m. S. of the inn, and below it is a bridge leading to (1 m.) ancient homesteads, cairn, and bloomery of Stonestar on the left. Below the church, 1 m. on the W. bank, is Holehouse Gill; ½ m. up the road is Ulpha Old Hall, ruin of 16th century pele. At 1 m. lower down the valley is Duddon Hall, where Logan Beck meets the river; pretty ravine and road over moors to Bootle. Another mile to Duddon Bridge leading to Broughton; W. of the bridge is site of iron furnace, and old wharves are ¼ m. down E. bank. Hence the river widens into a sandy estuary, which between Walney and Haverigg Point meets the sea.

Dufton, W.—Two m. E. of Long Marton. The parish extends 9 m. eastward over the fells, past Rundale and Seamore tarns to Caldron Snout, a great waterfall in a deep gully of the Upper Tees.

Dundraw, C.—A village (anciently written Drumdrah), 3 m. W. of Wigton.

Dungeon Gill, W.—A waterfall (60 ft.) with natural rock-bridge over the chasm, ½ m. above Dungeon Gill New Hotel, and a little more above the Old Hotel (to the W.).

Dunmail Raise, boundary of C. and W.—A tumulus on the pass between Grasmere and Thirlmere, 783 ft. (see p. 172).

Dunmallet, C.—A hill W. of Pooley Bridge, Ullswater, with double ramparts near the top; not Roman nor a monastery, but perhaps a Romano-British fort.

Dunnerdale, D.—The valley of Duddon, Duddener-dale.

Eaglesfield, C. A village 3 m. E.S.E. of Bridgefoot Station on the Cleator branch (L.N.W.R.). At Castlesteads is a

prehistoric ring-embankment. Roman road and remains have been found near. Robert de Eaglesfield, b. at Allerby, founder of Queen's College, Oxford, was of the family anciently owning the place. Dr. Dalton, the chemist, was a native. Fletcher Christian, the *Bounty* mutineer, was born and lived at Moorland Close.

EAMONT BRIDGE, W.—A village 1 m. S. of Penrith. Arthur's Round Table and Mayburgh (which see). Several old houses, one with inscription "Omne solum forti patria est. H.P. 1671." *Hotel:* Crown.

EASEDALE, W.—A pretty valley with Sour Milk Gill waterfall and tarn (refreshment hut) 1 hour N.W. of Grasmere by Goody Bridge.

EDENHALL, C.—A village 4 m. W.N.W. of Penrith. The present hall, seat of the Musgraves, was built 1820. The "Luck of Edenhall" is an ancient glass beaker in a 15th-century leather case, said to have been a fairy gift, celebrated in ballads by Philip, Duke of Wharton, and by Uhland, translated by Longfellow. The old church of St. Cuthbert has late 17th century heraldic glass and two mediæval bells; brass of W. Stapleton, d. 1458, and his wife, also marble monuments of the Musgraves, to whom the hall came by the marriage of Sir Thomas (d. 1469) with Jane, the heiress of the Stapletons, who had held it since 1327.

EEL CRAGS, C.—Rocks (2749 ft.) at head of Coledale, S.W. of Braithwaite. Also rock (2143 ft.) between the head of Newlands and Borrowdale.

EGREMONT, C.—A market town (charter 1267) with station on the Egremont branch (L.N.W.R.). The church, about 1220, restored, contains some early sculptures. The castle ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of station) is an interesting ruin (p. 100), now owned by Lord Leconfield. *Hotels:* Globe, King's Arms.

EGTON-CUM-NEWLAND, L.—A chapelry with chapel at Greenodd.

EHEN, C.—A river flowing from Ennerdale-water past Egremont (Egener-mont, from Egen, the ancient form of Ehen), to the sea at Sellafield.

ELLENBOROUGH, C.—A village S.E. of Maryport, now a suburb, anciently Alneburgh, the burg on the Ellen.

ELLERAY, W.—A mansion N. of Windermere Station, through the grounds of which the path leads to Orrest Head (p. 28). Elleray Cottage was built 1808 by John Wilson (1785–1854), professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh University, known in *Blackwood's Magazine* as "Christopher North." The cottage was pulled down 1869.

ELTERWATER, W.—A village in Langdale near the lake of that name, $\frac{5}{8}$ m. long, $\frac{1}{4}$ m. broad. *Inn:* Britannia.

Embleton, C.—A scattered parish with station (C.K.P.R.). Modern church. The Moat is 1 m. S. of station. The Embleton sword (late Celtic) in British Museum was found hereabouts.

Ennerdale, C.—The upper valley of Ehen (Egener-dale), with a lake 2½ m. long, ½ m. broad, widening to ¾ m. at foot; 368 ft. above sea; 148 ft. deep (see p. 109). Ennerdale Bridge is a hamlet with church (scene of "The Brothers" by Wordsworth), 1½ m. W. of Waterfoot and 2½ m. from Yeathouse Station, Cleator branch (L.N.W.R.). *Inn* at Waterfoot: Anglers'.

Esk, C.—The Scottish river Esk enters Cumberland at Scots Dyke, passes Longtown, and flows into Solway S. of Gretna.

Eskdale, C.—Valley of the Cumberland Esk which rises between Scafell pikes and Bowfell, forms the Esk falls at Throstlegarth, turns W. at Butterilket below Hardknott Castle, and flows between Muncaster Fell and Birkby Fell to Ravenglass. From Ravenglass a narrow gauge railway runs up the valley to Boot, 7 m., first going up the Mite valley to Muncaster Station and Irton Road (Bower House Inn), where it crosses a low depression to Eskdale Green Station (*Inn*, King of Prussia), and through pretty woods and rocks to Beckfoot Station (Stanley Ghyll Hotel), from which Dalegarth Force (Stanley Gill) is 1 m. S. From Boot (*Inns* —Mason's Arms, Gainford's Temp.), a path goes over Burnmoor, which see. From Beckfoot or Boot, 1 m. up the valley, is the Woolpack Inn, centre for Upper Eskdale (see p. 89). At Butterilket or Brotherilket farm, 1½ m., a road goes up to E. past Hardknott Castle, Roman camp (p. 86) over a pass to Cockley Beck. From the bend of Eskdale at Butterilket, paths go up both sides of the valley to Esk Falls (2 m.). Hence the valley to right leads straight forward to the Ure Gap, the old route from the iron mines in Eskdale to smelting works in Langstrath. Half-way up this little valley a gill to right leads up to Three Tarns and Bowfell. From Esk Falls to left follow the stream to Cam Spout Fall under Mickledore and Eskhause for Styhead or Scafell Pike, which can also be climbed *viâ* Mickledore by the Cam Spout Gill. By bearing to left when half-way up, Scafell can be climbed more easily than from Mickledore Ridge (p. 91).

Eskmeals, C.—The Sandhills at the mouth of Esk, station (F.R.) for Waberthwaite. On the shore artillery is tested.

Esthwaite Water, L.—The Lake of Hawkshead, a little over 1½ m. long, ⅝ m. broad, 217 ft. above sea, and 80 ft. deep. It lies among glacial moraine-mounds, three of which form

peninsulas. To N. is a pool called Priest-Pot, no doubt because used as a fish-pond to the monks' house of Hawkshead Hall; it formerly had a floating island like that of Derwent Water (which see). To S. is Out-dubs Tarn, where in 1867 six ancient felt hoods were found in the peat. Esthwaite Hall, now a farm, was birthplace of Abp. Sandys. See Hawkshead.

Fairfield, W.—A mountain (2863 ft.) between Rydal and Grizedale Tarn: supposed to mean sheep-pasture (Icelandic, *Færifold*).

Farlam, C.—A village 1 m. S. of Brampton Station, N.E.R.

Fawcett Forest, W.—The wild district between Long Sleddale and Tebay, traversed by the old turnpike road. *Inn:* Plough.

Fellfoot, L.—A farm (refreshments) in Little Langdale (p. 45).

Field Broughton, L.—A village 2 m. N. of Cartmel.

Finsthwaite, L.—A village W. of the foot of Windermere (p. 30).

Firbank, W.—A chapelry W. of Sedbergh; church rebuilt 1742.

Fleetwith, C.—A mountain mass at the head of Buttermere, rising to Fleetwith Pike (2126 ft.), with its N. side formed by Honister Crag.

Flimby, C.—A village (12th century Flemingby) on the coast, 2 m. S. of Maryport, with station (L.N.W.R.).

Flookburgh, L.—A village, once market town with charters from Edward I. and Charles II. (pronounced Flookboro), S. of Cark Station, F.R.

Floutern, C.—A tarn (pron. Flootern) on the moor, 1250 ft. above sea, between Ennerdale and Crummock; 1½ m. W. of Scale Force, 2½ m. E.N.E. of the Anglers' Inn, Ennerdale.

Foxfield, L.—Junction F.R. for Coniston. *Inn:* Prince of Wales.

Frizington, C.—A village with station on the Cleator branch L.N.W.R. in the iron-mining district. Near Rheda (S. of the lodge) is the Cross Lacon, a mediæval monument said to be a station for funeral processions.

Froswick, W.—A summit (2359 ft.) in the Ill Bell range, between Kentmere and Troutbeck. The Scots' Rake, a Roman road, goes up its W. side.

Furness.—The district between Duddon and Leven, written in the 12th century Fourneis and Frudernesia; perhaps meaning the Further Ness, as seen from Lancaster (see p. 48). On the history and antiquities, see "Furness Lore," ed. by Harper Gaythorpe, F.S.A., Scot. (T. Wilson, Kendal, 1900);

"Furness and Cartmel Notes," by the Rev. H. Barber, F.S.A. (Elliot Stock, 1894); "Furness Past and Present," various authors (Richardson, Barrow, 1870–78).

For Furness Abbey, see p. 57. *Hotel:* Furness Abbey.

FUSEDALE, W.—A mountain valley running S. from Howtown Ullswater. *Hotel:* Howtown.

GABLE, GREAT, C.—A mountain (2949 ft.) of volcanic ash (Borrowdale formation), with precipitous rocks, the Napes, to S., one of which is the Needle, standing isolated 100 ft. high. Easy ascent to the summit of the Gable, under 1 hour, from Styhead; or in 3 hours from Honister House by Brandreth and Green Gable, a lower summit to N. Very fine mountain panorama of Scafell and Pikes, Wastwater, and Isle of Man, back of the Pillar Mountain, Crummock, Skiddaw, Saddleback, Helvellyn, and Windermere.

GAISCILL, W.—A village on the upper reach of Lune, with station N.E.R. for the Eastern Langdale, Raisbeck, and Sunbiggin.

GAITSWATER, L.—Or Goats-water, a deep tarn, 1646 ft. above sea, under Dow Crags (2555 ft.), and the Old Man.

GAMBLESBY, C.—A village 4 m. N.E. of Little Salkeld Station, M.R., under Fiends, Fins, or Finch Fell (2082 ft.), a summit of the Pennines. Anciently Gamelesbi.

GARBURN PASS, W.—Bridle Path (1450 ft.) from Kentmere Hall to Troutbeck, 3 m.

GARRIGILL, C.—See Alston.

GATESCARTH, W.—The Pass (1900 ft.) from Sadgill in Long Sleddale to Mardale, about 5 m. rough on top; fine scenery on N. side.

GATESGARTH, C.—A house at the head of Buttermere. Gatesgarthdale in old books means Buttermere valley.

GATESGILL, C.—A village E. of Rose Castle.

GELT, C. A river rising in the Pennine Moors, S. of Coldfell (2039 ft.), and running through Geltsdale Forest, receiving Howgill on the E., on both sides of which are ancient cultivation terraces; then past Castle Carrock, receiving the Hell Beck from Talkin Tarn. N. of the confluence is the Written Rock, and ½ m. higher up on the opposite side is the Pigeon Rock, both with Roman inscriptions (p. 138). Near this the battle was fought between Leonard Dacre and Lord Hunsdon (p. 137). The Gelt joins the Irthing near Edmond Castle. The valley is best explored from Brampton (which see).

GIANT'S GRAVE, C.—See Penrith.

GIANT'S GRAVE, L.—A sepulchral mound under Blawith Knott, 2½ m. S.W. of Woodland Station, F.R.

GIANT'S GRAVE, W.—Oblong mounds enclosed by ditches, not sepulchral, origin unknown, of which there are two groups, one to N. of road at foot of Hawes-water, and another N. of the Parks, Ravenstonedale.

GILCRUX, C.—A village (pron. Gilcruse) 2 m. E. of Bullgill Station, M.C.R., with colliery. In the church is a pre-Norman cross-head.

GILLERCOMBE, C.—A wild valley W. of Seathwaite in Borrowdale, from which Sourmilk Gill, with falls, comes down past the Plumbago mine.

GILLERTHWAITE, C.—Farms on the Liza, opposite the Pillar of Ennerdale. To E. and at foot of Low Beck are cairns and an ancient enclosure.

GILPIN, W.—A river rising 2 m. E. of Bowness-on-Windermere, running past Crosthwaite and the Lyth, and joining the Kent near Heversham.

GILSLAND, C.—Properly the name of the district, from the 12th century owner, Gillès; then applied to the celebrated Spa, near which the Shaws Hotel was built; then to a station, N.E.R., beside which a modern village has grown up. The Roman wall and vallum can be seen near the station. For Mumps Ha' and Sir Walter Scott see p. 143. *Hotel:* Orchard House Temp.; Shaws, now (March 1902) closed.

GLARAMARA, C.—A mountain (2560 ft.) between Seathwaite-in-Borrowdale and Langstrath. In "Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves," Wordsworth gives the accentuation, but the caves are not known to the present writer; many secluded "coves" or combes in this fine rugged *massif;* easily climbed from the mill 1 m. S. of Rosthwaite by Combegill, or by the ridge to W.

GLASSON, C.—A village 1¾ m. S.E. of Port Carlisle. The Roman Wall passed to N.E. In cutting the canal (now railway line) fallen trees were found under the Wall.

GLASSONBY, C.—A village 2 m. S.E. of Kirkoswald. On the left of the road, after crossing Dale Raven, is a sepulchral circle of the Bronze Age in which were found the urn and bead now in Tullie House Museum. At Whitehouse, a building used as byre and loft, is a late pele with date 1598 over the door. Addingham Church is S. of the village, and Long Meg, 1 m. S. of the church, passing Maughanby (which see).

GLEASTON, L.—A village in Furness (Glassertun in Domesday) with ruins of the castle of the Harringtons, 14th century. St. Michael's Well perhaps is named after Sir Michael le Fleming, of the family preceding the Harringtons.

GLENCOIN, C. and W.—A dale W. of Ullswater; the beck, rising in Hartside (2481 ft.), divides Cumberland from Westmorland.

GLENDERAMACKIN, C.—The valley of a river rising N. of Saddleback in Scales Tarn, passing Mungrisdale and Threlkeld.

GLENDERATERRA, C.—The valley of a stream rising in Roughten Gill, head to head with the source of Glenderamackin, and flowing into the Greta at Brundholme.

GLENRIDDING, W.—A valley W. of Ullswater, formed by the meeting of three dells, whose becks run from three sheets of water under Helvellyn, Red Tarn, Keppel-cove Tarn, and the Greenside reservoir. The Sticks Hause path comes over from Legberthwaite to the last, and down the mines' road to the Ullswater hotel and steamer pier at the foot of Glenridding.

GOSFORTH, C.—A village 3 m. N.E. of Seascale station (F.R). Norman church, restored, with 12th century capitals to chancel arch; two pre-Norman hogbacks placed near the organ, beside which the "Fishing Stone" (p. 96) is built into the wall, with other fragments of early sculpture; above are two wheel-cross heads. In the porch is a late cross-head and some mediæval grave-slabs. In the churchyard is the famous cross, 14 ft. high, a slender monolith of red sandstone, with wheel-cross head, and interlaced dragons; crucifix with Longinus and Mary Magdalen; Loki (the Norse Satan) chained under the serpent, with his wife, Sigun, catching the serpent's poison in a cup, as told in the Edda; Vidar rending the Wolf's jaw, Heimdal and his horn, also from Norse mythology; dating about A.D. 1000. For further description see "Ancient Sculptured Crosses in the Diocese of Carlisle," by the late Rev. W. S. Calverley, F.S.A. (T. Wilson, Kendal, 1899), and "The Ancient Crosses at Gosforth," by Dr. C. A. Parker, F.S.A., Scot. (Elliot Stock, 1896). Gosforth Hall, 17th-century seat of the Copleys, is near the church; and in the field above is a holy well with foundations of mediæval chapel which enclosed it. Remains of an early homestead called Dane's Camp are in a long, narrow field ½ m. N.N.E. of the Hall. *Inns.*

GOWBARROW, C.—A fell (1579 ft.) and park on the N.W. side of Ullswater, on the west of which are Lyulph's Tower and Airey Force, which see (also p. 178).

GOWDER CRAG, C.—A rocky precipice above Lodore.

GRAINS GILL, C.—The dell running S. from Stockley Bridge up to Sprinkling Tarn. "Grain" (Icelandic, *grein*, a branch) is often used for a dell branching from the main valley.

GRANGE-IN-BORROWDALE, C.—A hamlet on the site of a "grange" of Furness Abbey in the Jaws of Borrowdale. Picturesque bridges; remarkable glaciated rock on the W. side. Hence a road going N. on the W. side of Derwentwater, and a

footpath over Catbells to Newlands, give good views. Also a pretty footpath S. from Grange, behind Castle Crag, leads to the Hause Gill, half-way between Seatoller and the top of Honister Pass.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, L.—A modern resort with station (F.R.). Rocky, wooded shore of Morecambe Sands; sunny and sheltered. Golf links. Castle Head (1 m. N.N.E.) is a high and isolated hill rising from the flats of the Winster estuary, tidal before the railway embankment was made; was site of Atterpile Castle, a Romano-British fort, occupied until Norman times. The modern mansion was built by John Wilkinson, the iron-master and inventor of iron ships, &c., who died here 1808. His monument is on the hill to W. For the caves, Humphrey Head, Wraysholme Tower, &c., see p. 56. *Hotels:* Grange, Crown, Commercial, Dent's Temp., Hazelwood Hydro.

GRASMERE, W.—A village 4 m. N.W. of Ambleside, past the lake, 1 m. long, ⅜ m. broad, 206 ft. above sea, with a small island; boats for hire. The church of St. Oswald has a picturesque rustic interior with mural decoration of 1687 and brass of the Le Flemings; in the S. corner of the churchyard are the graves of the Wordsworths and Hartley Coleridge. Dove Cottage (in Wordsworth's time Town End) was Wordsworth's home 1799–1808, and afterwards De Quincey's for twenty years; in 1890 the house was bought by Rev. Stopford Brooke, Prof. Knight, and committee, and is now a showplace with relics of the distinguished occupants; it is close to the Prince of Wales Hotel. The site of the Wishing Gate (see Wordsworth's poem) is E. of the lake on the middle one of the three roads crossing the hill between Rydal and Grasmere. Greenhead Gill (E. from the Swan Hotel) is the scene of Wordsworth's "Michael," and leads up to Fairfield (2863 ft.). Three-quarters of a m. N. of the Swan, a bridle-path to right leads up to Grizedale Tarn (whence Helvellyn can be easily ascended) and over into Patterdale; ½ m. from the main road up this path is a bridge leading to right up Tongue Gill to Grizedale Tarn; below the bridge is Tongue Gill waterfall. The main road runs N. to (2¼ m. from the Swan) Dunmail Raise (800 ft.), the pass to Thirlmere and Keswick. From Grasmere village N.W. road over Goody Bridge and foot-bridge to Sourmilk Gill waterfall and Easedale Tarn (915 ft.), with refreshment hut and Codale Tarn on the moorland above (1523 ft.), whence High White Stones (2374 ft.) can be reached in a mile of easy climbing, or Stickle Tarn and Dungeon Gill by a somewhat rough descent. From the N. side of Easedale (without crossing the

foot-bridge) Helm Crag (1299 ft.) can be climbed to the rocks at the S. end of the ridge which from below form the "Lion and the Lamb," and those on the north end forming "The Old Woman"; a descent can be made to N. into Greenburn and back by the old road W. of the Rothay. Allan Bank, Wordsworth's house, 1808–11, is to N.W. of the village; hence, and from the boat-landings at the N.W. corner of the lake, Silver How (1300 ft.) can be ascended. The road S. from the village leads over the Hause between Silver How and Loughrigg to Langdale (bearing to right from the top), to Loughrigg Tarn and Skelwith (bearing to left), or leaving the main road half-way up turn to left for Loughrigg Terrace, a path giving views over the lake towards Helvellyn, and leading down to a footbridge across Rothay between the two lakes, or along the S. side of Rydal Water to Pelter Bridge, whence the return may be made by the main road to Grasmere passing Nab College (see Rydal). The Grasmere sports are held on the third Thursday in August; wrestling, hound trail, and fell race up Silver How. *Hotels:* Prince of Wales (on the lake), Rothay (near the church), Red Lion (in the village), Swan (¾ m. N.W. of the village on the main road), Bowness' Temp., Moss Grove Temp.

Grasmoor, C.—A mountain (2791 ft.) E. of the foot of Crummock Water.

Grayrigg, W.—A scattered township, including Docker, Lambrigg and other hamlets, in undulating ground beneath Whinfell Beacon (1544 ft.).

Graythwaite, L.—On the S.W. side of Windermere; the Rawlinsons' old Low Hall, beside the road, with clipped yews and ancient interior, is of the 16th or 17th century; the High Hall (behind high walls) is the ancient (restored) seat of the Sandys family.

Great End, C.—A mountain (2984 ft.), forming the northernmost buttress of the Scafell group; ascended from Eskhause. In its W. side is the chasm of the Greta Force.

Great Gable, C.—See Gable.

Greenburn, L.—A deep valley going up from Fell Foot under Wetherlam to the Carrs, with a tarn formed by a dam, for copper mines.

Greenburn, W.—A valley N. of Helm Crag.—See Grasmere.

Greenhead Gill, W.—See Grasmere.

Greenodd, L.—A village at the junction of the Crake with the Leven; station on the Windermere branch F.R. Formerly port for Coniston slate, &c. Penny Bridge ¾ m. N.W., and Spark Bridge, 1 m. further up the valley, had flourishing iron-works in the 18th century. Castle Hill, ½ m. W. of

Spark Bridge, is thought to be a site of an ancient fort. Pretty river scenery. *Inn:* Ship.

Greenthwaite Hall, C.—Near Greystoke; built about 1650; seat of the Haltons from Richard II.: heraldic and inscribed door, picturesque façade.

Greenup Gill, C.—A lonely valley running from Stonethwaite in Borrowdale with Ullscarth (2370 ft.) on the E., and Eagle Crag on the W., up to Greenup Hause (2000 ft.), leading by a mountain track to Easedale or Wythburn.

Greta, C.—The river from Thirlmere through St. John's Vale (here sometimes called St. John's Beck), joining the Glenderamackin at Threlkeld: it turns W. to meet the Derwent between Keswick and Portinscale. The name is supposed to mean the "rocky river."

Greta Force, C.—A cascade in the gill from Great End, meeting Piers Gill ½ m. below the fall, which is one of the wildest.

Greystoneley, C.—A village 1 m. E. of Bridgefoot Station, Cleator branch L.N.W.R.: anciently Crakesothen, now locally pronounced Greys-oon.

Greystoke, C.—The seat of an ancient barony which included all Cumberland between Inglewood, Penrith, and Castlerigg (Keswick). Lyulf (whence the name of Lyulph's Tower, Ullswater) is said to have received it from Ranulf Meschines before 1120. In 1596 Elizabeth, the heiress of Greystoke, married Thomas Lord Dacre of Gilsland, and thence until 1569 the Dacres were lords of Greystoke. Their heiress married Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, since when Greystoke Castle has been the seat of the Howards of Greystoke. The castle is modern on the site of the ancient fortress destroyed by the Parliamentarians in 1648. The church of St. Andrew (restored) has ancient bells, glass, and carved work, a brass of Richard Newport (1451), and many other monuments. One m. W. of the castle is the site of a "camp" on Berrier Hill, and ½ m. N. of the castle is an earthwork. Greystoke Mill Farm (cottages) was built 1624. Two m. E. is Berrier station (C.K.P.R.). *Inns:* Boot and Shoe, Cricketers' Arms.

Grinsdale, C.—A village on the Eden, 2½ m. N.W. of Carlisle, with church of St. Kentigern. At the S.W. end of the village the Roman Wall may be traced close to the river, which served as its N. fosse.

Grisedale, C.—A wide valley above Braithwaite under Grisedale Pike (2593 ft.).

Grisedale, W.—A valley W. of Patterdale, running up between the ridges of Hellvaggon Pike and those of the Fairfield group, to Grisedale Tarn.

GRIZEDALE, L.—A valley between Satterthwaite and Hawkshead.

GUMMER'S HOW, L.—A mountain (1054 ft.) forming the highest point of Cartmel Fell, S.E. of Windermere; climbed from the pass (700 ft.) on the road between Newby Bridge Hotel and Strawberry Bank Inn, or by a path ¼ m. N. of Town Head on the E. of the lake opposite Lakeside Station.

GUNNERKELD, W.—A hamlet 2 m. N. of Shap Station, L.N.W.R., near which are two concentric stone circles, the larger 100 ft. diameter; many cairns in the neighbourhood.

GUTTERBY, C. On the coast near Bootle; once famous for a Spa, and for a megalithic circle, now destroyed.

HACKTHORPE, W.—A village 1½ m. S.E. of Clifton Station, L.N.W.R. Old hall of the Stricklands. Bronze age circle and barrow, opened 1866; ancient homesteads to N. of it.

HAILE, C.—A village 2 m. N.W. of Beckermet; picturesque church with ancient monuments (one built into the S. wall, another in the vestry, others in the churchyard).

HALLIN FELL, W.—An isolated mountain (1271 ft.) between Howtown and Sandwick, on Ullswater.

HARDKNOTT, C.—A mountain (1803 ft.) E. of Upper Eskdale, to the S. of which is the pass (1250 ft.) by a rather rough carriage-road from Eskdale to Cockley Beck (which see). On the Eskdale side, N. of the road, is the Roman camp, bath, and temple, and parade ground (p. 86).

HARRINGTON, C.—A seaport with station, L.N.W.R., between Whitehaven and Workington (p. 104). The ancient Haverington, now High Harrington, 1 m. inland, was the seat of an old family of that name, and a baronage which died out in the person of the Duke of Suffolk (father of Lady Jane Grey), beheaded by Queen Mary.

HARRISON STICKLE, W.—The higher of the Langdale Pikes (2401 ft.).

HARROP TARN, C.—A lakelet from which flows Dob Gill, entering Thirlmere at the City of Wythburn.

HARTER FELL, C.—A rocky mountain (2140 ft.) S. of Hardknott Pass, easily ascended from the moor N.W. of Grass Gars, above the stepping stones on the Duddon, or from Hardknott Pass. Remarkable blocks of volcanic ash and lava; fine view of the Scafell group.

HARTLEY, W.—A village ½ m. N.N.E. of Kirkby Stephen; site of Hartley Castle, once seat of the Musgraves and earlier of Sir Andrew de Harcla (Hartley), Earl of Carlisle, who defended Carlisle against the Scots, but was hung, drawn, and quartered by Edward II. in 1323.

HARTSOP, W.—A manor S.W. of Brothers-water in Patterdale. The Hall, 15th century, was the manor-house of the Lancasters, at the mouth of Dovedale. *Inn:* Brothers-water.

HAVERTHWAITE, L.—A village on the Leven; station on the Windermere branch, F.R. Backbarrow is ½ m. up the river. Bigland Hall is the ancient seat of the Biglands. *Inn:* Lowwood.

HAWESWATER, L.—A small but deep tarn near Silverdale.

HAWES-WATER, W.—A lake 2½ m. long, ⅓ m. broad, 694 ft. above sea; 103 ft. deep in the middle basin and over 75 in the upper basin, off Guerness; the lower basin, nearly cut off from the larger reach of the lake by the delta of Measand Beck, is 50 ft. deep. To S.E. are the hanging woods of Naddle forest; opposite is a range of craggy mountains with the gill and force of Measand Beck breaking the line. At the foot are the Giants' Graves (which see) and Thornthwaite Hall: at the head is Mardale (which see). *Inn:* Dun Bull at Mardale: lodgings and refreshments at Measand.

HAWKSHEAD, L.—A small town with market charter, 1608; then and until the 19th century a centre of the rural woollen industry. The church on a hill above the town has great nave-columns and round arches, but is not earlier than the 15th century: it contains Elizabethan effigies of Wm. Sandys of Graythwaite and his wife. The grammar school below the church was founded by Abp. Sandys, 1585; new scheme 1891: tablet to him, sun-dial. Wordsworth's name cut by him as a schoolboy there (1778–1783) in the schoolroom. His lodging, Ann Tyson's, was in the cottage to right beyond the archway opposite the Red Lion. The yew-tree pointed out as his is not the real one he mentions, which was cut down. Flag Street, formerly with an open beck running through it, is now covered in. At the Institute is a library, and refreshments can be had. *Inns:* Red Lion, Sun.

Hawkshead Hall, ½ m. N.W., was the mediæval manor-house of Furness Abbey; a 15th-century traceried window is to be seen in what was the gatehouse.

At Colthouse is an old Quakers' meeting and graveyard, dating from about 1698. At Hawkshead Hill, 1½ m. W.N.W. on the road to Coniston, is a Baptist chapel built 1678, restored. Hence the road to right leads to the Monk Coniston Tarns; to left over High Cross to Coniston. See also Esthwaite, and for further details on the neighbourhood, see "Hawkshead; Its History, &c.," by H. S. Cowper, F.S.A. (Bemrose, 1899).

HAYES-WATER, W.—A tarn (1383 ft. above sea) in a deep cove under High Street, at the head of a valley running E. from Brothers-water.

Hayton, C.—A village 1 m. N. of Howmill Station, N.E.R. The castle hill is an ancient fort of doubtful date. Edmond Castle is the modern seat of the Grahams. Near Howmill Station is the How, supposed by some to be a tumulus.

Also a village 3 m. N. of Bullgill Station, M.C.R.; the castle is said to have stood a siege by the Parliamentarians in the Civil Wars, and was rebuilt after the Restoration by the Musgraves; now a farm.

Hellgill, W.—See p. 44.

Helm Crag, W.—See Grasmere.

Helsington, W.—A chapelry 3 m. S.W. of Kendal.

Helvellyn, C. and W.—See p. 174.

Hensingham, C.—A village 1 m. S.E. of Whitehaven.

Herdhouse, C.—Corruptly Herdus, the rocky end of Great Borne (2019 ft.) on the N. side of Ennerdale Water.

Hesket-in-the-Forest, C.—*I.e.* in Inglewood; a parish between Southwaite Station (L.N.W.R.) and Armathwaite (M.R.). Between High and Low Hesket, E. of the Cross Keys, in a tumulus opened 1822, was found the interesting hoard of Danish or Viking arms with interlaced ornament, now in Tullie House. The site of Tarn Wadling and Castle Ewain (which see) is 1 m. E. of High Hesket.

Hesket Newmarket, C.—A small, decayed market-town, 1½ m. S.E. of Caldbeck. Hesket Hall, with circular roof and twelve angles serving as sun-dial, was built by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, first baronet; Bp. Nicholson in 1685 mentions "Sir W. L.'s *whim* at Heskett." Haltcliff Hall, 2 m. S.E. of the town, was the home of the Bewleys from Richard II. to Charles I., when the heiress brought it to the Lawsons.

Hesk Fell, C.—Or Hest (*i.e.* Horse) Fell (1566 ft.), rises between Ulpha and Devoke-water.

Hethersgill, C.—A village 6 m. N.W. of Brampton.

Heversham, W.—A village with station on the Kendal and Grange railway. Norman church (restored) with Anglian cross-shaft (p. 12). Old hall with massive Elizabethan table. Grammar school founded 1613; new scheme, 1875. *Inn:* Eagle and Child.

High Stile, C.—A summit (2643 ft.) in the craggy ridge S. of Buttermere.

High Street, W.—The Roman road from Brougham camp to Troutbeck, and especially the highest point in its course (2633 ft.) between Blea-water and Hawes-water, from which the road descends along the breast of Froswick by the "Scots' Rake."

Hindscarth, C.—The part of Buttermere Fell opposite Honister Crag.

HIGHHEAD, C.—A castle on the ravine of the Ive (Ivegill), seat of the Richmonds, 16th and 17th centuries.

HINCASTER, W.—A hamlet 5 m. S. of Kendal; in Domesday, Hennecastre, and supposed to signify "old camp." The mounds, however, are natural.

HOFF, W.—A village 2½ m. S.W. of Appleby. There was anciently a chapel at Hoff. Barwise Hall was held till about 1350 by the Barwises, later by the Roos family. At Douglas Ing near Hoff Bridge was a battle with the Scots in the time of Richard II. Hoff Lund is supposed to mean "temple grove," but no remains of a Scandinavian temple have been found.

HOLME, C. — The name, meaning "ground surrounded by water," is given to the N.W. part of Cumberland between Morecambe and the sea. The Holme is now divided into Holme Cultram, Holme St. Cuthbert's, and Holme St. Paul's.

For Holme Cultram, see p. 122, and Abbey Town.

Holme St. Cuthbert's is a parish W. of Holme Cultram, including Old Mawbray (anciently Mawbergh), 2 m. N. of Allonby, with Roman camp (inscribed stones found) and road; stone implements have also been discovered here:—New Mawbray, Edderside, Cowper, Pelutho (formerly Pallat-how) near a tarn; and Beckfoot, near which is the site of Wolsty Castle (which see).

Holme St. Paul's or Holme Low includes Silloth and Skinburness (which see); also Calvo, Seaville, and Blitterlees. The sea-dyke, 1¾ m. long, was made under Elizabeth to protect the land from high tides.

HOLME EDEN, C.—A parish near Carlisle.

HOLMROOK, C.—A village 1½ m. E. of Drigg Station (F.R.) on the coast. The Hall is famous for its garden and rare trees. *Hotel:* Lutwidge Arms.

HOLME, W.—A village between Burton and Milnthorpe. *Inn.*

HONISTER CRAG, C.—See Buttermere.

HORNBY HALL, W.—An Elizabethan manor-house at the ford over Eamont, ½ m. W. of Ninekirk. Turret gateway, heraldic carvings in stone and oak of the Birkbecks, 16th century, and Dalstons, 17th century. Fine hall, and drawing-room with heraldic glass, moulded ceiling, and great fireplace. Chapel at the top of the tower.

HOUGHTON, C.—A parish near Carlisle.

HOWGILL CASTLE, W.—½ m. E. of Milburn, has two towers with walls 10 ft. thick, perhaps late 14th century, built by the Lancasters who then held it. The buildings between are the 17th-century house of the Sandfords.

Howtown, W.—A village at the mouth of Fusedale, between Hallin Fell and Swarth Fell on Ullswater. *Hotel:* Howtown.

Hugill, W.—A parish between Windermere and Kentmere, also called Ings. The High House is a fine old yeoman's residence with walls 9 feet thick in some places, round chimneys, and stained glass dated 1562; said to have been the home of Richard Braithwaite, second son of Sir Thomas of Burneside, an Elizabethan writer, author of "Drunken Barnabee's Journal," &c. From this ½ m. N.N.W. is a "British settlement" (north of Borrans farm), *i.e.* a ring embankment containing hut-circles.

Hutton-in-the-Forest, C.—A manor in Inglewood, where the family of Hutton were foresters until the time of James I., when they sold their estate to Sir Richard Fletcher, whose great-grandson, Sir Henry, became a monk at Douay, and the Hall went to his relatives the Vanes, who still hold it. The church, built 1714 on the site of an early chapel, contains monuments of the local families, and in the wall an interlaced pre-Norman fragment. One m. N.N.W. is the site of Collinson Castle, a square rampart of about 100 yards. At Elfa Hills, trenches, bones, and urns have been found. *Inn* at Plumpton.

Hutton John, C.—A manor held from the 14th century by the Huttons, passing in the time of Queen Elizabeth by marriage to the Hudlestons, one of whom, John, was the Roman Catholic priest who followed Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, and became the king's private confessor. Another, Andrew, together with Sir John Lowther, in October 1688 began hostilities against James II. by capturing a royal ship at Workington, and handing it over to the Prince of Orange. The manor was bought, 1787, by the Duke of Norfolk. The hall has been built at various periods round a pele tower. Hutton Roof and Hutton Soil are neighbouring townships.

Hutton Roof, W.—A parish 2½ m. W. of Kirkby Lonsdale, Hotune in Domesday; Roof for Ralph, an early owner. *Inns.*

Hutton, W.—Hoton in Domesday, is a scattered district E. of Kendal, in hilly country, including the chapelry of Old Hutton, the parish of New Hutton, and Hutton-in-the-Hay (*haie*, enclosure). Large sheets of water at Lily mere and the reservoir.

Ilekirk, C.—Incorrectly written Islekirk, originally Hildekirk, a hermitage of St. Hilda in Westward (see Inglewood), tenanted by Roger the hermit; granted by King John to

Holme Cultram Abbey. Abbot Adam of Kendal went into retreat there in 1223 with a monk Radulfus, and after unsuccessfully trying to win the bishopric of Carlisle saw a strange dream of heaven and hell in the likeness of an abbey and a prison, and thereafter went mad. In that condition he was kept at Holme Cultram until his death. The story is given at length from Fordun in the Rev. G. E. Gilbanks' "Some Records of a Cistercian Abbey" (W. Scott, 1899).

Ill Bell, W.—A summit (2476 ft.) between Troutbeck and the Kentmere reservoir (pp. 25, 36).

Illgill Head, C.—Highest point of the Wastwater Screes (1978 ft.).

Inglewood, C.—The district between the Eden and Shawkbeck, Greystoke, and Eamont. Inglewood proper does not include Westward, the forest land to west of it, said by Nicolson and Burn, the county historians, to have been incorporated with it under Henry II. The name is supposed to be derived from settlements of Angles, but by the time of William Rufus it was uncultivated and thenceforward was a royal forest, "full of wood, red deer and fallow, wild swine, and all manner of wild beasts." It was twice or thrice granted to feudal holders but went back to the crown, and was used as part of the dower of the Queens of England. William III. granted it to Bentinck, Earl of Portland, and in the 18th century it was part of the subject of a long legal struggle between the Duke of Portland and the Lowthers. In 1787 the manorial rights were sold to the Duke of Devonshire (Ferguson's "History of Cumberland," chap. xii.). While it was a royal forest it was the resort of outlaws (p. 133), and the scene of frequent Scottish raids upon the villages within it; forts and earthworks like those at Castlehill (Castle Sowerby) and Knights' Hill (Southernby), are said to have been retreats during invasion.

Ings, W.—A hamlet 2 m. E. of Windermere Station. The church, with marble floor, was the gift, about 1740, of Richard Bateman, the Dick Whittington of Ings, who made a fortune in London with foreign trade (see Wordsworth's "Michael").

Ireby, C.—A decayed little town 7 m. S. of Wigton. It had a market in 1237, and was an important corn-market in the 17th century. Market cross (restored). Old church 1 m. W., with mediæval monuments. High Ireby and Ruthwaite are villages in the parish. Old writers mention a Roman camp here, probably meaning Old Carlisle. *Inn:* Black Lion.

Ireleth, L.—A village ½ m. E. of Askam-in-Furness, anciently

Yerlythe—lyth meaning the long fellside reaching to Kirkby-in-Ireleth. *Inn.*

Irthing, C.—A river rising in the moors N.E. of Bewcastle; running through a beautiful valley, past Gilsland and Lanercost, and joining the Eden at Warwick.

Irthington, C.—A parish on the Irthing, W. of Brampton. Norman church of St. Kentigern, to S.E. of which is a mote-hill; another at Irthington Mill, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N.E.

Irton, C.—A parish on the Irt, a river flowing from Wastwater to Ravenglass. In the churchyard is a fine Anglian cross 10 ft. high, probably of the 8th or 9th century. The Hall is a mansion built round a pele. At Santon Bridge, on the Irt, is an inn. Near Irton Road Station is the Bowerhouse Inn.

Isel, C.—A parish on the Derwent, with church ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. of Cockermouth), which has Norman door with rude dial; three others on the S. window of the chancel. In the porch and inside the church are some curious pre-Norman fragments of sculpture. Isel Hall and Hewthwaite Hall (see p. 118).

Ivegill, C.—A parish E. of Rose Castle (see Highhead).

Johnby, C.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.N.W. of Greystoke. The Hall was built by William Musgrave about 1584, a late pele; S.W. wing added 1637; outbuildings later. Quaint inscription over the doorway.

Kaber, W.—A village 3 m. N.E. of Kirkby Stephen, anciently Kabergh, sometimes Caber. For the Kaber-rigg or Kipperrigg Plot, see p. 193.

Kendal, W.—A manufacturing town on the river Kent; Cherchebi in Domesday, and later, Kirkby-in-Kendale; a market-town under Richard I.; incorporated 1575, represented in Parliament 1832; with old-established woollen, leather, and tobacco trade. The old parish church, rebuilt 13th century, and remodelled in the 16th, contains many interesting monuments (see p. 20). The castle, built in the 13th century, was the birthplace of Catherine Parr, queen of Henry VIII. (see p. 18). At Watercrook, 1 m. S., is the site of a Roman camp (p. 21). The Grammar School, founded 1525, was reorganised 1886. The Museum, in Stricklandgate, contains local relics and natural history. For local literature see p. 19. The *Westmorland Gazette*, once edited by De Quincey, and the *Kendal Mercury and Times*, are old-established newspapers. *Chief Hotels:* King's Arms, Grosvenor Temperance, Commercial, Station and County, Dolphin Temperance.

KENTMERE, W.—A valley running N. from Staveley station (L.N.W.R.), formerly containing a lake, now drained. Above Millrigg, 3 m. up the valley, are remains of a "British settlement." The old church, 4 m. from Staveley, finely placed on a hill, and surrounded by mountains, contains a memorial to Bernard Gilpin, the Apostle of the North, born 1517 at the Hall close by, which has a ruined pele of the 15th century. Thence a path goes over Garburn, which see. Three m. up the valley, under Ill Bell (2476 ft.), is Kentmere reservoir, an artificial lake finely surrounded with crags, from which a steep path leads over Nan Bield Pass (2100 ft.) to Mardale. The inn, near the church, was closed in consequence of the famous licensing case, Sharp *v.* Wakefield, but refreshments can be had at a farm close by. The River Kent, rising in the head of this valley, passes Staveley, receives the Sprint from Long Sleddale at Burneside, and the Mint at Kendal, then turns south, and after a rapid and fall in Levens Park, passing under Levens Bridge, widens into a sandy estuary, which meets Morecambe Bay at Arnside.

KENTS BANK, L.—A village on Morecambe Bay, station F.R. (p. 57). *Hotel:* Kents Bank.

KEPPELCOVE, W.—A combe, N. of Catstycam with a tarn.

KESCADALE, C.—See Cascadale.

KESWICK, C.—An ancient market town and centre of woollen, mining, and pencil-making industries; now a great tourist resort; station on the C.K.P.R., coaches to Grasmere, Ambleside, and Windermere, also to Borrowdale and Buttermere. For history of the neighbourhood, see p. 150, and for description, see Bassenthwaite, Derwentwater, Skiddaw, &c. In Keswick the chief points are:—On leaving the station, Fitz Park on the Greta; the museum, with Flintoft's model of the Lake district, local antiquities, and natural history, to right, in the station road (6d.). On entering the town, to left, on the Ambleside Road is Pettitt's Gallery, the Keswick Library, and St. John's Church, built 1839; on the Lake Road, Mayson's and Abraham's models, boat-landings and Friar's Crag (p. 149); to right, before reaching the boat-landings, is a path to the bathing-place. In the town, market-place and old town hall (ancient bell, p. 161), pencil manufactories. Farther along the main street (N.W.) on the right seen from bridge is Greta Hall, the house of Coleridge and Southey, and to the left the Keswick School of Industrial Art, beyond which, on same side, is the Ruskin Linen Industry. Half a mile farther is Crosthwaite (the old parish) church, supposed to be on the spot where St. Kentigern (d. about 603) set up a cross; the Norman

church is replaced by a 14th-century building, enlarged about 1554, restored 1845. The E. window is modern; "consecration crosses" on the left hand of several windows, outside and inside; some ancient glass with figure of St. Anthony. Font, late 14th century, with inscriptions, read by Sir A. W. Franks as referring to the Shields (*Scuta*), with emblems of the Trinity, the Mother of God, the King of England, and the Lord Christ; also "Pray for the soul of Sir Thomas d'Eskhede, late vicar of this church" (d. 1390). Brass of Sir John Ratcliff and his wife, Alice Sutton of Dudley, 1527; the lady lived twenty-seven years after this date, and left money for the enlargement of the church. Effigies of a 15th-century civilian and lady, unknown, each holding a heart. Southey's monument, with inscription by Wordsworth. In the churchyard, N.W. of the tower, is Southey's grave; also graves of Jonathan Otley, geologist and guide-book writer, and Bishop Harvey Goodwin. North of Keswick, under Skiddaw, are Ormathwaite, once the home of Dr. Browrigg, F.R.S., the chemist (p. 104). Applethwaite (which see) and Millbeck Hall, a 15th-century pele, with 16th century additions.

East of Keswick 2 m. is the so-called Druid Circle, a ring of 38 stones, the largest over 7 feet high, with a "chapel" on the E. side; partial excavations have not revealed any interments. The circle is sometimes called the Carles—compare "Carl" Lofts, Shap. It is the next greatest in Cumberland after Long Meg. The Keswick School is an old foundation, reconstituted, 1897, for girls and boys. *Chief Hotels:* Keswick (at the station), Royal Oak, Queen's, George, King's Arms, Lake, Station, several Temperance; and at Portinscale (1½ m. from the station), Derwent Water. See also Borrowdale.

Kidsty Pike, W.—A summit (2560 ft.) N. of High Street (p. 36).

Killington, W.—A chapelry S.E. of Kendal on the W. bank of the Lune.

Kirkandrews-on-Eden, C.—A village near the mouth of the Eden, of which the parish church was ruined before 1703; the churchyard is on the site of a Roman mile-castle on the Wall. At Kirksteads (1 m. S.) Roman remains have been found.

Kirkandrews-on-Esk, C.—A Border parish on the Esk and Liddel. The church, near Scots Dyke Station, was rebuilt 1776; near it is a pele.

Kirkbampton, C.—A village 2 m. S.W. of Burgh. Norman church with rude tympanum over the door, and capitals to chancel-arch: Roman inscribed stone built into S. side of chancel;

cross-broaching on stones in the wall. Mediæval grave slab in the churchyard. Village inn.

Foldsteads, 1 m. S. of the village, is a "camp," where Roman stones have been found; but is probably post-Roman, and erected as a safeguard during Scottish raids.

Oughterby and Little Bampton are villages in the parish.

KIRKBRIDE, C.—A village at the mouth of the Wampool with station on the Silloth branch N.B.R. British, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon remains have been found on the site of the church of St. Bridget, whence the name "Kirk-brydoch," *i.e.* the Irish form "little, dear Bridget." *Inn:* Ship.

KIRKBY-IRELETH, L.—A scattered village with station on F.R., ½ m. from which over the hill is the church, with Norman door, ancient font, and curious effigy. *Inn:* Punch Bowl.

The Kirk, 1 m. up Brooms Gill, is a ring embankment at which games used to be held at Easter (compare Arthur's Round Table), and ⅓ m. N. is a tumulus in which an interment was found.

Cross House, or Kirkby Hall, is the early 16th-century manor-house of the Kirkbys, with wall paintings in the loft, formerly a chapel. Ashlack Hall, 1 m. N. of the church, is a 17th-century house. At Grizebeck is a ring-embankment. Great slate quarries in the hillside above.

KIRKBY LONSDALE, W.—"The church-farm or town in the dale of Lune" (pronounced Kirby) received a charter for market and fair 1227. A bridge existed before 1275, but the date of the present bridge, which local tradition ascribes to the devil, is unknown. Near the vicarage is a mote-hill. The fine church (restored) has three Norman arches in the nave; the rest of the nave and chancel is early 13th century. The Middleton Chapel was founded 1486, and contains a contemporary effigy. The church was restored, 1619; tower rebuilt, 1704; new roof, 1806. Abbot's Hall and Dean's Biggin are said to have belonged to St. Mary's, York. Grammar School founded 1591, and reconstructed 1882. The railway station on Ingleton branch, L.N.W.R., is 1½ m. from the town. *Hotels:* Royal Oak and Temperance.

Underley Hall, 1 m. N. of the town, is seat of Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck.

From Overburrow (see Casterton) a Roman road is said to have led N.W. to Watercrook Camp past Biggins; where the footpath representing it meets Gallowber Lane, which leads from Kirkby Lonsdale to Hutton Roof, is a supposed British settlement.

KIRKBY STEPHEN, W.—The pre-Norman church-town of some owner Stephen; received a market charter 1351–2, used to

be the centre of the stocking industry. The N.E.R. Station is 1 m. S. of the church; the M.R. station is a mile farther S. The church of St. Stephen was built 1220–30 on the site of a Norman church, and this on the site of a previous church, as shown by the "Bound Devil" (near the font), a 10th or 11th century fragment of a grave-cross, and other early fragments in the Musgrave Chapel. Most of the church was rebuilt, 14th to 16th century, and greatly restored in the 19th. The Musgrave chapel S. of the choir contains (besides early fragments) the tomb of Sir Richard Musgrave and family, about 1470, and effigy perhaps of an earlier namesake about 1420–30, who is said to have killed the last wild boar (p. 194). In the Wharton Chapel on the other side of the choir are effigies of Lord Wharton (d. 1568) and his wives. *Hotels:* Black Bull, King's Arms, Smith's Temperance.

KIRKBY THORE, W.—A village with station on the Eden Valley branch (N.E.R.). The church, restored 1851, has a mediæval bell. The Rev. T. Machel, antiquary, was rector, 1677-98. South of the church at Burwens a Roman camp on the "Second Iter" has yielded many remains. Hall of the Whartons, 16th century. *Hotel:* Bridge End.

KIRKCAMBECK, C.—A decayed market-town, charter 1251, of which the church was ruined by the Scots in the time of Edward II., now restored: 6 m. N. of Brampton.

KIRKFELL, C.—The W. buttress of Great Gable, overlooking Wastdale-head and Black Sail.

KIRKLAND, C.—A village on the W. slope of Crossfell, past which the Maiden Way runs over the Pennines to Alston. Church of St. Lawrence rebuilt 1768; 13th century effigy, said to be of a Le Fleming; piscina and churchyard cross; mediæval bell. The so-called "Hanging Walls of Mark (or St.) Anthony," otherwise Barons or Borrans Hill, ¼ m. S.E. of the church; a series of cultivation terraces, the name of St. Anthony suggesting a hermitage. The "Camp," marked in the Ordnance map ½ m. N. of the church, is an oval terrace, about 100 by 70 yards, cut from the face of a hill.

KIRKLINTON, C.—A parish 4 m. S.E. of Longtown, anciently the kirk of the barony of Levington. Ruins of a castle of the Boyvills. Church, built 1845, contains ancient piscina and Roman stones.

KIRKOSWALD, C.—A decayed market-town, charter 1201, 1½ m. from Lazonby Station (M.R.). Church of St. Oswald with Norman nave; effigy of a lady, 14th century; alabaster tablet of the Bertram family with figures and inscription early 17th century, and other monuments. Mediæval grave-

slabs in the churchyard, and early cross-head, &c., built into the wall behind the W. end of the church. The bell tower on the hill above was built time of Henry VIII., rebuilt 1893; one of the bells dates 1619, the other two 1729. The College, to left of the road opposite church gate, was, before the dissolution, the residence of a collegiate body attached to the church; subsequently the seat of the Dacres and since of the Featherstonhaughs. Ruins of the castle are S.E. of the town, on a site occupied by the Engaynes and Morvilles in the 12th and 13th centuries; but the earliest part of the existing buildings is the work of the Multons under Edward II., enlarged and moated by Thomas, Lord Dacre, in 1500 (see p. 142). The castle was dismantled 1604–24 and soon became a ruin. Two towers on the S. and the staircase tower on the N. remain, with foundations of the great hall which Sandford described as 100 feet long, with portraits of all the kings of England. Many of the contents were taken to Naworth, where they perished in the fire of 1844; some of the glass went to Corby Castle and to Wetheral church; some furniture went to Lowther.

At Old Parks (1½ m. S.E.) a bronze-age tumulus was found in 1892–4 to contain an urn, two incense cups (one with cannel beads), thirty-two interments, and flagstones with incised spirals and other patterns. The Beacon hill above was site of a beacon. *Kirkoswald Inn:* Fetherston Arms.

Kirksanton, C.—A village near Silecroft Station (F.R.) in the township of Chapel Sucken. The name is popularly connected with a belief that a church is "sunken" in a little peaty tarn, now drained; similar beliefs exist about Old Brampton, Urswick, Semerwater (Yorks), &c. The name in Domesday appears to have been Santacherche; perhaps Kirk of St. Sanctan, as in the Isle of Man. At the farm of Standing Stones is the Giant's Grave, two stones, 15 ft. apart, 8 and 10 ft. high, with a cup-marking on the larger. See also *Lacra*. At Silecroft, Royal Albert Hotel.

Kirkstone Pass, W.—The road from Ambleside, joining that from Windermere Station by Troutbeck, rising to 1476 ft. above sea at the Travellers' Rest Inn, third highest inn in England (3 m. from Ambleside, 7 from Windermere), and to 1481 ft. at the summit of the pass; beyond which is the rock called the Kirkstone, appearing more like a church from the N. side. Two m. down the pass is Brothers Water Hotel, with Hartsop Hall and Dovedale to W. The Tarn of Brothers Water lies beyond the Inn; the valley to E. leads to Hayeswater, to W. is Deepdale. Patterdale village is 2 m. farther; Patterdale Hotel, and Temperance.

KNOCKMURTON, C.—A hill (1476 ft.) S.E. of Murton in Lamplugh, N. of Ennerdale water-foot.

KNOCK'S CROSS, C.—An ancient cross ("As old as Knock's Cross," proverb), now gone, on a mound between Glasson and Bowness-on-Solway.

KNOCK, W.—Anciently Knock Salcock ; a village 2 m. N.N.E. of Long Marton, under Knock Pike.

LACRA, C.—A farm on the hill between Millom and Silecroft, sometimes written Lowcrow, with prehistoric remains—the Old Kirk, a heap of ruins from which the megaliths are gone, an ancient dyke and terraces, and two stone circles. The Giant's Grave is ½ m. W. See *Kirksanton*.

LAKEBANK, L.—An inn at the foot of Coniston water, with steamboat pier and coaches to Greenodd. Fine view of the lake and mountains. Beacon Fell (835 ft.) and tarn to W.

LAKESIDE, WINDERMERE, L.—A village at the terminus of the Windermere and Ulverston branch, F.R., steamer pier for Bowness and Ambleside. On the hill above is Finsthwaite Tower (650 ft.), erected in memory of naval victories, 1799 ; panorama of lake and mountains. Gummer's How (1054 ft.) opposite. *Hotel:* Lakeside. Restaurant at station. See Newby Bridge.

LAMMERSIDE CASTLE, W.—A ruin 1 m. S. of Wharton Hall (which see) about which nothing is known ; it is supposed to have been a castle of the Whartons. On the hill near are cultivation terraces.

LAMONBY, C.—A village 2 m. W. of Skelton, with quarries and Elizabethan hall.

LAMPLUGH, C.—A village 2 m. E.S.E. of Wright Green Station, Cleator branch, L.N.W.R. Old hall with gateway, arms, and date, 1595 ; the pele of the Lamplughs is destroyed, as is the ancient cross. Kirkland, Murton, Winder, and Rowrah are villages in Lamplugh parish. At Gatra, ½ m. S. of Wright Green Station, is a prehistoric ring-embankment. *Inn:* Lamplugh Arms.

LANERCOST, C.—A parish with church (for the Priory church, see p. 139), 1⅜ m. N. of Naworth Station, N.E.R. *Inns:* Bridge-end (temperance), and at Banks, 1 m. N.E. of the church, Plough Inn (temperance).

LANGDALE, W.—A little valley, tributary to the upper Lune, E. of Tebay.

LANGDALES, W.—The valleys of the Brathay and its tributary, Langdale Beck ; the upper reach of the Brathay forms Little Langdale ; the Langdale Beck runs through Great Langdale. In the lower reach of the river are Clappersgate, Brathay,

and Skelwith (which see). Elterwater is at the junction of the two upper valleys.

In Great Langdale, above Elterwater (which see) and the village of the same name with powder-works and quarries, is Chapel Stile, quarries and modern church (Inn) at the narrow gate of the valley, where the mountain sides begin to rise high on either hand above a flat valley floor. Two miles up-stream is Dungeon Gill new hotel; ¾ m. farther is Dungeon Gill old hotel, from each of which paths lead up the hill to Dungeon Gill Force, a fall of 60 ft. in a chasm under a natural rock-bridge on the side of the Langdale Pikes. Hence a track leads up to Stickle Tarn (1540 ft.) under the precipice of Pavey Ark, to S. of which are Harrison Stickle (2401 ft.) and Pike of Stickle (2323 ft.) with bold rocky fronts overlooking the valley. Opposite is Lingmoor, a large mountain mass (p. 45), with the sharp spur of Side Pike (1187 ft.), to W. of which a carriage road crosses from the Old Hotel to Blea Tarn and Little Langdale. The main valley splits into Mickleden and Oxendale, the former leading N. past remains of primitive dwellings and an ancient bloomery (iron-smelting place). A bridle-path to N. zigzags up to the Stake Pass (1576 ft.) and over into Langstrath and Borrowdale; to the W. a bridle-path goes up Rossett Gill to Angle Tarn (1553 ft.) under Hanging Knott, the N. end of Bow Fell (which see), and by Esk Hause to Scafell Pikes and Styhead (which see). Oxendale is a deep valley under Bowfell and the Crinkle Crags with Hell Gill (waterfall) to right, Crinkle Gill in front, and Brownie Gill to left, leading up to Red Tarn between Pike of Blisco (2304 ft.) and Cold Pike (2250 ft.) over Wrynose.

Little Langdale begins at Colwith, 4 m. from Ambleside; waterfall (60 ft.); 1¼ m. farther up the valley is the church (2 inns); to left at the foot of the Tarn is Slater's Bridge, a specimen of the ancient bridges of the pack-horse roads. Hence a cart-road leads by the S. side of the Tarn (340 ft. above sea, about ¼ m. long) to rejoin the main road N. of the valley at Fell Foot (p. 45). Here three roads meet: to N. by Blea Tarn pass to Dungeon Gill; to S. by Tilberthwaite a rough cart-road leads to Coniston; and to W. the ascent commences towards Wrynose Pass, where the three Lake counties meet at the Three Shires Stone (1270 ft.) and to Cockley Beck, 4½ m., by a rough carriage-road from Fell foot. S. from the top of Wrynose Pass an easy though rugged climb can be taken up Wetside Edge to the grassy ridge of the Carrs (2525 ft.) and Coniston Old Man; N.

from Wrynose by the Red Tarn is the Pike of Blisco (2304 ft.), a good point for view of Crinkle Crags, Bowfell and the Pikes, and keeping up the ridge to left the Crinkle crags and Bowfell can be ascended. *Inns:* Tourist's Rest, Birch House.

LANGSTRATH, C.—The wild valley entered 1 m. S.E. of Stonethwaite-in-Borrowdale, and going up between Glaramara and the *massif* of Langdale Pikes to Angle Tarn. Bridle-paths on both sides, and foot-bridges for about half the distance, where the path to the Stake Pass branches off to S. No house between Stonethwaite and Dungeon Gill, 7 m., or about 3 hours.

LANGWATHBY, C.—A village with station, M.R., anciently Lang-Waltheof's-by, often called Langanby. The church, rebuilt 1718 and since restored, has some earlier work in the tower, old muniment chests, and early 16th-century bell. Fine old bridge over Eden. *Inn:* Yeo's Temperance.

LANTHWAITE, C.—A hamlet at the foot of Crummock Water. The "Station" on Lanthwaite Hill (674 ft.), which rises in the middle of the valley ($\frac{1}{4}$ m. S.E. of Scale Hill hotel), is a favourite point of view.

LATRIGG, C.—The southern buttress of the Skiddaw group; from its summit (1203 ft.) approached by the Skiddaw path. N. of the railway station is a fine view of Derwentwater.

LAUNCHY GILL, C.—On Deergarth Gill, a rocky gully between Bull Crag and Fisher Crag, S.W. side of Thirlmere, with fine waterfalls. The Cop Stone is on the S. side, about half-way up (see p. 170).

LAZONBY, C.—A village on the Eden, with station M.R. Church of St. Nicholas, restored; churchyard cross. On the fell, 3 m. N.W. at Castlerigg, is the site of a moated ruin, 1 m. S. of which are two earthworks. Leysing, who gave the name to the place, lived about 1116. *Inn:* Victoria Temperance.

LEATH WARD, C.—The district on the Lyth (p. 14) or long slope of the Pennines.

LEGBERTHWAITE, C.—A scattered village in the valley of Helvellyn Gill, N.E. of Thirlmere. *Inn:* King's Head.

LEITH, W.—A river flowing N. from Shap, turning E. at Melkinthorpe, and joining the Eden at Temple Sowerby.

LEVEN, L.—The river draining Windermere (p. 31). Beck Leven is the name of a stream S. of Brantwood, running into Coniston Lake.

LEVENS HALL, W.—See p. 16. Nether Levens is also an old hall with pointed arches, and the grave-slab of a bishop.

LEVERS-WATER, L. A tarn (1350 ft. above sea) under rugged crags in the Coniston fells above the copper mines.

LIDDEL STRENGTH, C.—Or the Moat; earthworks of a Norman

castle (p. 147) near High Moat farm, 1½ m. S.W. of Riddings station, N.B.R.

LINGMELL, C.—A mountain (2649 ft.) forming the N.W. buttress of the Scafell group with Lingmell Gill to the S., Piers Gill to the E., and Lingmell Beck to the N. Good point of view for the cliffs of Scafell.

LINGMOOR, W.—A mountain (1500 ft.) between Great and Little Langdale (p. 45).

LINDALE, L.—In Cartmel, a village 2 m. N. of Grange-over-Sands. Castlehead (p. 57) is ½ m. S.E. At Buck Crag, Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, was born 1703.

LINDAL-IN-FURNESS, L.—A mining village between Ulverston and Dalton, with station F.R. Urswick Stone Walls (which see) are 1½ m. S.E. of the station, which is the nearest point for the Urswick group of antiquities.

LINE, C.—A river rising N. of Bewcastle and passing Kirklinton to join the Esk near its mouth.

LINSTOCK, C.—A village 2½ m. N.E. of Carlisle. The castle, of which tower and moat remain, was an ancient seat of the bishops of Carlisle; Edward I. stayed here in 1307.

Drawdykes Castle, on the Roman vallum, was rebuilt by the Aglionbys in the 17th century.

LIZA, C.—A river running from the Great Gable into Ennerdale Water (pron. Leeza) with remarkable glacial moraines in the upper part of its valley, where it is crossed by Black Sail and Scarth Gap path.

LODORE FALL, C.—A waterfall S.E. of Derwentwater, formed by the beck from Watendlath Tarn, falling beneath Gowder and Shepherd's Crags in broken cascades for about 100 ft. The name was formerly Lowdore or Low-door, "door" meaning a gap or cleft; but seems to be fixed as Lodore by Southey's celebrated poem. *Hotels:* Lodore, Derwentwater.

LONG MARTON, W.—A village with station, M.R. Norman church with curious tympana (p. 190). *Inn:* Masons' Arms.

LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, C.—The greatest standing stone and circle in the Lake counties, 1 m. N.E. of Little Salkeld Station (turn to left opposite the inn above the village). The 65 "daughters" are set in an ellipse formed of two semicircles with 300 ft. span, having their centres 60 ft. apart on a common axis 360 ft. in length, E. & W. Long Meg stands apart to the S.W., 12 ft. high; on the side toward the circle are concentric circles and other figures rudely incised. Near it there are remains of a prehistoric fort called Foul-pele. See also Maughanby.

LONG SLEDDALE, W.—The valley of the Sprint which joins the Kent at Burneside, from which Garnett Bridge, at the gate

of the valley, is 3 m. N., and 3½ m. beyond is the church, built 1712. Skeggles water is a tarn on the moor 1¼ m. E. of the church. From the church 2 m. N. is Sadgill, the highest farm; hence a track leads in 2½ m. W. to Kentmere, and a rough path in 2 m. N. to Gatescarth (1950 ft.), the pass into Mardale (about 2 hours from Sadgill). Fine crag scenery on the N. side of the pass. Under Whiteside Pike, about ½ m. N. of Murthwaite (1¼ m. above Garnett Bridge) there is said to be a "British settlement."

Longtown, C.—A market town which sprang up in the 18th century, with some modern manufactories. Good centre for visiting Arthuret, Liddel Strength, &c., and Sollom or Solway Moss, where the Scots were defeated 1543. *Inn:* Globe.

Lorton, C.—A chapelry in the valley of the Cocker; church of St. Cuthbert, 4 m. S.E. of Cockermouth: famous old yew mentioned by Wordsworth. Hence the fine pass of Whinlatter leads to Keswick, 9 m., and road S. to Scale Hill, 3 m., Lowes-water and Crummock. *Inn:* Lamb.

Loughrigg, W.—A mountain (1101 ft.) between Ambleside and Grasmere, "the ridge of the lough" or tarn on the Skelwith side (see Ambleside).

Lowes-water, C.—A lake 1 m. long, ⅓ m. broad, 429 ft. above sea and 60 ft. deep, with trout, pike, and perch; no boats for hire. The village of the same name is on the Park Beck which drains the lake into Crummock Water. St. Ringan's (Ninian's) Well is in Fang's Brow. *Inn* near the church.

Lowick, L.—A parish on the Crake between Greenodd and Blawith. The road W.S.W. past the church and old hall leads in 2 m. to Goathwaite farm, ½ m. E. of which is a small ring-embankment on the moor, and ¾ m. farther E.N.E. is Burney farm, beyond which are prehistoric remains mentioned under Blawith. A circle is ¼ m. N. of Knapperthaw, 1½ m. S.S.W. of Lowick church. *Inn.*

Lowther, W.—The castle, seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, 2 m. S.W. of Clifton and Lowther Station (L.N.W.R.), was built from the plans of Sir Robert Smirke, on the site of an old hall, burnt 1726. It had been held by the Lowthers (p. 102) since Henry II. Sir James Lowther was in 1784 created Earl of Lonsdale. The church of St. Michael, restored 1857, contains monuments of the Lowthers, and their mausoleum, built 1857, is in the churchyard. Near the gate is part of a pre-Norman hogback with curious figures. *Inn* at Askham.

Low Water, L.—A tarn, 1786 ft. above sea, under the crags of Coniston Old Man. Hence a tall waterfall descends to Pudding Stone Cove (p. 75).

Low Wood, W.—Hotel with steamer pier on the N.E. shore of Windermere, 3 m. from Windermere Station. A quarter m. N. is Dove Nest, a house occupied for a time by Mrs. Hemans, the poet. Behind rises Wansfell (1581 ft.), easily climbed by a path from the hotel past High Skelgill, and a road goes E. to Troutbeck (2 m.).

Lune, W. and L.—A river rising in St. Helen's Well, Newbiggin, Ravenstonedale (so it is locally said), and flowing W. to Tebay; thence S. through a deep valley past the Roman camp at Borrowbridge to Lowgill, below which is the Crook of Lune, opposite the railway viaduct; thence through a more open valley by Sedbergh to Kirkby Lonsdale; ¼ mile below the Devil's Bridge it passes into Lancashire; thence through undulating country to Lancaster and the sea. The chief tributaries of the upper reach are the Bowderdale and Langdale Becks to S.; the Raisbeck and Birkbeck (from Wasdale) to the N.; the Borrow Beck enters at Low Borrowbridge, the Rawthey and Dee (united) at Sedbergh.

Lupton, W.—Lupetun in Domesday, a village 3 m. N.W. of Kirkby Lonsdale.

Lyulph's Tower, C.—See Airey Force, Greystoke.

Maiden Castle, C. and W.—The name of several ancient forts; one on Burnmoor, one on Stainmoor, one (Caerthanoc) on Soulby Fell, N.W. of Pooley Bridge.

Maiden Hold, W.—A name of the Roman camp at Redlands, near Kirkby Thore.

Maiden Moor, C.—The name of a ridge of hills (1887 ft.) between Borrowdale and Newlands.

Maiden Way, C. and W.—The Roman road from Carvoran on the Wall past Whitley Castle (camp) near Alston, over the Pennines (2000 ft. at the pass) to Kirkland and Kirkby Thore, where it crosses the "Second Iter." Thence past Crosby Ravensworth (which see) into the Lune valley at Tebay, with Borrowbridge camp (which see), and crossing the river continuing down the E. bank to Overburrow (see Casterton). Thence it crosses the fells on the E. boundary of Lancashire to Ribchester and continues to Manchester. It is supposed to have been made at a later date than the "Second Iter" from Stainmoor to Brougham and Carlisle, on the road from Lancaster *viâ* Watercrook (Kendal), Ambleside, and Hardknott to Ravenglass. The meaning of the name "Maiden" is not agreed upon.

Mallerstang, W.—The highest part of the valley of the Eden, running S. from Kirkby Stephen, traversed by the M.R. (no station nearer than Kirkby Stephen). See Pendragon

(p. 196). The ancient church was repaired (1663) by the Countess of Pembroke, who also set up the pillar inscribed "A.P., 1664" on the hill known as Sir Hugh Morville's seat.

MANSERGH, W.—Manzserge in Domesday; 2 m. N. of Kirkby Lonsdale.

MARDALE, W.—The valley at the head of Hawes-water, running up to Blea-water (1584 ft. above sea) under High Street (2663 ft.), and to Small-water (1484 ft.) on the Nan Bield Pass. Where Riggindale, the deep valley from Kidsty Pike, joins Mardale, is the little church (p. 186); woodwork, dated 1736, churchyard consecrated 1728. Radulphus Holme said to have founded an oratory in the 14th century; Hugh Holme said to have come to Mardale 1209, and lived in Hugh's Cave under Riggindale Crag, subsequently at Chapel Hill: an ancient branch of the family lived at Riggindale, a 16th-century scion at Bowderthwaite. On the Castle Crag, N.W. of Flake How, is an ancient fort. *Inn:* Dun Bull.

MARTINDALE, W.—A chapelry, including several valleys opening on Ullswater. On the How Grain (Icelandic, *grein*, "branch") is the church, said to have been rebuilt 1633, restored about 1833. Higher up this valley forks into Bannerdale and Rampsgill, divided by the Nab (1887 ft.); lower down it joins Boardale, and issues at Sandwick, to W. of which is the little valley of Scalehow Beck; to E., on the other side of Hallin Fell (1271 ft.), is Fusedale. *Hotel:* Howtown.

MARYPORT, C.—A modern town on the coast, with station L.N.W.R. and M.C.R., owing its rise to the coal trade, for which see p. 104. The large Roman camp N. of the Ellen was first excavated 1766; in the grounds of Netherhall is a smaller Roman camp. At Netherhall, the seat of the Senhouses, are many altars, &c. At the S. end of Castle Hill is a moated mound called Pudding Pie Hill or the King's Burying-place; bones of a heifer and colt were found under a layer of turf set edgewise, but no human remains; the place may have been a pre-Norman burg. The railway was opened 1845: in 1846 a cast-iron lighthouse was built; in 1853 and onwards the new docks were made. The church of St. Mary, a chapel of ease under Crosscanonby, was built 1760; the modern church at Ellenborough, under Dearham, built about 1880. Local newspapers: *Maryport News*, *Maryport Advertiser*. *Hotels:* Golden Lion and Temperance.

MATTERDALE, C.—The valley of the Troutbeck with Mell Fell

(1760 ft.) on the E., and Flaska Moor rising to 1216 ft. on the W. The church built 1685, restored about 1846, is 3½ m. S. of Troutbeck Station. Troutbeck, Wallthwaite, Matterdale End, Dockray (Inn), and Dowthwaite are villages in this parish.

MAUGHANBY, C.—A hamlet (pron. Maffanby) ½ m. N. of Long Meg, and between Glassonby and Little Salkeld Station, M.R. Small circle of great stones, one of which has concentric and spiral markings. An interment was found in the circle, enclosed in a kist-vaen, part of which, with cup and ring markings, is in Penrith Museum.

MAYBURGH, W.—A great circular rampart of stones ⅓ m. S.W. of Eamont Bridge. It is 383 ft. diameter from crest to crest, with opening to E., and a standing stone 9 ft. 2 in. high, nearly in the centre. The ruins of wall on the crest are modern. A bronze celt and a stone celt have been found, but no interment (see p. 181).

MEABURN, W.—Mauld's Meaburn, 1 m. N. of Crosby Ravensworth, is named from Matilda de Morville, the heiress of the manor, who married Wm. de Veteripont. Elizabethan hall.

King's Meaburn, 2 m. S.W. of Morland, was the other half of the manor taken by the king when Sir Hugh de Morville's estates were confiscated.

MEASAND, W.—The promontory and beck (with waterfall) on the N. side of Hawes-water. Lodgings and refreshments.

MELLBREAK, C.—The mountain (1668 ft.) W. of Crummock.

MELLFELL, C.—The isolated mountain (1760 ft.) of red conglomerate—the lowest beds of the carboniferous formation—rising E. of Matterdale. Little Mellfell, rising 1½ m. E.S.E., has a ring embankment on the top.

MELMERBY, C.—A village 4 m. N.E. of Langwathby. Old Church of St. John Baptist, with three-decker and gallery, mediæval cross-slab and piscina. The name is said to be from "Melmor, a Dane," *i.e.* Maelmor, a Gallgael name.

MICKLEDEN, W.—See Langdale.

MICKLEDORE, C.—See p. 91.

MIDDLETON, W.—A chapelry in the Lune valley, with a station on the Ingleton Branch, L.N.W.R. The Hall, ½ m. S. of the station, is a 15th-century manor-house, fortified, but with no pele-tower, and containing Elizabethan woodwork. Near it is a Roman milestone, found on the Maiden Way, and re-erected 1836. *Hotel:* Swan.

MILBURN, W.—A village 2 m. E.N.E. of Newbiggin Station, M.R. (see p. 190). The church has a late Norman doorway with two rude dials; brass of Anne Sandford, 1605; effigy,

unknown; at the gate from the road is the socket of an ancient cross. *Inn:* Stag (at Gullom Holme).

Millom, C.—A modern town, with station, F.R. (pop. 10,426). Furnaces of the Millom Ironworks Company started 1867, under Mr. T. Barlow Massicks. Hodbarrow iron mines, opened by the late Earl of Lonsdale, and leased in 1855 to a company under the late Mr. Barratt, who found very rich deposits of iron ore 90 to 100 ft. thick; since when fresh deposits, extending towards the sea, have been found. To win these, a great sea-wall is being constructed in order to prevent flooding of the mines.

The lordship of Millom passed by marriage from the Boyvilles to the Hudlestones in the time of Henry III. The 13th-century castle was mostly rebuilt after the Scottish invasion of 1322; license to crenellate given to Sir John Hudleston in 1335. The tower is late 16th century. It is said that the place stood a siege in 1644, and afterwards gradually became ruinous. Near it is the Gallows Hill, with pillar inscribed, "Here the Lords of Millom exercised Jura Regalia." For antiquities near, see Lacra, Kirksanton, Sunkenkirk, Whicham, also Black Combe. Local newspapers are *Millom Gazette*, *Millom News*. *Hotels:* West County, Station, Royal, Queen's, Deacon's Temperance, Plough (Holborn Hill).

Milnthorpe, W.—Ancient port of Westmorland (p. 8), 1 m. from Milnthorpe Station, L.N.W.R. Old market cross, with iron ankle-cuffs for stocks leaded into the lowest step of the base. *Hotels:* Cross Keys, Coward's Temp., Station.

Miterdale, C.—Valley of the Mite, which rises in Burnmoor, and runs between the Wastwater Screes and Eskdale, falling into the sea at Ravenglass. Station, Irton Road (Ravenglass and Boot Railway). *Inn:* Bower House.

Mockerkin, C. -A village and tarn 1 m. E. of Ullock Station.

Moor Divock, W.—See p. 180.

Moresby, C. (pron. Morrisby).—Anciently Maurice-by, from a 12th-century owner. The church, near Parton Station, L.N.W.R., and 2 m. N. of Whitehaven, stands in a Roman camp, excavated by Lord Lonsdale in 1860. The Jacobean Hall was seat of the Fletchers.

Morland, W.—A parish with church (2½ m. S.S.E. of Cliburn Station, Eden Valley Railway, N.E.R.), restored, but retaining some Norman and Early English features. Old hall. Newby Hall, the house of the Nevinsons from 1556-57, has their arms over the door. Towcet, Great and Little Strickland, Sleagill, and King's Meaburn are in this parish. *Inns:* King's Arms, Crown.

Mosedale, C.—A village running S. from Lowes-water village

to Floutern. Also a little valley between Hardknott and Crinkle Crags, running down to Cockley Beck. Also a valley running N.W. from Wastdale-head.

Mosser, C.—A village in the chapelry of Lorton, anciently Mosergh, *i.e.* the hut in the moss. Before the dissolution there was a chantry here.

Motherby, C.—A village near Penruddock Station, C.K.P.R. A megalithic circle was blasted away 100 years ago. At Stone Carr or Carron are ancient dykes.

Muncaster, C.—Formerly Mulcastre, *i.e.* the castle on the Meols or Sandhills, perhaps meaning the Roman camp. walls, and castle at Ravenglass (p. 82). In the churchyard is a pre-Norman cross; picturesque site. The castle has been the seat of the Penningtons since the 13th century, now represented by Lord Muncaster. The building is chiefly modern, with an ancient tower; it contains many old pictures and relics, among which is "The Luck of Muncaster" (p. 83). *Hotel:* Pennington Arms (Ravenglass).

Mungrisdale, C. A village E. of Saddleback, formerly Mungo-Grisdale, *i.e.* Swine-dale of St. Mungo's church. *Inn:* Mill.

Musgrave, W.—Great Musgrave, with a station, N.E.R., is a village with modern church of St. Theobald's. Little Musgrave is a village in Crosby Garrett parish. See Brough, Kaber.

Naddale, C.—The valley of Naddale Beck, which rises near Shoulthwaite Castle (which see) between the Benn and High Seat (1996 ft.), and falls into the Greta near Keswick Circle (see Keswick). Pronounced and often written Naddle.

Naddale, W.—A little valley S. of Hawes-water. Naddale Forest is between this valley and the lake, now a deer preserve.

Nan Bield Pass, W.—See Kentmere.

Natebv, W.—A hamlet in a deep valley, 1 m. S.E. of Kirkby Stephen, near Stenkrith Bridge. Hence a rough road goes over the fell E., past the Nine Standards and Hollow Mill Cross to Muker.

Natland, W.—A chapelry S. of Kendal, in which is the Roman camp of Watercrook, and Helmfell with ancient fort.

Naworth Castle, C.—The seat of the Earl of Carlisle, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N. of Naworth Station, N.E.R. (see p. 141). The hall is shown to visitors, not the rest of the house. *Inn:* Temperance at Lanercost Bridge End.

Nenthead, C.—See Alston.

Nether Wastdale, C.—A chapelry at the foot of Wastwater with old church (4 m. E. of Gosforth), containing oak carving from York Minster at the E. end. Wastdale Hall, a mansion

finely situated on the lake facing the Screes. Two inns at Strands.

NETHERBY, C.—The seat of the Grahams, on the east bank of Esk, built round a pele, on the site of a Roman camp (p. 147).

NEVIN TARN, C.—A little lakelet S. of Overwater.

NEWBIGGIN, C.—A village in the parish of Dacre with limestone quarries. On Fluskew Pike, Mr. Thompson, author of "Sentimental Tour to London," built a summer-house about 1820; near it in the Silver Field was found a great penannular silver fibula, also stone coffins (kist-vaens), urns, and human remains.

NEWBIGGIN, W.—Near the confluence of Crowdundale Beck with the Eden; a village with station M.R. Church rebuilt 1853–54, with base of churchyard cross. Hall built 1533 by Christopher Crackenthorpe, with rhymed inscription over the door.

NEWBIGGIN, W.—Near Ravenstonedale Station, N.E.R. Site of priory of the Sempringham order of monks; foundations of a chapel at St. Helen's Well. At Capelrigg are cultivation terraces, "crosswise ploughing." On the fell are ancient enclosures and foundations known as Severals.

NEWBY BRIDGE, L.—The bridge at the foot of Windermere. Hence the Leven flows in rocky rapids through a wooded valley 2 m. to Haverthwaite. *Hotel:* Swan. See Lakeside.

NEWLANDS, C.—A township in the valley W. of Derwentwater, running S. from Braithwaite Station, C.K.P.R. The church, rebuilt 1843, is at the point where the valley forks, half-way along its length; the S. branch going up to Dalehead Fell (2473 ft.). In this branch is the Goldscope lead mine, worked with great profit in the earlier part of the 19th century; in the time of Elizabeth the German company (p. 159) exploited the Newlands workings. From the church Keskadale runs S.W. to Buttermere Hause. At Stair were woollen mills. *Hotel:* Newlands.

NEWTON ARLOSH, C.—A village between Abbey Town and Kirkbride. It is said on doubtful authority that St. Ninian built a church here about A.D. 400. The existing church was built by Holme Cultram Abbey in or soon after 1305, with pele tower to serve as fort. In 1580 it was decayed, and so remained until it was restored in 1844.

NEWTON-IN-CARTMEL, L.—A village in pretty scenery between Cartmel and Cartmel Fell. *Inn.*

NEWTON REIGNY, C.—A village $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. N.E. of Blencow Station, C.K.P.R. Old church of the 14th century, restored; with

vault of the Vaux family of Catterlen, tombs of the Richmonds; rhymed epitaph of James Pearson, 1676. East of the church is a large oval "camp"; ½ m. S. near Sewborrens are tumuli, in which burial urns have been found. See also Catterlen. *Inn:* Coach and Horses.

Nibthwaite, L.—A hamlet on the E. side of Coniston Waterfoot. Old wharf, and decayed mills at Low Nibthwaite, site of a great 18th-century bloomery or charcoal furnace for iron. Wateryeat is a pretty hamlet opposite, near Lakebank Inn, which see.

Nichol Forest, C.—A chapelry, including Kingfield, Catlowdy, and Scuggate on the Liddel; formerly a wild district, named from its owner, Nicholas de Stuteville, in the reign of King John.

Nunnery, C.—Site of a convent, founded at Armathwaite in the time of William Rufus, and removed to Staffield on the ravine of the Croglin near its junction with the Eden. The nunnery was suppressed 1536, and the house rebuilt by the Aglionbys in the 18th century.

Oddendale, W.—A hamlet 3 m. S.E. of Shap; ½ m. to S. are two pairs of concentric stone-circles, in which traces of burning have been found. At Sill How, a kist-vaen was found in a tumulus.

Old Carlisle, C.—A farm 1½ m. S. of Wigton, near which was a great Roman camp in a loop of the Wiza Beck; many altars, inscriptions, &c., have been found here.

Ormside, W. (or Ormshed).—A village S.E. of Appleby with station, M.R. The church has an early Norman arch in the N. wall of the chancel; late Norman chancel arches; the rest was rebuilt 17th century, and restored 1885–6; two ancient bells, several mediæval grave-slabs; three Hilton brasses of the 17th century. In the churchyard was found in 1689 a hoard of brass and pewter vessels; the famous Ormside Cup (in York Museum), an Anglian work of gold and enamel, was found here in 1823; a sword and other relics of the Viking age were found in 1899, now in Tullie House, Carlisle. A kist-vaen is outside the S.E. window of the nave. The churchyard cross and Moot cross are restored. The old hall was the seat of the Hiltons in the 17th century. An old house of the Orthwaites is inscribed on the lintel—IWO 68 MO6.

Orrest Head, W.—See p. 28.

Orton, C.—Great Orton is a village 5 m. W.S.W. of Carlisle. Around the village was a rampart and ditch, and at Barras Gate was a chain across the road, fastened every night for a

defence in the time of Border raids. The church, now St. Mungo's, was originally dedicated to St. Giles.

Orton, W.—A market town in the time of Edward I. All Saints' Church has mediæval remains. The old hall (Petty Hall) is much as it was in 1604, the date over the door. Orton Hall was built by Richard Burn, LL.D. (1709–1785), author of "The Justice of the Peace" and part author of Nicolson and Burn's "History of Cumberland and Westmorland" (1777). For prehistoric remains near Orton, see Crosby Ravensworth, Raisbeck, Sunbiggin. *Hotels:* Fleece, Three Tuns.

Ousby, C.—A village 5 m. E. of Langwathby station (M.R.), under Cross Fell, anciently Ulvesby (farm of Ulf). The church of St. Luke has sedilia and piscina, with an effigy of the 13th century, 7 ft. long. The Maiden Way crosses Ardale Beck, 1½ m. E. of the church, running N. to Alston. Crewgarth is a five-sided "camp" 2 m. W.N.W. of the church, probably of post-Roman or early mediæval origin, and used as a pele-garth for protecting cattle during raids.

Overwater, C. -A tarn 3 m. N.E. of the Castle Inn, Bassenthwaite, between Binsey (1466 ft.) and Great Scafell (2329 ft.), the northern summit of the Skiddaw group. South of the tarn is a square "camp," which used to be thought Roman; probably the garth of an early mediæval settler. Orthwaite (Allerthwaite) Hall has a 17th-century façade, and over a stable door the arms of Richmond impaling Hudleston and "C.R. 1675"; it was the home of W. G. Browne, the traveller, killed in Persia, 1813; author of "Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Spain, 1792 to 1798."

Oxendale, W.—See Langdale.

Oxenfell, L. -A farm between Yewdale and Colwith; the Oxenfell road is the modern carriage road from Coniston through Yewdale to Skelwith, with fine views of Wetherlam, the Pikes, Helvellyn, &c.

Oxenholme, W.—The junction for Kendal and Windermere on the main line, L.N.W.R.

Papcastle, C.—A village with station, Derwent branch, M.C.R. Here was a Roman camp, now nearly obliterated by buildings and the road; it seems from an inscription discovered, "Cuneus Frisionum Aballavensium," to be the station known as Aballaba. The mediæval owner, Pipard (p. 114), gives name to the place.

Pardshaw, C.—A village 2 m. E.N.E. of Ullock. The White Causeway is a stony platform adjoining a raised ring of gravel and boulders, near the N. base of the Crag, where

are rock terraces used by George Fox, the Quaker, and Neil Dow in 1857 as a pulpit and open-air meeting-place.

PARTON, C.—A village, anciently a port, with station (L.N.W.R.), 1½ m. N. of Whitehaven. In 1705 Mr. Fletcher, of Moresby, tried to establish a new pier, but was opposed by Sir John Lowther. In 1796 the harbour was destroyed by storm.

PATTERDALE, W.—A village in the main valley at the head of Ullswater, on the Goldrill Beck, which flows from Kirkstone through Brothers-water. At the Waterhead is the church of St. Patrick, whence the name of the valley, with St. Patrick's Well, where it is said he baptized; fine yews. Hence Helvellyn can be climbed in 2½ hours by the path up the N. slope of Grisedale, over the ridge, and thence by Striding or Swirrel Edge. Airey Force is 4 m. by road, or 2 m. by water, with ½ m. walk up from the shore. Place Fell (2154 ft.) may be climbed in about 1½ hours, and St. Sunday Crag (2756 ft.) in about 2 hours. By Kirkstone to Windermere, 14 m., and to Ambleside, 10 m., carriage road; by Boardale Hause to Howtown in about 6 m., and by Grisedale to Grasmere 9 m., mountain paths. Steamers during the summer from Glenridding foot to Howtown and Pooley Bridge (see p. 177, also Caiston, Deepdale, Glenridding, Grisedale, Hayeswater, Helvellyn, &c.). *Chief Hotels:* Ullswater (at Glenridding Foot), Patterdale, Temperance, Brothers-water.

PAVEY ARK, W.—The great crag over Stickle Tarn; see Langdale. *Ark* is probably another form of *ergh*, *i.e.* shieling.

PEEL ISLAND, L.—See p. 68.

PEEL WYKE, C.—The "bay of the castle" near the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake, where are the railway stations, Castle How (p. 152) and Pheasant Inn.

PENDRAGON CASTLE, W.—At Castlethwaite, half-way up the valley of Mallerstang, on a hill in the middle of the valley, are the ruins of a Norman castle, burnt by the Scots, 1340, restored and then ruined in 1541, restored by the Countess of Pembroke, 1660, and dismantled by the Earl of Thanet, 1685. Locally connected with Uther Pendragon, father of King Arthur (p. 196).

PENHURROCK, W.—See Crosby Ravensworth.

PENNINGTON, L.—A village, Pennigetun in Domesday, 1½ m. W.S.W. of Ulverston (no station). Close to the railway on the N. is Ellabarrow, a wooded mound (p. 53) near which an ancient sword and stone implements were found. Prettily situated church; ½ m. farther up the hill, behind Castle Hill farm, is an ancient fort—earthen ramparts over a ravine—the early seat of the Pennington family.

Penrith, C.—An ancient market town, with station on the L.N.W.R.; junction of the C.K.P.R. Near the station are ruins of the castle (p. 183). Down the street from the station and to right is Dockwray with the Two Lions Inn, Gerard Lowther's house (p. 183). To the left through the market-place is the parish church of St. Andrew, built 1720–22, with mediæval tombs, and in the churchyard the Giant's Thumb (a pre-Norman wheel cross, upper part gone) and the Giant's Grave (a rearranged group of pre-Norman grave monuments, two crosses and four hogbacks). Old house to W. of churchyard with bay window, dated 1563. Christ Church was consecrated 1850. The grammar school was re-founded by Queen Elizabeth 1564, having been a mediæval school attached to Bp. Strickland's chantry, 1395. Penrith produced many chapbooks about 1800, printed by Ann Bell and Anthony Soulby, the latter employed Bewick for making his illustrations; Coleridge's "Friend" was printed here; the *Penrith Chronicle* newspaper was established 1855; the *Penrith Observer* is now the leading paper of the neighbourhood. James Clark's "Survey of the Lakes" was printed here 1787. Among modern local books are "Bygone Cumberland and Westmorland," by Daniel Scott (R. Scott, Penrith, 1899); "Lakeland Words" (1898), and "Granite Chips and Clints; or Westmorland in Words," by B. Kirkby (T. Wilson, Kendal). Jacob Thompson, the Cumberland artist, was a Penrith man. At the Public Library and Museum are collections illustrating local antiquities and natural history (for which see Brougham, Dacre, Eamont Bridge, Edenhall, Newton Reigny, Yanwath, &c.). *Chief Hotels:* George, Crown, Gloucester Arms, Waverley Temperance, and Prince Charlie Restaurant.

Penruddock, C.—A village with station, C.K.P.R., for Dacre and neighbourhood. *Inn.*

Petterill, C.—A little river rising near Greystoke and flowing through Inglewood to join the Eden above Carlisle.

Piel Castle, L.—Pile of Foudrey; ruins of a castle, built 1327 by Furness Abbey to guard the harbour. Train from Barrow-in-Furness to Piel Pier; thence a boat may be hired to the island on which the castle stands. Here, according to Gerarde's "Herball" (1597), the barnacle goose was bred out of barnacles. *Hotel:* Roa Island.

Piers Gill, C.—A deep, zigzagged ravine on the N. side of Scafell Pikes, which see.

Pike of Blisco, C. and W.—A summit (2304 ft.) 1 m. N. of the Three Shires' Stone, on the boundary between the two

counties. Good mountain panorama. Ascent by Oxendale and Brownie Gill from Dungeon Gill, or by Wrynose from Little Langdale or Cockley Beck.

PIKE OF STICKLE, W.—See Langdale.

PILLAR, C.—The isolated rock to N. of the Pillar Mountain, S. of Ennerdale. Scene of the death of one of "the Brothers" in Wordsworth's poem. Various routes of ascent, none easy for inexperienced climbers attempting it alone.

PLACE FELL, W.—A mountain (2154 ft.) E. of Patterdale, ascended *viâ* Boardale Hause.

PLUMBLAND, C.—An ancient parish with church (1½ m. S. of Aspatria). Pre-Norman fragment on first floor of tower; hogback in two parts beneath yews in churchyard. For a story of the place, see p. 119.

PLUMPTON, C.—Village with station, L.N.W.R. *Inn:* Bull's Head. One m. N.N.E. on the main road towards Carlisle, representing the Roman road, and, on the left hand, are the remains of a great Roman "camp," which has yielded inscribed stones proving it to have been the Voreda of the "Second Iter."

PONSONBY, C.—Hall, near Calder Bridge, seat of the Stanleys since 1388, rebuilt. One m. E. of Calder Bridge, on Infell, is a five-sided "camp," formerly thought Roman, but probably a mediæval pele-garth. *Inn:* Stanley Arms (Calder Bridge).

POOLEY BRIDGE, C. and W.—On the Eamont at foot of Ullswater. To N.W. is Dunmallet (which see), and 1½ m. E. is Caerthanoc (which see). Near Trestermont (Crossdormont), on a green mound jutting out from the S.E. shore of the lake, 1¼ m. S.W. of Pooley Bridge, there used to be earthworks mentioned by Camden and Machel; thought by some to have been a crannoge or lake-dwelling. Moordivock remains are mentioned on p. 180. *Hotel:* Sun.

PORT CARLISLE, C.—In 1819-23 a canal was made from Carlisle to a harbour at Fisher's Cross, previously a hamlet with two houses and the Binnacle Inn; the canal was replaced by a railway, 1853. Over the door of the Packet Hotel is an inscribed fragment of a Roman altar. The Roman wall hence to Bowness is about 100 yards S. of the Road. *Inns:* Steam Packet, Hope and Anchor.

PORTINSCALE, C.—A village 1 m. W. of Keswick (see p. 151). *Hotel:* Derwentwater.

PRESTON PATRICK, W.—Prestun in Domesday,—afterwards owned by Patrick de Culwen, ancestor of the Curwens, who gave land here in 1119 for an abbey which was afterwards removed to Shap (which see). The church is rebuilt, but

contains Norman or Early English grotesque fragments. Preston Old Hall is a pele with upper part rebuilt and Jacobean wings added. Near Gatebeck are powder mills. *Inn* at Crooklands.

Raisbeck, W.—A village 2 m. N. of Gaisgill Station, N.E.R. At Gamelands is a circle 138 ft. in diameter, formerly having 40 stones, some now gone; no interments found. Near Raisgill Hall the "British Sepulchre," marked in the ordnance map, has gone. It was a circle about 80 ft. diameter. A kist-vaen cover from it is used as a lintel in a neighbouring house.

Rampside, L.—A village on the shore between Piel and Aldingham, several old farm-houses. In churchyard wall a mediæval grave slab. Inn and sea-side lodgings.

Rannerdale, C.—A little valley running E. from Crummockwater, between Rannerdale Knotts (1160 ft.) and Grasmoor (2791 ft.).

Raughton Head, C.—A chapelry near Rose Castle.

Raven Crag, C.L. & W.—Rocky heights at Thirlmere, Patterdale, and Yewdale (Coniston), S. of Red Screes, &c.

Ravenglass, C.—A decayed port and market town with station (F.R). The Roman camp (nothing now visible) was ½ m. S. of the station; and just north of it, close to the road and railway, are the ruins of Walls Castle, a Roman villa or bath (p. 82). On the sandhills, N. of the river's mouth, is Lord Muncaster's gullery; permission from the steward required. *Hotel:* Pennington Arms.

Ravenstonedale, W. —A village 2 m. E. of Ravenstonedale Station, (N.E.R.), formerly a market town, locally pronounced Russondal (*i.e.* Raven's-town-dale?). Church of St. Oswald rebuilt 1774, with three-decker pulpit and pewed like a college chapel; modern window to the memory of Elizabeth Gaunt, a native, burnt at Tyburn, 1663, for sheltering a fugitive from Monmouth's rebellion. In the churchyard is a sun-dial on a cut-down cross-shaft. The Independent chapel (formerly Presbyterian) built about 1662. The parks were enclosed with a great wall by Lord Wharton, 1559; Gallows Hill and ancient dykes. N. of the parks, Giants' Graves, *i.e.* rectangular moated hillocks; not interments. Farther N., on the fell at Severals and Oldbiggin, are entrenchments and foundations of early dwellings. Tarn House, 2 m. E. of the village, is the ancient seat of the Fothergills, with mediæval windows, and inscribed and sculptured Jacobean doorway. Hotel at Ravenstonedale, Black Swan.

Reagill, W.—A village 3 m. N.E. of Shap. The Grange, an Elizabethan house, was seat of the Thwaites family.

Red Bank, W.—The road S. of Grasmere with view over the lake, Helvellyn, &c. See Grasmere.

Redlands, W.—A place between Kirkby Thore and Crackenthorpe, near which is a Roman camp on the "Second Iter."

Red Pike, C.—The summit (2479 ft.) above Sourmilk Gill, Buttermere (p. 110). Also a summit (2707 ft.) N.W. of Wastdale-head, under which is Scoat Tarn.

Red Screes, W.—A mountain (2541 ft.) N.W. of Kirkstone Pass, easily ascended from the Traveller's Rest Inn; good panorama of mountains and lakes.

Red Tarn, W.—The lakelet (2356 ft.) between Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge under Helvellyn. Also a small pool (1700 ft.) between Pike of Blisco and Crinkle Crags at the head of Brownie Gill. Here Lanty Slee, the smuggler, had an illicit whisky still about 1860 (see Mr. H. S. Cowper's "Hawkshead," pp. 231–35, for stories of this worthy).

Renwick, C.—A village on the slope of the Pennines, 3 m. N.E. of Kirkoswald, formerly Ravenwick. The church, rebuilt 1733 and 1845, has an ancient bell. One m. S.E. is Hare-sceugh Castle, held in the 16th century by the Dacres of Lanercost.

Revelin, C.—A mountain S. of Ennerdale Water.

Riggindale, W.—See Mardale.

Robinson, C.—The highest summit (2417 ft.) between Buttermere and Newlands.

Rockcliffe, C. (or Rocliff).—Two villages at the mouth of the Eden, with a station (Cal.). Rockcliffe Churchtown has a pre-Norman churchyard cross. Rockcliffe Castletown is at the site of a 16th-century castle of the Dacres, demolished after the rebellion of Leonard Dacre, 1569 (p. 137).

Roman Wall, C.—See pp. 126–130, 138, 139, 144.

Rose Castle, C.—The Bishop of Carlisle's residence, 7 m. S. of Carlisle (p. 135).

Rosley, C.—A village, 5 m. E.S.E. of Wigton, famous for horse and cattle fairs. *Inn:* Crown and Anchor.

Rossett Gill, W.—See Langdales.

Rosthwaite, C.—A village in Borrowdale, 2 m. S. of Grange, centre for excursions; see Borrowdale. *Hotels:* Scawfell, Royal Oak.

Rothay, W.—The river running from Dunmail Raise through Grasmere and Rydal Water to Windermere.

Roughton Gill, C.—Two valleys of this name, one between Skiddaw and Saddleback, and the other N. of the Skiddaw group; both mining places.

Ruckcroft, C.—A village in Ainstable parish, between the Croglin and the Eden.

Rusland, L.—Anciently Rolesland, a pretty dale between Windermere and Coniston lakes; two tarns on Rusland heights to S.E., waterfalls at Force Forge, where ironworks, established before 1680, used to exist. Rusland Hall is late 17th century; Whitestock Hall, the seat of the descendants of Romney, the portrait-painter. At Blackbeck are powder-mills, established 1862. Near the junction of the roads to Satterthwaite and Dalepark is Rookhow or Abbot Oak, a Quaker meeting-house, founded 1725. *Inn* at Satterthwaite.

Rydal, W.—A village E. of Rydal Water, a lake ½ m. long, ¼ m. broad, with small islets. The Hall, seat of the Le Fleming family since the 15th century, is to right above the church; in its grounds are the two waterfalls (apply at the cottage on the left before reaching the church); the higher fall ⅓ m. upstream is the greater (about 60 ft.). Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home from 1813 to 1850, is the second house above the church, not shown. Nab Cottage, ½ m. on the Grasmere road, with date 1702 over the door, was the home of Hartley Coleridge; Nab Scar is above, and Loughrigg opposite. Pelter Bridge, to right of the road from Rydal to Ambleside, leads to the Loughrigg Terrace, on the breast of the fell, with fine views over the lakes; or keeping the road to left after crossing the bridge, leads past Fox Howe, house of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby (on the right), and Fox Ghyll, house of the late W. E. Forster (on the left). Ambleside can be reached by stepping-stones, Miller Bridge or Rothay Bridge. By the main road Rydal is 1½ m. from Ambleside..

Saddleback, C. — A mountain (2847 ft.) anciently called Blencathara, rising with a series of bold ridges above the valley of Threlkeld; easily climbed from Threlkeld (Inn) or Glenderaterra Bridge by the S.W. spur; or from Scales (Inn) 2 m. N.E. of Threlkeld Station. Scales Tarn lies under crags, to the N. of the ridge by which the ascent is made. Scott in "The Bridal of Triermain" alludes to the story that this tarn lies in such a hollow that it reflects the stars at noon. Sharp Edge, the narrowest ridge in the Lake district, is that over Scales Tarn. See also Bowscale, Southerfell.

St. Bees, C.—A little seaside town with station F.R., 4 m. S. of Whitehaven. For some account of the Priory Church, Grammar School, &c., see p. 101. The Head, with red-sandstone cliffs rising over 300 ft, has a lighthouse erected

1867, showing a fixed white light. Sea-bathing in the bay. *Hotels :* Seacote (near the shore), Albert, Queen's, Royal.

ST. BRIDGET'S, CALDERBRIDGE, C.—See Beckermet.

ST. JOHN'S VALE, C.—The valley of the Upper Greta, or St. John's Beck, between Legberthwaite and Threlkeld, between the Castle Rock (p. 169) and Wanthwaite Crags to the E., and Naddale Fell to the W. In a depression of the latter is St. John's Church, and farther north Tewit Tarn. *Inns* at Threlkeld and Legberthwaite.

SALKELD, C.—Great Salkeld, a village 2 m. S. of Lazonby Station, M.R. The church of St. Cuthbert has an early Norman door with grotesque capitals and rude dial. Pele tower built about 1380 for defence against raids ; chancel perpendicular. Effigy of Thomas de Caldebec, Archdeacon of Carlisle, died 1319 ; effigies of Anthony Hutton, died 1637, and his wife—removed from Penrith, perhaps in 1720 when the Penrith old church was rebuilt ; and other tombs. Some armour of about 1600 is kept in the tower, the breastplate with a great cut on the left shoulder. The church was assigned to the Archdeaconry of Carlisle from 1292 to 1855 ; Bishop Nicolson, when archdeacon, was rector, 1682–1702 ; Bishop Fleming and Bishop Law, whose son, Lord Ellenborough, was born here, were also rectors ; Paley, of the "Evidences," was rector, 1782–1805. (See "Great Salkeld," by the Rev. A. G. Loftie : Bemrose, 1900.) The 17th-century house of Beckbank was home of the Dalstons. At Burrell Green is kept a late 16th-century brass dish, inscribed in modern characters, "If this dish be sold or gi'en, Farewell the luck of Burrell green." At Salkeld Dyke are old earthworks. *Inn :* Hare and Hounds.

Little Salkeld is a village, with station (M.R.), on the opposite bank of the Eden ; nearest bridges at Lazonby and Langwathby. *Inn :* Druid's Head.

SANTON BRIDGE, C.—Over the Irt, 3 m. from the foot of Wastwater, 2 m. from Irton Road Station (Ravenglass and Boot Ry.). *Inn.*

SATTERTHWAITE, L.—A village between Grizedale and Force Forge in the Rusland valley, Furness Fells. *Inn.*

SAWREY, L.—Hamlets between Esthwaite Water and Windermere. Near Sawrey, *i.e.* nearer to Hawkshead, and Far Sawrey, under the Claife Heights. High Satterhow is a ruined Jacobean farmhouse, with newel stair and mullioned windows, on the brow overlooking Windermere, left of road going up from the ferry. Inn at Far Sawrey, Angler's Rest.

SCAFELL, C.—Pronounced and sometimes written Scaw-fell ; a

mountain (3162 ft.) which, with the three Scafell Pikes (3210 ft., highest point in England), Great End, and Lingmell, form a group dividing Wastdale-head from Upper Eskdale. They are of the volcanic ash (Borrowdale series) formation, with a patch of granite at the foot of Lingmell. To the N., between Lingmell and Great End, is the chasm of Piers Gill, into which runs the gully of the Greta Fall; a track leads from Lingmell Beck (between the Pikes and Great Gable) by the east bank of Piers Gill to the Pikes. Another, marked by cairns at intervals, goes up from Esk Hause over Great End to the Pikes. From Wastdale-head there are bridges over Lingmell Beck, from which Lingmell may be climbed, and thence to the Pikes; or Lingmell Gill, S. of Lingmell, may be ascended to the Pikes. From Eskdale the Pikes may be reached by Cam Spout and Mickledore, which is the gap, bridged by a narrow roof-top between the Pikes and Scafell. From Mickledore up the crags of Scafell there are three difficult approaches; the least difficult is the Lord's Rake (gully to right, with pinnacle). The Chimney is a gully to left, and the Broad Stand is the crag in the middle: none safe for inexperienced and unaccompanied climbers. Scafell can be climbed from Cam Spout, bearing to left half-way up to Mickledore, or from the Burnmoor side, without difficulty. The view from the top of the Pikes is not better than from many lower points. At sunset the Mourne Mountains in Ireland, about 115 m. away, are sometimes seen, N. of the Isle of Man; and on a clear day with favourable conditions, Snowdon to S.S.W., about 105 m.; but these are seen from others of the Lake mountains.

Scaleby, C.—A village 6 m. N.N.E. of Carlisle. The castle, ½ m. S., was built by Robert de Tilliol, 1307; besieged by the Parliamentary army (1648) and burnt; great concentric moats remain. *Inns:* Keilk Moor, Muncaster Arms.

Scale Force, C.—The tallest waterfall in the district, 125 ft. high, in a dark chasm on the S.W. side of Crummock Water, reached by path 2 m. from Buttermere village, or ½ mile across fields to the boat-landing, ¾ m. by boat, and ¾ m. up to the fall.

Scale Hill, C. (or Lanthwaite Hill).—In the middle of the valley below Crummock Waterfoot, with the "Station," a point of view for Crummock and hills around. *Hotel:* Scale Hill.

Scales Tarn, C.—See Saddleback.

Scandale, W.—A valley N. of Ambleside, approached by Low Sweden Bridge, leading up to High Sweden Bridge, whence a path goes up the head of the valley to Little Hart Crag

(2091 ft.) and over to Caiston Beck and Brothers-water. From the top of the hause Red Screes can be easily climbed.

Scarth Gap, C.—Sometimes written Scarf Gap; the pass from the head of Ennerdale to Buttermere by a bridle-path (1400 ft.); no houses between Gillerthwaite and Gatesgarth.

Screes, C.—The Wastwater Screes (*skridha*, in Icelandic, is a landslip) are the steep slopes of broken rock from the range of crags S. of the lake.

Seascale, C.—A modern seaside place, with station (F.R.), good bathing sands, golf links, lodgings, and hotel (Seascale Hotel). The Hall, bearing a date 1606, was the manor-house of the Senhouse family; on the hall farm was a megalithic circle, of which the stones are now buried. Coaches to Wastdale Head and Calder Abbey. Frequent trips in the summer.

Seat-allan, C.—A mountain (2266 ft.) N.W. of Wastwater, on the side of which is Greendale Tarn.

Seathwaite, C.—See Borrowdale.

Seathwaite, L.—A scattered village in the valley of the Seathwaite Beck, issuing from Seathwaite Tarn, W. of the Old Man, ½ m. long, 1210 ft. above sea, near disused copper-mines. The church, 7½ m. from Broughton in Furness, or 6 m. (and 1900 ft. climb) from Coniston by Walna Scar, has the grave of "Wonderful Walker"—the Rev. Robert Walker, born here 1709, curate, 1735 or 1736, died here 1802 (see p. 75). Old sun-dial in the churchyard; church rebuilt. On either bank of Longhouse Gill, going up towards Dow Crags, are ruins of ancient dwellings.

Seatoller, C.—A hamlet in Borrowdale at the foot of Honister Hause; pretty bridge, wood and crag scenery.

Seaton, C.—Two places of this name; one is 1 m. N. of Bootle, with ruins of a Benedictine nunnery, 13th century, formerly called Lekely. The other Seaton is a village N. of Workington, with collieries.

Seat Sandal, W. The southernmost summit of the Helvellyn range (2415 ft.), easily climbed from Dunmail Raise or Grisedale Tarn.

Sebergham, C.—A parish in Inglewood on the Caldew, spelt Seburgham in the 13th century; said to have been first settled by the hermit William of Wastall (Wastdale) in the 12th century. His cell is supposed to have been on the site of St. Mary's Church, which contains monuments to the Dentons and to Josiah Relph, the poet, born here, 1712, and died here, 1743. The Rev. Thomas Denton (1724–77) was also a poet, native of Sebergham. Warnell Hall,

originally a pele, was acquired by the Dentons, 1496, and sold by them (1774) to the Lowthers.

Sedbergh (Yorks).—Though across the boundary of Yorkshire, Sedbergh is closely connected with the Westmorland Lune Valley, in which it lies; station 1 m. W. on the Ingleton branch L.N.W.R. Castle How is an early burg. The grammar school, founded under Henry VII., now reconstituted as a modern public school. Ingmire Hall is an ancient mansion. N. of Sedbergh are Arrant Haw (1989 ft.), Great Dummocks (2150 ft.), and the Calf (2220 ft.); S.E is the secluded valley of Dent (p. 18). *Hotel* at Sedbergh, White Hart.

Selside, W.—A scattered township N. of Kendal. The Hall, ancient seat of the Thornburghs, now a farm.

Sergeant Man, W.—A summit (2414 ft.) on the moorland heights N. of Stickle Tarn.

Setmurthy, C.—A chapelry N.E. of Cockermouth. S.W. of the church is Elva Hill; a stone circle on Elva Plain.

Shap, W.—A village with granite quarries; station, L.N.W.R.; formerly called Heppe (*i.e.* Rose-hip, in the dialect Shoup). Church, restored 1899, has Norman arches S. of nave. Carl (or Karl, compare "the Carles," *i.e.* Keswick circle) Lofts, close to the station on N.W., was when complete a megalithic avenue pointing S. and ending with a circle of which 5 stones remain, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. S. of station; also a row of stones pointing N.W. of which the Goggleby stone, $\frac{3}{4}$ m. N.W. of station and the Thunder stone $1\frac{1}{4}$ m. N.W. of station, are supposed to be isolated remains. At Brackenber, opposite the Greyhound Inn, was a great circle. These are the famous Shap Stones often mentioned by antiquaries: for others in the neighbourhood, see Bampton, Crosby Ravensworth, Gunnerkeld.

Shap Abbey is 1 m. W. of the village, a house of White Canons (Premonstratensian) removed here from Preston Patrick about 1200, suppressed 1540. The ruins are those of a 13th-century church, with west end tower of about 1500. Adjoining the S. transept was the vestry; next to which and opening on the cloister was the chapter-house with dormitory over it and extending over the Calefactory, where the canons could sit at fires in cold weather. The Frater (dining-hall) was S. of the cloister, over cellars, and W. of the cloister were store-rooms with guest-chambers above. Off the S.E. corner of the group of buildings was the infirmary. A few grave-slabs still remain. At Keld, $\frac{1}{2}$ m. S., is a mediæval building said to be a chantry. At West Farm Prince Charlie stayed, December 17, 1745. *Hotels:* At Shap,

Greyhound, Station Temperance; 3 m. S., at the Spa, Shap Wells.

Shawk Beck, C.—Sometimes written Shalk, Choke or Chalk, rises near Caldbeck, and joining the Wiza near Drumleaning forms the Wampool: anciently the W. boundary of Inglewood. The quarries of freestone were worked by the Romans; the Latin inscription is now gone.

Shoulthwaite Castle, C. (or Buckcastle).—One and a quarter m. S. of Shoulthwaite Farm in Naddale, on an isolated rock in a deep valley between Thirlmere and High Seat. The neck of land joining the castle rock with the side of the hill has a triple rampart crossing it. A well and bits of freestone have been found here; tradition makes it a retreat in times of invasion.

Side Pike, W.—The sharp peak (1187 ft.) between Great Langdale Head and Blea Tarn.

Silecroft, C.—Station (F.R.) for Kirksanton, Whicham, and Black Combe. Good sea-beach, not yet a resort. *Hotel:* Royal Albert.

Silloth, C.—After making the railway (1856) and dock (1859) this place was opened up as a port, but has remained chiefly a quiet seaside resort, at the Solway's mouth, looking over to the Scottish hills. Terminus of the Silloth railway from Carlisle. *Hotels:* Queen's, Waverley.

Silverdale, L.—A village 1 m. from Silverdale Station, F.R., summer resort with rocky coast, woodland, and tarn, Hawes-water. *Hotel:* Royal.

Sizergh, W.—The ancient hall of the Stricklands (p. 16) built round a pele of about 1360, containing Queen Catherine Parr's room, and a haunted chamber above: with 15th-century hall and Elizabethan wings.

Skelsmergh, W.—Anciently Skelmerserge, "the dairy of the shed by the mere." A parish 2 m. N.N.E. of Kendal. Elizabethan or Jacobean Hall in ruins.

Skelton, C.—A parish 6 m. N.W. of Penrith. Hardrigg Hall, formerly seat of the Southaiks, was built round a pele. *Inn.*

Skelwith, L. and W.—A village on the Brathay, 3 m. W. of Ambleside, with old bobbin-mills, and Force, ¼ m. above the bridge (path by the N. bank). Loughrigg Tarn and Elterwater are close by. Old Skelwith Fold is a building with date 1745. *Inn:* Skelwith Bridge.

Skiddaw, C.—A mountain (3058 ft.) in the Skiddaw slate formation. Climbed from Keswick (path starting behind the station or over Greta Bridge, sign-posts) in about six hours, up and down, easy walking; an early morning start is best to avoid the sun on one's back during the ascent. View

embraces Criffel and the Scottish hills and chief lake mountains. The Forest of Skiddaw is the wild bare mountain land to N.E. (see p. 164 and Keswick).

Skinburness, C.—A village near the Grune (Groyne) Point, at the N. of the Holme; anciently Skynburgh. Here Edward I. collected a fleet for the invasion of Scotland, and granted a market-charter to the place; but the harbour and town was destroyed by sea 1302. *Hotels:* Skinburness, Marine.

Skirwith, C.—A village 3 m. E.S.E. of Langwathby. Church built 1859. "The Abbey" is said to be on the site of a religious house, supposed to have been of the Templars.

Small-water, W.—A tarn in a deep hollow (1484 ft. above sea) on the N. side of Nan Bield Pass.

Smardale, W.—A village with station (N.E.R.). Old hall of the Warcops; near it a chapel well with site of a chapel, destroyed.

Snittlegarth, C.—Mansion of Lord Gillford, between Uldale and and Torpenhow, S. of which is an oblong moat enclosing a raised platform, probably site of an early manor-house.

Sockbridge, W.—A hamlet 2 m. S.W. of Eamont Bridge. Old Hall, formerly seat of the Lancasters, has lost its pele (removed about 1825), but has late 15th-century hall, butteries, and kitchen with "corbie-step" gable and octagonal chimney, and on the S. side Elizabethan building with wainscot and plaster-work ceiling.

Soulby, C.—A village between Pooley Bridge and Dacre. To W. on the fell is Caerthanoc, to S. is Dunmallet (which see).

Soulby, W.—Anciently Sulleby, a parish on the Eden between Great Musgrave and Crosby Garrett. Church built 1665 by Sir Philip Musgrave.

Southerfell, C.—See p. 166.

Sprinkling Tarn, C.—The source of the Derwent (1960 ft. above sea) under crags of Great End.

Stainmoor, W.—The pass (1436 ft.) over the Pennines—Roman road, ancient route, and railway, with station at Barras. Maiden Castle, 2 m. E.N.E. of Barras Station, was a Roman fort on the "Second Iter"; in the earthworks coins have been found. At the summit of the pass, 1½ m. above Maiden Castle, are some obscure earthworks to left, date unknown, and to right the Rey (Rere) cross, in the 11th century the boundary between Scotland and England, probably erected in the 10th century as a grave monument; re-erected 1887. *Hotel* at Stainmoor, Black Horse.

Stainton, C.—A village in the parish of Dacre. At Kirkgarth there have been ancient buildings and burials; some suppose it the site of the Anglian monastery mentioned by Bede as at Dacore.

STAINTON, C.—N. of Corney, has many cairns and ancient enclosures on the fell, S. of Barnscar. *Inn* at Broad Oak.

STAINTON, L.—A hamlet in Furness with ancient hall, and cockpit on the green to E.

STAKE PASS, C. and W.—Bridle-path from Rosthwaite in Borrowdale through Langstrath over the ridge (1581 ft.) of the depression between the mass of the Langdale Pikes and that of Bowfell; descending into Mickleden to Dungeon Gill hotels. Distance about 8 m. or 3 hours' walking.

STANLEY GILL, C.—See Dalegarth.

STANWIX, C.—A village, suburb of Carlisle, N. of the Eden. The churchyard and vicarage grounds on the site of a Roman camp, the original Roman station on the Wall (p. 130).

STAPLETON, C.—A parish on the Line between Kirkandrews and Kirkcambeck.

STAVELEY-IN-CARTMEL, L.—A hamlet at the foot of Windermere near Newby Bridge.

STAVELEY-IN-KENDAL, W.—*I.e.* in Kent-dale: a village with mills at the mouth of Kentmere valley; market town in the time of Edward III. Station, L.N.W.R. *Hotel:* Eagle and Child.

STEEPLE, C.—A mountain (2796 ft.) with great crags, forming the W. part of the Pillar mountain; ascended from Windy Gap, between the Pillar and Steeple.

STICKS HAUSE, C.—A pass (2450 ft.) from Legberthwaite to Greenside mines and Glenridding, over the N. part of the Helvellyn range; bridle-path marked by sticks (whence the name) at the top of the ridge. The path leaves the main Keswick and Ambleside road at Stanah, ½ m. S. of Smaithwaite Bridge, and ¾ m. N. of the King's Head, Thirlspot. On the Ullswater side it goes up zigzags to right from the Glenridding valley a little above Greenside smelting mill. No inn between Glenridding and Thirlspot, about 7 m. or 3½ hours.

STOCKDALEWATH, C.—A village on the Roebeck, S.E. of Rose Castle; the three ancient "camps" have now disappeared.

STOCKGILL FORCE, W.—Waterfall at Ambleside in broken cascades for about 100 ft. Sign-posts show the path from the centre of Ambleside to the fall, about ½ m.

STOCKLEY BRIDGE, C.—A lonely bridge, no houses, 1 m. S. of Seathwaite in Borrowdale, at the junction of Grains Gill (leading to Sprinkling Tarn) and Taylor's Gill (leading to Styhead).

STONETHWAITE, C.—A quaint hamlet in a branch valley of Borrowdale, 1 m. S. of Rosthwaite. Refreshments, no inn.

STRANDS, C.—See Netherwasdale: a village between Gosforth and Wastwater. Two inns.

STRICKLAND, W.—Great and Little Strickland are villages E. of the L.N.W.R. line between Clifton and Shap. The church of Little Strickland has a tablet with Latin verses on Fletcher of Strickland, 1695, also old oak seats. See also Thrimby, Gunnerkeld.

STRIDING EDGE, W.—The ridge running E. from Helvellyn, S. of Red Tarn (see p. 175).

STYHEAD, C.—The pass between Borrowdale and Wastdale Head; bridle-path from Seathwaite by Stockley Bridge, 1 m., then 1½ m. steep climb past Taylor's Gill (waterfalls) to Styhead Tarn (1430 ft. above sea), and ½ m. further to the summit (1600 ft.). Hence a rough path of 2½ m. leads steeply down under the Great Gable, beside Lingmell Beck to Wastdale Head (hotel and temperance inn). From Seathwaite to Wastdale Head is about 2½ hours' walk. A track from Styhead Tarn leads S.E. *viâ* Sprinkling Tarn (1960 ft.) to Esk Hause, whence Scafell Pikes are ascended, or descent S. into Eskdale can be made, or continuing S.E. past Angle Tarn and down Rossett Gill into Mickleden, Dungeon Gill hotels can be reached in about 2½ hours from Styhead, or 4 hours from Wastdale Head.

SUNBIGGIN, W.—A village 1¼ m. N.E. of Raisbeck, with tarn to E. On the scar above are tumuli and Castle Fold, an enclosure and fort, said to be a pele-garth used for safeguard in border forays. Also written Sunbegin.

SUNBRICK, L.—A hamlet in Furness between Urswick and Bardsea. Double stone circle ⅓ m. on the road to Bardsea, to right. Appleby Stack, with ancient ramparts, is ⅔ m. N. Foula, with ancient ramparts, is 1 m. W.S.W. From Birkrigg Common (400 ft.) good panorama of Furness.

SUNKENKIRK, C.—A megalithic circle at Swinside on the fell between Duddon Bridge and Bootle. To reach it from Broughton go W. to Duddon Bridge, then 1 m. S. and up the hill by the main road 1½ m. to the mill on the Black Beck; take the next turn to right going N. past Broadgate, keeping on the cart-road to the left, and not crossing the valley. The whole distance from Broughton is about 5 m. The distance from Green Road Station (see Thwaites) is about the same. The circle is the third largest (after Long Meg and the Keswick "Carles"), consisting of fifty stones (some gone), the largest 7 ft. high. Recent excavations have shown that it was not sepulchral; it may have been a temple, but probably much earlier than the period of the Druids.

Swarthfell, W.—A summit (1832 ft.) to S. of Moor Divock over which runs the Roman road known as High Street.

Swarthmoor, L.—The Elizabethan hall is 1 m. S. of Ulverston; home of George Fox, the Quaker, who married Margaret, widow of Thomas Fell, the owner, and built a meeting-house near it, 1688. Troops under Martin Schwartz encamped on Swarthmoor, 1487, having landed at Piel to join Lambert Simnel's insurrection.

Swindale, W.—A valley between Hawes-water and Shap. Old church, perhaps 17th century, and school adjoining, built 1703. John Hodgson, historian of Northumberland, was born here, 1780. Only three inhabited houses in the valley.

Swinside, C.—The farm near which is Sunkenkirk (which see). Also a farm at Newlands (Keswick), and the hill between it and Portinscale. Also a place between Carrock Fell and Bowscale Tarn. Swindale and Swinside meant pastures for swine.

Swirrel Edge, W.—The ridge from Helvellyn between Red Tarn and Keppelcove Tarn, by which (easy path) Helvellyn is ascended from Glenridding. On the stone half-way up (marked with an O), Scott sat (autumn 1805) when he "climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" (p. 175).

Talkin, C.—A village and tarn (boats), 1½ m. S. of Brampton. *Hotel:* Talkin Tarn Temperance.

Tarn Hows, L.—The farm (refreshments) near the Monk Coniston Tarns, which are sometimes called Tarn Hows Tarns. See Coniston.

Tarn Wadling, C.—A tarn between Armathwaite and Hesket, drained about 1850, on the N. side of which is the site of Castle Ewain, which see.

Tebay, W.—A railway village at the junction of the N.E.R. with main line, L.N.W.R. One m. N. of the station is Castle How, earthwork of an early fort. The Brandreth Stone, a boulder said to have been marked with a cross, perhaps as meer-stone or boundary mark, forms the lower step of a stile a little S. of the Castle How farm. Another Castle How is 1 m. W. of this. *Inn:* Cross Keys.

Temple Sowerby, W.—A village 1 m. N. of Temple Sowerby Station, Eden Valley branch, N.E.R. Church rebuilt 1770; said to have belonged to the Order of Templars, suppressed 1312. Acorn Bank is an old manor-house, near which, at Millrigg, is a curious sun-dial. *Inn:* King's Arms.

Thirlmere, C.—A lake, formerly Leathes-water, from the family at Dalehead Hall, and earlier Brackmere. Now the reservoir, 3 m. long, ¼ m. broad, of the Manchester waterworks,

with modern embattled buildings, and good modern road all round, replacing the ancient road on the W., and the old road on the E. For some description of the surroundings, see p. 168. *Inns:* King's Head (at Thirlspot), Nag's Head (at Wythburn).

Thornthwaite, C.—A village 1½ m. from Braithwaite Station (C.K.P.R.), at the head of Bassenthwaite Lake, under the Crags of Barf (1536 ft.), and Lord's Seat (1811 ft.), and at the foot of the Whinlatter Pass to Lorton. *Inn:* Swan.

Threlkeld, C.—A scattered village, under Saddleback (which see), with station (C.K.P.R.) and granite quarries, above which are ancient hut circles and cairns near an old pack-horse track leading to Wanthwaite. The church, rebuilt 1777, has two mediæval bells. *Inn* at Setmabanning, near the station.

Thrimby, W.—A village on the river Leith, W. of the L.N.W.R. main line, half-way between Shap and Clifton. Church built 1814; the Hall and the Grange are old houses.

Thunacar Knott, C.—A summit (2351 ft.) on the moorland N. of Langdale Pikes.

Thursby, C.—A village 1 m. N. of Curthwaite Station (M.C.R.). At Kirksteads, ½ m. from the church, foundations were dug up in the 18th century, and it used to be said that this had been a temple to Thor, whence the old name Thoresby; which, however (compare Kirkby Thore), may be for Thored's or Thorfin's-by, as a howe near Crofton Hall bore the name of Torquin, perhaps an early burg. *Inn:* Ship.

Thwaites, C.—A chapelry between Millom and Ulpha, with station, Green Road, F.R., from which the Green is 1 m. N.W.; modern church ½ m. N.; thence Sunkenkirk Circle is 2¼ m. past Broadgate and keeping to left. *Inn:* Punch-bowl.

Tilberthwaite, L.—A hamlet with quarries, 3 m. N. of Coniston. The path, S. of the bridge, to left past quarries, leads to the Gill, a fine ravine with wooden bridges and galleries for 1 m. to a waterfall, whence Wetherlam (2502 ft., good mountain view) may be ascended. "Langdale Linen Industry" at the hamlet. Refreshments at farm.

Tindale, C.—The E. part of Farlam parish; coal pits and spelter works erected 1845. Tindale Tarn is a sheet of water ⅔ m. long.

Tirril, W.—A village 2 m. S.E. of Eamont Bridge; old Quakers' meeting, and graveyard where Charles Gough (p. 175) is buried.

Torpenhow, C.—An ancient parish (pronounced Torpenno written in the 12th century Thorpenhow, *i.e.* Thorfin's

Howe; see Thursby). Church, 2 m. S. of Mealsgate Station (M.C.R.), with Norman arches and capitals and early font. *Inn:* Black Bull.

TORVER, L.—A scattered village with station on the Coniston branch, F.R. Church consecrated 1538, rebuilt. On the moors to N.W., under Walna Scar and the Old Man, are ancient earthworks—the long dyke on Bleaberry Haws, ring embankment on Hare Crags, cairns and circle. *Inn:* Church House. See in "The Book of Coniston" (Wilson, Kendal), "A Chapter on Torver," by the Rev. T. Ellwood, M.A., translator of the Icelandic "Landnámabók," &c.

TRIERMAIN, C.—A hamlet 3 m. W. of Gilsland Station (N.E.R.); site of the castle of De Vaux of Triermain. Mention is made of an 11th-century church of wattles at "Treverman." Watch Hill, ½ m. N., is a ring-fort.

TROUTBECK, C.—A village with station (C.K.P.R.), at the mouth of Matterdale.

TROUTBECK, W.—A valley between Wansfell and the Ill Bell range, with long, scattered village, old houses, church with window by Burne-Jones; at the head of the valley is the Scots' Rake (see High Street), and in the valley bottom above the Tongue are foundations of ancient dwellings. Near the mouth of the Troutbeck is Calgarth (which see). The Roman road crossed the valley near Troutbeck Bridge. *Inns:* near N. end of village, Mortal Man (so called from the sign, painted by Julius Cæsar Ibbotson about 1800, with a lean and a fat man, portraits of natives, and the rhyme—

> "Thou mortal man, that lives by bread,
> How comes thy nose to be so red?
> Thou silly ass, that looks so pale,
> It is by drinking Sarah Birkett's ale."

also Queen's; and at Troutbeck Bridge, on the main road from Windermere to Ambleside, Sun Hotel.

ULDALE, C.—A village 1 m. N. of Overwater (which see), also Aughertree. *Inn:* Bells.

ULLOCK, C.—A village on the Marron, with station on the Cleator branch (L.N.W.R.). Crakeplace Hall, a 16th-century building, has a fine doorway, dated 1612.

ULLSCARTH, C.—A mountain (2370 ft.) between Greenup Gill and Wythburn; sometimes written Ullscarf—*skarth* in Icelandic means mountain pass.

ULLSWATER, C. and W.—A lake 7 m. long in a straight line from Pooley Bridge at the water-foot to Patterdale at the water-

head; 7½ m. to sail its winding course; greatest breadth less than ¾ m.; 476 ft. above sea; greatest depth, 205 ft.; for account of its islands and basins, see p. 179. See also Pooley Bridge, Howtown, Watermillock, Gowbarrow, Airey Force, Glenridding, Patterdale.

Ulpha, C.—A chapelry W. of Duddon. The Old Hall, ½ m. up Holehouse Gill, is a ruined 16th-century pele. In the ravine is the Lady's Dub, where a lady of the hall is said to have been drowned while fleeing from a wolf. *Inn:* Traveller's Rest.

Ulverston, L.—A town in Furness, station (F.R.) and junction for the Windermere Branch. The Ulvrestun of Domesday; became a market town, 1280; with Norman church (see p. 52). Chief place of Furness after the abbey was suppressed; still remaining the centre of local government. Hoad Hill monument, N. of the town, was built in memory of Sir John Barrow (1850). Golf links. Centre for Pennington, Swarthmoor, Urswick, Sunbrick, Bardsea, Conishead (which see). Local paper, *Ulverston Advertiser*. *Chief Hotels:* County, Sun, King's Arms, and Temperance.

Underbarrow, W.—A village 3 m. W. of Kendal, under the limestone barrow or scar; church built 1708. See Cunswick, Crook.

Upperby, C.—A village 2 m. S.E. of Carlisle, on the Petterill.

Urswick, L.—Great and Little Urswick are two villages 3 m. S.S.W. of Ulverston, between which is the mediæval church (restored), with 15th-century bell and 13th or 14th-century tomb of Amicia, daughter of John le Fraunceys. Stone Walls, ½ m. W., are two prehistoric ramparts; Foula is another, ¾ m. S.E. of the church. At 1 m. S. past Hawkfield, where are two windows and a font taken from the church at its restoration in 1850, is Bolton Chapel, a mediæval building. One and a quarter m. W. of Bolton is Stainton old hall and cockpit. Inn at Great Urswick, General Burgoyne; at Little Urswick, Swan.

Waberthwaite, C.—A hamlet (pronounced Warberthwaite) 1½ m. N.E. of Eskmeals Station (F.R.) on the Esk, at the ancient wath or ford to Muncaster, with old church; pre-Norman cross-shaft re-erected in the churchyard, Anglian fragment in the vestry. Barnscar (which see) is 2 m. E. of the church, and Devoke Water 1½ m. beyond. Pretty valley of the lower Esk from the church upward.

Waitby, W.—A village 1½ m. S.W. of Kirkby Stephen, anciently Waltheof's-by, said to have been a market town, with chapel (of which Early English ruins have been discovered) and castle on Castle Carrock Hill.

Walla Crag, C.—See Derwentwater.

Walna Scar, L.—The pass over the S. end of the Coniston Fells to Seathwaite in the Duddon valley ; see Coniston.

Walney, L.—The long island off the S.W. shore of Furness, 8 m. long by 1 m. broad ; chiefly sandhills, with gullery at N. end and two old hamlets, Biggar and Northscale ; Vickerstown, now building, will be a large suburb of Barrow-in-Furness. Ferry from Barrow. Piel Castle on an island at the S. end. Golf links.

Walton, C.—A village, 3½ m. N. of Brampton, on the Roman wall. Castlesteads (in the garden of a mansion in S.S.W.) was a "camp" which has yielded many remains. East of Walton the road follows the Wall, off and on, by Banks (inn), Wallbowers, and Birdoswald to Gilsland Station, 9 m. *Inn* at Walton, Black Bull.

Wampool, C.—A river (anciently Wathenpool) formed by Shawk Beck and Wiza near Drumleaning, and falling into the Moricambe Bay near Kirkbride.

Wansfell, W.—A mountain (1581 ft.), with fine views of Windermere and mountains, easily climbed from Troutbeck, Low-wood, or Stock Gill.

Warcop, W.—A village with station on the Eden Valley branch (N.E.R.), anciently Warthecop, *i.e.* Beacon Hill. The Roman road, "Second Iter," ran through the parish, and there was a "camp" on the site of the church of St. Columba. The cross has been removed from the common to the village. Castlehill and Kirkstead, S.E. of the village, are said to be sites of a castle and chapel. Between the road and railway, 1½ m. N.W. of the station, one of three tumuli, opened in 1766, contained British and Anglo-Saxon remains. Warcop, Burton, and Sandford Halls are ancient buildings. Brough Hill fair is held in this parish. *Inn :* Railway.

Warwick, C.—A village on the Eden, 1½ m. N. of Wetheral Station (N.E.R.), anciently Warthewyk. The church of St. Leonard is remarkable as a Norman building with an apse. Aglionby, the seat of a Norman settler, Agullon, is 1¼ m. W.

Wastdale (or Wasdale), C.—The valley of Wastwater, a lake nearly 3 m. long, ½ m. broad, 200 ft. above sea, and 256 ft. deep. At the foot of the lake is Netherwastdale (which see). The S.E. side of the lake is walled by the Screes (1983 ft.), and on the N.W. are Middlefell (1908 ft.), with Greendale Tarn, Seatallan (2266 ft.) and Yewbarrow (2058 ft.), behind which are Low Tarn and Scoat Tarn, under the Red Pike (2707 ft.), and Steeple (2687 ft.). From the head of the lake two great and two small valleys diverge ; to N. runs Mose-

dale, with the Black Sail Pass, between Yewbarrow and Kirkfell (2631 ft.); to N.E. runs the valley of Lingmell Beck up to Styhead Pass, between Great Gable (2949 ft.) and Lingmell (2649 ft.). Lingmell Gill runs E. from the Waterhead up to Mickledore, between Scafell and the Pikes; and S. a depression between the Screes and Scafell leads over to Burnmoor. In the middle of the flat valley bottom (Wastdale Head) is the little old church, and Wastwater Hotel, 13 m. from Seascale by coach. W. Ritson, a celebrated wrestler and wit, was landlord until 1879; died 1890, aged 83, at Strands. At Burnthwaite, ½ m. E., is a temperance hotel. The crags of Scafell and the Gable make Wastdale Head a favourite place with climbers.

WASTDALE (Wasdale), W.—A small valley S.W. from Shap Wells.

WATENDLATH, C. — A tarn and hamlet on the moor between Borrowdale and Thirlmere, 1½ m. N.E. of Rosthwaite by bridle-path; 3 m. S. of Barrow on Derwentwater by road. The tarn is 847 ft. above sea; rustic bridge, and pretty gorge of the beck running out to N., in which is the Devil's Punchbowl or Churn. Refreshments at the farm. Blea Tarn is 1½ m. S.S.E. on the open moor, 1562 ft. above sea, under crags rising to Ullscarth, 2370 ft. Hence Wythburn may be reached *viâ* Harrop Tarn and Dob Gill in about 2 m.

WATERCROOK, W.—On the Kent, 1 m. S. of Kendal; site of a Roman camp (p. 21).

WATERMILLOCK, C.—A parish on the N. side of Ullswater. The old church is near Hallsteads, on the lake, opposite Howtown; 2 m. N.N.W. is the new church. *Hotel:* Brackenrigg.

WAVER, C.—A river rising near Caldbeck and running past Ilekirk and Waverton to Moricambe.

WEST NEWTON, C.—A village 1½ m. N. of Aspatria.

WESTWARD, C.—A parish which was formerly the hunting ground of the lords of Allerdale, west of Inglewood. In it was the hermitage of St. Hilda (see Ilekirk). The present parish church is 3 m. S. of Wigton; monuments of the Barwis family, among them that of the "Great Barwis," died 1684, who could walk round his court at Ilekirk Hall carrying his wife at arm's length in one hand and a great stone in the other. The Roman road from Maryport to Carlisle passed through the parish, and at Old Carlisle (which see) was a great "camp." At Stoneraise, 1½ m. S. of Old Carlisle, was formerly an earthwork called Heightrigg Camp. Clea Hall, in the 18th century, was the seat of a family of Fletchers, previously of Cockermouth Castle. *Inn* at Red Dial.

WETHERAL, C.—A village with station (N.E.R.) and viaduct, 100 ft. high, over the Eden; footpath by the viaduct to Corby: this is the subject of Wordsworth's sonnet, "Motions and Means," &c. (p. 65). Another of his sonnets describes the monument of Mrs. Howard by Nollekens, in Wetheral Church (p. 137), where are also effigies of Sir Richard Salkeld and his wife, about 1500. The Priory, founded about 1110 by Ranulf Meschines, was on the steep bank of Eden, opposite Corby; ruins of gatehouse remain Hence to S. by path along the bank to the caves of St. Constantine (p. 137), near which are Roman inscriptions—MAXIMUS SCRIPSIT and LEG XX VV CONDRAVSSIVS. *Inns:* Crown, Temperance.

WETHERLAM, L.—The N. summit of Coniston Fells (2502 ft.) climbed from the copper-mines by cart-track to Hole Rake (little tarn) and thence up the ridge; or from Tilberthwaite Gill, up Steel Edge, the sharp ridge leading to the rocks of Hen Tor, a little S. of the top.

WHARTON, W.—Ancient seat of the Whartons, 2 m. S. of Kirkby Stephen. The hall consists of a pele, about 1415–18, with hall and chambers attached (N.E. of the court); ruins of a banqueting-hall and kitchen, built by Sir Thomas (1493–1568), raised to the peerage for services at the battle of Sollom Moss, 1542; his effigy is in Kirkby Stephen Church (p. 194). The gate-house is dated 1559; in the chamber on the left it is said that bloodhounds were kept, and the rooms to left of the gate-house were a priest's lodging, and on the N.W. side of the court adjoining them was the chapel. This and the gallery between it and the pele were Elizabethan, also the ruined tower at the N.W. angle outside. The chapel and gallery are now (1902) used as a farmhouse.

WHICHAM, C.—A village under Black Combe (1969 ft.) at the mouth of the pretty little valley of Whicham, running up to the Millom reservoir; at the back of the hill which heads the valley is Sunkenkirk (which see). Near Knott-End, on the opposite side of the beck, is an old paved road; above it was a bloomery (iron-smelting hearth), not now visible. The church, recently restored, has some old features.

WHINLATTER, C.—The pass (1040 ft.) between Keswick and Lorton, between Grisedale Pike and Lord's Seat; carriage road. Keswick to Scale Hill Hotel, 10 m. *Inns* at Braithwaite and at Lorton, Lamb.

WHITBECK, C.—A hamlet between Whicham and Bootle on an ancient road at the foot of Black Combe. At Monk Foss, 1 m. N., above a low green hill, is the Cockpit (so called),

which may have been originally fish-ponds of the Furness monks, who had a grange here.

WHITEHAVEN, C.—A market town and port; parliamentary borough since 1832; junction of F.R. with L.N.W.R. Steamers to Liverpool, Ireland, and the Isle of Man. For history, see p. 102. Churches: St. Nicholas, 1687, rebuilt 1883; Holy Trinity, 1715; St. James (top of Queen Street), 1752; Christ Church, 1847. Free Library, Queen Street, and other modern public buildings. The Castle, at the head of Lowther Street, is a modern seat of the Earls of Lonsdale. Local newspapers: *Cumberland Pacquet* (established 1774), *Whitehaven News*, *West Cumberland Times*, *Whitehaven Free Press*, *Advertiser*. *Chief Hotels:* Grand (near the station), Globe.

WHITELESS PIKE, C.—A mountain (2159 ft.) N. of Buttermere village, behind Rannerdale Knotts.

WHITESIDE, C.—A mountain (2317 ft.) E. of Scale Hill Hotel, with a long ridge behind it eastward to Grisedale Pike. Also the flank of Helvellyn over Dalehead.

WHITESIDE PIKE, W.—A mountain (1302 ft.) E. of Long Sleddale, on the W. side of which is a "British Settlement."

WIGTON, C.—A market town in 1262, and still a centre of trade in agricultural produce for Mid-Cumberland; station (M.C.R.). Church, said to have been built by Odard de Wigton, first baron, in the 12th century, with materials from the Roman camp at Old Carlisle (which see), and rebuilt 1788, contains monuments of the 17th and 18th centuries. Grammar school built 1730. Natives of the parish were Ewan Clark, the Cumbrian poet (1734–1811), and R. Smirke, R.A., the artist (1752–1845), father of Sir R. Smirke, R.A., the architect of Lowther Castle, Eden Bridges, Carlisle Court Houses, &c. Oulton, Waverton, and Woodside are outlying townships. Newspaper: *Wigton Advertiser*. *Hotels:* King's Arms, Royal Oak Temp.

WINDERMERE, W.—A village of modern growth on the site of the old hamlet of Birthwaite, named from the Windermere terminus of a branch of the L.N.W.R. from Oxenholme. From the station omnibuses run to Ambleside and Bowness; and in the summer, coaches to Ambleside, Grasmere and Keswick, Troutbeck and Patterdale, Ferry, Hawkshead and Coniston. The nearest steamer-pier for Windermere steamboats is at Bowness, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. Boats for hire at Millerground Bay, third turning to left on the Ambleside road, footpath, 1 m. Orrest Head (784 ft.), commanding fine panorama of lake and mountains (p. 28), is $\frac{1}{2}$ m. by footpath through Elleray woods. "Christopher North's," *i.e.* Prof. Wilson's house at Elleray is now demolished; entrance to footpath

marked by sign-board opposite the Bank, to right on coming out of the station. Refreshment rooms, Windermere Café (down the Bowness road, to left on leaving station), and others. Simpson's Art Gallery to left on the Ambleside road; Clark's Curiosity Shop to left on the Bowness road, and other shops. *Hotels:* Rigg's Windermere, Queen's, Elleray, Temperance.

The lake of Windermere is 130 ft. above sea, 10 m. long, and nearly 1 m. broad between Millerground and Belle Grange. It is formed of two main basins. The N. reach is 219 ft. deep between High Wray and Ecclerigg. South of this is a shallow area, with a group of islands around Longholme (Belle Isle), namely, Rough (Roger) Holme to N. of Rayrigg, Lady Holme, on which used to be a chapel of the Virgin Mary, and Hen Holme, at which the yacht races finish, all three in a line with Longholme; Crowholme, to S. of it, and the peninsula of the Ferry Hotel forming a rock ridge parallel with the general strike of the rocks (N.N.E. and S.S.W.). To N.W. of Longholme is Thompson's Holme and the two Lily Islands; E. of Longholme is Bowness Bay, terminated to S. by Cockshot Point, S. of which there is a small basin reaching 50 fr. deep, bounded to southward by Ferry Nab (E. side) and Ferry Hotel peninsula. Here the steam ferry plies every quarter of an hour. Below this, on the E. side of the lake, is a broad shallow area, with Ramp Holme and rocks inshore, called Hen and Chickens; between Ramp Holme and Ferry two iron standards mark the Bull's Head and Ovenbottom rocks; and $\frac{1}{4}$ m. S. is a shoal, visible at low water, called The Seals. The channel, which runs from the Ferry along the W. side of the lake, deepens below Storrs Temple (a summer-house on a rocky point) and broadens off Rawlinson Nab; to N. of which is the little rocky island of Lingholme; to S. the low islet of Grassholme, and under the bold headland of Catcrag is a tiny ridge of rock, known as Catcrag Holme: all these islets are on the W. side. Between Catcrag and Beech Hill Inn ($3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of Bowness) the lake bottom sinks to more than 125 ft. At Silver Holme, off Graythwaite Halls, there is a low bar across the basin; and then off Blake Holme (an island on the E. side) the greatest depth of the southern main basin is reached, 134 ft. Below Lakeside Station and above Newby Bridge was the old crossing-place at Tinkler's Ford; but the level of the surface is maintained as far as Newby Bridge, where the lake is considered to end. See for chart of soundings, Dr. H. R. Mill's "The English Lakes" (G. Philip & Son, 1895), and for the name, &c., see p. 33.

Windy Gap, C.—The high pass (2500 ft.) between Wastdale-head and Ennerdale *viâ* Mosedale and between the Pillar and Steeple.

Winster, L. and W.—A river rising near Bowness and flowing between Cartmel Fell and Witherslack into Morecambe Bay at Castlehead, Grange; it divides Lancashire from Westmorland. The village of Winster occupies the upper part of the valley (p. 29). Jonas Barber, the clockmaker, lived at Brime Houses in the 17th century; succeeded by Philipson of Winster. William Pearson (1780–1856), naturalist, poet, and friend of Wordsworth, lived at Borderside. *Inns:* Wild Boar, Brown Horse.

Winton, W.—A village 1 m. N.N.E. of Kirkby Stephen, the birthplace of Dr. John Langhorne, translator of Plutarch, and of Dr. Richard Burn. See Orton.

Witherslack, W.—A parish between the limestone scar of Whitbarrow and the River Winster. The prettily situated church was built 1671. A holy well, with steps going down to it, about 1 m. from the church, used to be frequented for its curative properties. The Hall is a seat of the Earl of Derby; the manor was forfeited by the Harringtons after the battle of Bosworth, and given to Sir T. Broughton of Broughton Tower. He took part in Lambert Simnel's rebellion, 1487 (see Swarthmoor), after which he is said to have lived in concealment in the woods at Witherslack. The manor was then given to the first Earl of Derby. *Inn:* Derby Arms, at the S. end of the parish.

Wiza, C.—A river rising near Rosley, flowing past Wigton, and joining the Shawk Beck to form the Wampool.

Wolsty Castle, C.—The site, at which foundations only remain, is 2 m. S. of Silloth. The castle was built in the 13th century by Holme Cultram Abbey, as Piel Castle was by Furness, to protect their sea-board. Michael Scot, who came to Holme Cultram Abbey, 1290, and died 1291, is said to have studied at Wolsty; and in 1629 a book of his was shown there (see the Rev. G. E. Gilbank's book on Holme Cultram, "Some Records of a Cistercian Abbey," p. 69). After the dissolution Wolsty Castle was held by a branch of the Chambers family of the Holme, and was ruined by T. Fitch, Cromwellian governor of Carlisle.

Woodland, L.—A scattered parish, with station (F.R.).

Workington, C.—An ancient port on the coast at the mouth of the Derwent; for early history, see p. 116. Workington began to export coal before 1650, but in 1676 the superficial deposits had been exhausted, and the place decayed. About 1770 the example of Whitehaven (see p. 104) induced the

Curwens to revive coal-mining at Clifton, with steam-pumps to enable them to get at the deeper seams. Sir James Lowther also opened a mine there, and laid down a tramway to the harbour; but the Lowther mines were suddenly closed in 1781 after yielding, as the late Isaac Fletcher, M.P., F.R.S., reckoned, about two million tons. The Curwens continued mining, and about the year 1800 had nine pits at work, giving annually about 100,000 tons, 50,000 more being raised by others in the neighbourhood. In 1837 occurred the great flooding of three pits which had been carried out under the sea. Other industries have also been carried on at different times; Cammel & Co.'s steel-works are now the chief feature of Workington.

For the Roman camp, hall, and church, see p. 106. On a hill, How Michael, ¾ m. W. of the town, overlooking the sea, is an old pele tower, perhaps formerly used as a beacon, now whitewashed as a sea-mark, and used as a depot for the Workington artillery. Local newspapers: *Workington News*, *Guardian*. *Hotels:* Station, Central, Green Dragon (at the top of the town, 1 m. from the station).

WOTOBANK, C.—A hamlet on the Ehen, N. of Beckermet, near which is an artificially scarped mound, perhaps an early fort. The story, as commonly told, is to the effect that a lady of Beckermet was here killed by a wolf (see Ulpha), and the lament, "Woe to thee, Bank!" became the name of the place; but the early form of the name was Wodabank.

WRAY, L.—At Low Wray, between Claife Heights and Brathay, a turreted and battlemented castle was built in 1840, costing £60,000. High Wray is a pretty statesman's house, built 1728. See Blelham.

WREAY, C.—A village S. of Carlisle, station (L.N.W.R.). Church rebuilt 1843, with copy of Bewcastle Cross and other modern monuments.

WRYNOSE, C., L., and W.—The pass (1270 ft.) anciently Wreneshals or Wrene-hause, between Little Langdale and the Duddon valley; a rough carriage-road, 4 m. from Fell Foot to Cockley Bridge. On the summit of the pass is the Three Shire Stone, or Brandreth, marking the point where the boundaries of Cumberland, Lancashire, and Westmorland coincide. Refreshments at Fell Foot and Cockley Beck.

WYTHBURN, C.—A scattered village at the head of Thirlmere. Small church (restored) opposite the Nag's Head Inn. Hence a path and footbridge over the Wythburn Beck leads W. to the city, a hamlet on the ancient pack-horse road: to N. of it are remains of a rampart of boulders, now partly submerged. Up Dob Gill a track leads to Harrop Tarn. Blea

Tarn, and Watendlath. From the church a path goes up Helvellyn. The "Rock of Names," with Wordsworth's and Coleridge's initials, is about 1 m. N. on the new road. Below the new road at the Waterhead (as the lake is now) is the old Cherry Tree, no longer an inn.

WYTHOP, C.—A township between Embleton and Bassenthwaite Lake. The hall was fortified by the Lowthers in 1319; but the existing building is that of the Fletchers in the 17th century.

YANWATH, W.—That is, Eamont-wath (ford), a pele with later additions forming Yanwath Hall. The place was the home of the Threlkelds in the time of Edward I.; soon after 1500 it came by marriage to the Dudleys. At Grotto lived Wilkinson, the Quaker friend of Wordsworth, to whose spade the sonnet is addressed—"Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his land!"

Castlesteads, 1½ m. S.S.E. of Yanwath Hall, is an ancient "settlement," a roughly circular entrenchment with foundations of dwellings inside it; the dyke on the W. side is continued N. and S. There is a tumulus to W., and ½ m. S., in a wood by the Lowther, is a triple ring embankment.

YEWBARROW, C.—The mountain (2058 ft.) W. of Wastdale-head.

YEWDALE, L.—The valley N. of Coniston, under Lang Crags, the White Lady (waterfall seen only in wet weather, 500 ft. high down the crag), Yewdale Crag, and Raven Crag, the sharp rock rising above High Yewdale Farm (clipped yews). The ancient yew-tree, behind the Yew Tree Farm (to left, with outside gallery, or pent-house, less than ¼ m. up the Oxenfell road), was blown down in the great storm of December 21 22, 1895, and still remains lying there. A little beyond Yew Tree Farm, a gate to right on the main road leads to the footpath up Tom Gill (Glen Mary) Waterfall and the Monk Coniston tarns.

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